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*Engraved by Sir Robert Strange from a drawing by Gavin Hamilton.*

WILLIAM HAMILTON  
of Bangor

THE  
POEMS AND SONGS

OF  
WILLIAM HAMILTON  
OF BANGOUR;

COLLATED WITH THE MS. VOLUME OF HIS POEMS, AND  
CONTAINING SEVERAL PIECES HITHERTO  
UNPUBLISHED;

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,  
AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE  
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY JAMES PATERSON,  
EDITOR OF THE POEMS OF THE SEMPILLS OF BELTREES,  
&c. &c. &c,

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## INTRODUCTION.

IN presenting this New Edition of the POEMS AND SONGS OF WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR to the Public, some explanation seems due; and yet we feel a difficulty in addressing ourselves to the subject as we should like. Hamilton's writings are not so rare or obscure as to render the work a matter of deep antiquarian interest; and yet they are by no means so accessible to the general reader as the productions of the author of "The Braes of Yarrow" ought to be. Believing that, widely as the name of Hamilton is known among the admirers of our national lyrics, there could not but exist a strong desire to be better acquainted with the writings of one who was the contemporary and friend of Allan Ramsay, and who bore so distinguished a name among the literary men of his day, we conceived that a new collection of Hamilton's poetical effusions—moderate in price—might not prove an unacceptable offering to at least a particular circle of readers. And we have been most fortunate in carrying out our views. At all events—whether the task may be well or ill performed—we have no complaint to make as to the lack of materials. Besides having access to the notices regarding the life and writings of Hamilton—communicated through David Laing, Esq., of the Signet Library, to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, in 1828—by the late James Chalmers, Esq., nephew of the author of *Caledonia*, we owe a

deep debt of gratitude to Mr Laing for the use of a manuscript volume,\* containing not only most of the Poems and Songs of Hamilton given to the public through the medium of former editions, but several others, never before printed. These were, perhaps, withheld chiefly from motives of delicacy towards the parties referred to, or from political motives—Hamilton, like most of our other national poets, having espoused the unhappy cause of the Stuarts. It is unfortunate, however, that they have been so long withheld, the length of time which has elapsed rendering it difficult, if not impossible, to recall many of those personal and local allusions with which his poems, especially those now presented to the public for the first time, abound. We have also had the inestimable aid of Charles K. Sharpe, Esq., to whose traditional and family knowledge we owe nearly all that is interesting in the way of illustrative notes: as well as the kindly and valuable assistance of Mr Maidment, whose library is perhaps one of the most curious in the department of ballad lore in the country. With ourselves alone, therefore, rests the blame of whatever deficiency may be attachable to the work. We might, indeed, have amplified the illustrative notes, by indulging in speculative opinions as to the merits or demerits of the respective pieces; but we felt it necessary to check a proneness to do so, as in some measure beyond the editorial duty to which it was proper to limit ourselves. The great object of our design we conceived to lie in the bringing together all that could be gleaned of the poetical writings of the chaste and classic Hamilton of Bangour, with such chronological and other matters of fact connected with them as have been

\* This volume, which seems to have been partly written by Hamilton himself, and partly by an amanuensis, was purchased by Mr Laing at the sale of the library of the late George Chalmers, Esq., author of "Caledonia," in the year 1842.



preserved from oblivion, leaving it to the more poetical, or more critical, to indulge in such cogitations as the subjects are calculated to suggest. Nor do we think we have performed a thankless labour. There may be various opinions entertained as to the poetical merit of Hamilton. No one, at the sametime, can deny his claim to an intimate acquaintance with the classics, and a chasteness and grace of style which show that he had drank deeply of those pure springs that inspired the muse of Horace and Anacreon. Indeed, it is perhaps to be lamented that he was so devoted an admirer of the ancient muse—a bias no doubt to be attributed to his early education, and an age which produced a Pope. Had he given more of his attention to the lays of his native land, we have a foretaste of what success might have been expected from the exercise of his muse in the truly beautiful ballad of “The Braes of Yarrow,” which alone would have immortalized his name. In this view we cannot help regretting that he was so thoroughly scholastic. Whatever estimate, however, may be formed of William Hamilton of Bangour as a poet, we feel satisfied that it is impossible to rise from a perusal of the little volume we are now about to usher into the world, without admiring the virtues of the man. His heart must have vibrated with the genuine impulses of the poetic temperament, and in an age not by any means remarkable for refinement and purity of sentiment, the unblemished character of his muse stands prominently forward as the uncompromising pioneer of chastity and honour. His more serious pieces abound with noble sentiment, and exhibit a native detestation of intrigue and licentiousness, which must ever render sacred the memory of the poet as one of the most pure and upright devotees of the muse. Himself born of the higher ranks, and no doubt educated in all the prejudices of birth, he appears to have ever been ready to espouse the

cause of virtue, however meanly attired, and not less willing to censure the license and immorality of his own class.

While we have thus brought within the reach of the general reader a volume stored with useful lessons, conveyed in easy, elegant, and often forcible language, and claim for the author that consideration which the tide of popular literature was likely soon to deny him, we also conceive that, prone to the classic as the author usually is, the inquirer after the manners and amusements of an age gone by will find notwithstanding repeated glimpses of the past, which the future delineators of social life in the capital of Scotland during the past century will do well not to overlook. Indeed we are surprised that the author of "The Traditions of Edinburgh" has made so little use of the writings of Hamilton. The pieces printed in this collection for the first time—such as the "Interview of Miss Dalrymple and Miss Suttie,"—were not accessible to the author; but this could not be said of the poem "To a Gentleman going to Travel," which, printed in the edition of Hamilton's Poems published in 1760, is so illustrative of the social habits and the *locale* of the convivial indulgences of the inhabitants, ought not to have been overlooked by the writer of the chapter on "Taverns of Old Times."

It may be necessary, before concluding these few remarks, to give some account of the various editions of the Poems of Hamilton. The first was—"Poems on Several Occasions. Glasgow, printed and sold by Rob. and Andrew Foulis, 1748." Small 8vo, pp. 148. This was an anonymous publication, printed while the author was abroad. The Preface, which is dated "Glasgow, December 21, 1748," was written by the celebrated Dr Adam Smith. It was, however, very imperfect, the author having had no opportunity of revising his pieces. The next, an exact reprint of the former, was

published by the same parties in 1749. In 1758, the Foulises brought out a new issue of the editions of 1748 and 1749, with the name of the author on the title-page, and a Dedication prefixed, "To the Memory of Mr William Crawford, merchant in Glasgow, the friend of Mr Hamilton."

In 1760 appeared the only edition of Hamilton's Poems having any pretensions to completeness or accuracy; and yet it is sadly deficient in both. It is entitled, "Poems on Several Occasions. By William Hamilton of Bangour, Esquire. Edinburgh, printed for W. Gordon, bookseller in the Parliament Close, 1760, 8vo, pp. x. and 262." It has prefixed a portrait of the author, engraved by Sir Robert Strange,\* from a drawing by Gavin Hamilton,† when at Rome. There is also a prefatory address "To the Reader," giving a short biographical account of the author. This was written by David Rae, Esq. advocate, who was promoted to the Bench in 1782, assuming the title of Lord Eskgrove, and who died in 1804. Soon after the publication, the volume was reviewed by a jaundiced critic in the Monthly Review for Fe-

\* Robert, afterwards Sir Robert, Strange, served his apprenticeship in Edinburgh, as an engraver, with Mr Richard Cooper; and he began business for himself in the Scottish capital. In 1745, he was appointed Engraver to the Young Pretender, and engraved a portrait of him, which brought the young artist into notice. He afterwards removed to London, where he became distinguished in his profession. In 1759 he went to Italy, residing for some time at Rome, and collected a number of pictures, of which he afterwards published a "Catalogue Raisonnee." Leaving Italy, he resided several years at Paris, and was there highly esteemed as an engraver. From Paris he returned to London, where he attained great celebrity in his profession; and George III., who patronised the arts, conferred the honour of Knighthood upon him, in 1787, at which period he resided in Great Queen Street, Westminster. He died at London on the 5th July, 1792.

† Gavin Hamilton was a younger son of a respectable family in Lanarkshire. Having gone to Italy for improvement in his profession, he settled at Rome, where he became celebrated as an historical painter; and he continued to reside there during the greater part of his life. In 1783, he succeeded to a considerable family estate in Lanarkshire, by the death of his elder brother, Alexander Inglis Hamilton of Murdieston, Esq., on the 6th of May, in that year.

bruary 1761, which produced a good answer (probably by Mr Rae), entitled, "The Monthly Reviewers Reviewed, in their character of Mr Hamilton of Bangour's Poems." This was published in the Edinburgh Magazine for April 1761, and in the Scots Magazine for May 1761. To those who have not these volumes beside them, it may be interesting to quote the respective articles:—

"Poems on Several Occasions. By William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Edinburgh, printed by Gordon, and sold by Becket, &c. in London.

Most of these pieces have already appeared in print; but this is the first compleat edition of Mr Hamilton's works. He himself prepared it for the press,\* but did not live to compleat the publication. He was a gentleman of considerable fortune, and of an ancient and honourable family in Scotland. He appears to have been a man of a social turn, well bred, had travelled, and acquired a thorough knowledge of mankind. As to his genius, tho' not greatly elevated, it was by no means inconsiderable: somewhat on a par with our Pomfret's; or Dean Parnel's: His verses are very unequal: some harmonious and pleasing; others rugged, and difficult to repeat. His turn was chiefly for a song, verses to a Lady, an imitation of Horace, an Ode from Anacreon, an Epitaph, a familiar Epistle to a Friend, and such like short and unlaboured productions: written, we apprehend, purely as the French say, *pour passer le tems*—for the amusement of a gentleman, whose acquired *taste*, perhaps, rather than native genius, led him to make these occasional addresses to the muses.

The following imitation of Milton's *L'Allegro*, will be no unfavourable specimen of Mr Hamilton's poetical abilities:

Begone, pursuits so vain and light;  
Knowledge fruitless of delight," &c.

---

"The Monthly Reviewers reviewed in their character of Mr Hamilton of Bangour's poems.

It has been justly observed, that mankind never has been indebted to criticism for any work of genius. Homer and Herodote, these venerable and immortal authors, flourished

\* This does not, from Lord Eskgrove's reply, seem to have been the case.

ages before the name of a critic existed. To come to our own times, it is now about a century past—since the French, by a sort of usurpation, have given laws to the drama; these have been generally adopted by their neighbours, and by none more tamely submitted to than by our own nation. Shakespeare and Oatway wrote without rule. They still stand unrivalled, and with them the genius of tragedy seems to have slept.

The present is without doubt an age of criticism: The rules of writing are well understood; the advantages thence derived do not appear. Of late a set of critics have arrogated to themselves an absolute jurisdiction, of calling before their monthly tribunal every literary performance, whereon they, in a very magisterial manner, are pleased to pass sentence. How far they are truly qualified for so universal a task, may be doubted. I am led into this argument by the judgment lately given by the Monthly Reviewers, February 1761, upon the poetical works of Hamilton of Bangour, lately published at Edinburgh; which, in my opinion, does as little honour to their taste, as justice to the poet. I hope, therefore, I shall be excused for appealing to the public, against so partial and inconsiderate a judgment, as what these gentlemen have been pleased to give of our author.

‘As to his genius,’ say they, ‘though not greatly elevated, it was by no means inconsiderable: somewhat on a par with our Pomfrets; or Dean Parnells. His verses are very unequal: some harmonious and pleasing; others rugged, and difficult to repeat. His turn was chiefly for a song, verses to a lady, an imitation of Horace, an Ode from Anacreon, an Epitaph, a familiar Epistle to a Friend, and such like short and unlaboured productions: written, we apprehend, purely as the French say, *pour passer le tems*—for the amusement of a gentleman, whose acquired *taste*, perhaps, rather than native genius, led him to make these occasional addresses to the muses.’

The character thus given to our author, I will venture to say, is altogether inadequate to his merit, and inconsistent with itself. By placing him in the same rank with Parnell, one of the most distinguished and amiable of the English poets, it must be owned, is doing our bard no injustice; but when, with the same breath, they degrade them both to the class of Pomfrets, one of the most insipid of the poetical tribe, this obviously shows a want of taste. The genuine spirit of poetry breathes in every line of the tender and elegant Parnell. The verses of the other are not poetry; they

are prose fettered in rhyme:—but peace be with his manes.\* On the whole, the character our critics give of Mr Hamilton, as having rather an acquired taste than a native genius, and chiefly turned for an ode, or a song, or such unlaboured (they meant to say trifling) productions, is equally unjust and inconsistent. The productions of any poet, who writes from an acquired taste, without a native genius, must be laboured, and can never please. That this can never apply to our author, the bare reading of that very ode which the Reviewers have transcribed from him, will, to any person of taste, justly evince. Therefore, without further censure of the above misapplied criticism, from the regard which I owe to the memory of our author, whom living I greatly esteemed, I shall attempt to pay a small tribute to his remains, by saying a few words on the subject of his writings.

To a thorough knowledge of the ancients, in their native dresses, our author joined an uncommon fine taste, susceptible of their genuine beauties. From these great models, he has happily transfused their spirit into many beautiful imitations and parodies, as well as in some closer translations of their works. His imitations likewise of our own poets, Spencer, Milton, Pope, Gay, shew with what ease he could assume their distinguishing genius and manner. It is not a borrowed dress which he puts on, a few particular expressions, uncommon phrases, and antiquated words, which, interwoven through a mass of dull verses, are, by some of our modern genuises of *acquired taste*, called imitations: our poet catches the spirit, the genius, of those great masters; the same fire which animates them, blaze with a full, clear, and continued flame, through most of his pieces.

At the same time he everywhere shews himself an original. His thoughts are always elegant and just, his figures bold and animated, his colouring warm and beautiful. His odes shew what a poetical fancy, how fine an imagination he possessed. What a fine picture has he painted in the following lines of his third ode!

Now Winter, from the frozen north,  
Drives his iron chariot forth;

\* If any reader has curiosity enough to judge, himself, of the real merit of Pomfret, and that of our bard, let him compare the ‘Love Triumphant’ of the first, with the ‘Ode on Contemplation; or, The Triumph of Love’ of our author; and he will clearly see with what justice they have been compared.



His grizzly hand in icy chains  
 Fair TWEDA's silver flood constrains:  
 Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare  
 He wanders on the tops of YARE!

This is painting indeed. How striking is the following figure in his second ode!

DESPAIR, that solitary stands,  
 And wrings a halter in his hands.

What a fine image is here struck out! The figures which are afterwards introduced, of *Dread*, *Avarice*, *Conceit*, *Curiosity*, are all in the same original taste and spirit. It is not description: to read with taste, we here forget we are reading; we imagine we see a groupe of statues present themselves to our eyes, in the boldest and most animated attitudes. It would be anticipating the pleasure of the reader to point out the several beauties of his odes. I cannot help, however, making a few observations, upon that on *Contemplation*, which, for the excellency of the composition, the propriety of the episodes, which are finely introduced, and the beautiful strain of poetry which runs through the whole of it, is perhaps inferior to few lyric poems in any language. The *exordium* on harmony, or divine poetry, and the invocation of the poet to bring *Contemplation* to her aid, as a relief from the pangs of disappointed love, is noble and interesting. The episode of *Nature* on the works of *Creation*, is highly poetical; that of *Devotion*, manly and elevated: in both, the poet has taken the chief hints from the sacred writings of the two *Royal Poets*, of whose excellency he had the highest idea.—With what solemnity does he approach the house of prayer!

—————O thou, my heart,  
 Forget each low and earthly part;  
 Religion enter in my breast,  
 A mild and acceptable guest;  
 Put off, in CONTEMPLATION drowned,  
 Each sinful thought in holy ground,  
 And cautious tread, with awful fear,  
 The courts of heaven—for God is here!

How awful is the pause in this last line! How noble the conception which follows it! This is the true sublime. It bursts on us like lightning; it is the thought of a heart struck with the sense of the divine presence, and is a fine introduction to the *address*, which follows, *to the Supreme Being*, in a parody of the *prayer of Augur*, conceived in the

true spirit of the noble original. The last episode, *on the mansion of death*, is solemn and striking; and the conclusion of the whole, with the desponding complaint of the poet, that death alone is the cure of disappointed love, is extremely pathetic. In fine, the whole is elegant and finished, and affords an entertainment for the finest taste.

There are few of our author's poems but have their beauties. His songs are prettily turned and pointed. *The Braes of Yarrow* is finely romantic, and happily falls into the melancholy sweetness, and picturesque wildness, peculiar to the ancient Scottish songs. His song, *The maid that's made for love and me*, has been generally admired; and for its unaffected simplicity, and tenderness, may be esteemed one of the finest ballads in the English language.

His epitaphs are manly and solemn; and as the author was greatly above a mean prostitution of praise, his characters, to such as knew the originals, are known to be just. Several of them rise with a noble elevation of thought. That on Miss Seton is extremely fine, and truly elegiac; all of them abound with the pathetic: they are the genuine productions of a heart that felt; and, with justice, we may say of our poet, that, while he delights the *imagination*, he speaks to the *heart*. The tenderness of some of his pieces it is impossible to read without feeling; and indeed that gentleness and simplicity of manners, that humanity and warmth of heart, which endeared him to every body, shines forth in all his writings, and is characteristic of them.

As his genius was extensive and various, his fancy has led him through a variety of subjects; many of which he left unfinished, several uncorrected, and some, perhaps, unequal to the generality of his pieces. This will not be wondered at by those who knew the man; with what ease he wrote, with what indifference he regarded them after. Never was there a *writer* who had so little of the *author*. His chief pleasure was in the composing. His paternal fondness for his verses seemed to languish with their birth. For their care and publication, we are entirely beholden to his friends, from whose hands they have been recovered. Had the author himself lived to have given them his finishing hand; and introduced them himself into the world, they would, no doubt, have appeared in a better dress; such, however, as they are, they will always be considered, by persons of taste, as a valuable addition to the number of our English classical poets.

*Edinburgh, May 1761."*



There have been various reprints of Hamilton's Poems. In 1794, the whole of the edition of 1760, with the addition of the "Ode on the Battle of Gladsmuir," was reprinted in the ninth volume of Dr Anderson's British Poets; in Sharpe's Collection of the British Poets, edited by Mr T. Park, in 1808; and in the fifteenth volume of Mr A. Chalmers' English Poets, in 1810.

Thus there has been no distinct edition of Hamilton's Poems since 1760, ninety years ago, until the present issue, which is unquestionably the most complete of all that have gone before.\* The portrait which accompanies it is lithographed from an early impression of an engraving by Sir Robert Strange, of which only a few copies appear to have been thrown off, and is entirely different from the portrait prefixed to the edition of 1760. It is, in the words of Mr Laing, "from an original picture, painted at Rome about the year 1748, and presented by the Poet to his friend Sir Stuart Thriepland, Baronet. On the back of the Picture are the following lines by Hamilton, 'Written at Rouen, in France, in the third year of our exile, 1749.'

Hail, Wallace! gen'rous Chief! who singly brave,  
When all were trembling round, aspir'd to save:  
Hail, Bruce! intrepid King! beset with foes,  
Who, from defeat, to fame and empire rose:  
Hail, Stuart! much suff'ring Youth!—yes! I foresee  
Imperial crowns and certain palms for thee.  
The Land thy Fathers rul'd has oft been view'd  
Enthrall'd unbroke, and vanquished unsubdu'd!  
Scotia, for Genius fam'd and gallant deed,  
Has yet her Bards to sing, her Chiefs to bleed;—  
Yet Freedom shall be Her's, her Kings shall reign,  
For know, Culloden was not lost in vain.

The original portrait is now in the possession of Sir Peter Murray Thriepland, of Fingask Castle, Baronet.\*\*

\* The original copper-plate of this engraving by Strange, was presented to the Society of Antiquaries by the Earl of Buchan, in 1782; but it has somewhat unaccountably gone amissing. The other was lately in the possession of C. K. Sharpe, Esq., and gifted by him to a friend in England.

In the arrangement of the pieces the reader will perceive that we have been guided by their chronological order, in as far as this was practical; but the close observer will notice that, in some instances, this order has been overlooked. Indeed, as such a plan can rarely be followed out with entire accuracy, it would probably have been better that we had adhered to no such rule.

**J. P.**

*Edinburgh, June, 1850.*

## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

(WRITTEN BY DR ADAM SMITH.)

No writings of this kind ever had a better claim to the indulgence of the public than the following poems; as this collection is published, not only without the author's consent, but without his knowledge, and therefore in justice to him, the editors must take upon themselves any faults or imperfections that may be found in it.

It is hoped, that the many beauties of language and sentiment which appear in this little volume, and the fine genius the author every where discovers, will make it acceptable to every reader of taste, and will in some measure atone for our presumption in presenting the public with poems, of which none have had the author's finishing hand, and many of them only first essays in his early youth.

One inducement to print them, was to draw from the author a more perfect edition when he returns to this country, and if our faulty attempt shall be the occasion of producing a work that may be an honour to this part of the kingdom, we shall glory in what we have done.

What brought us at first to think of this little undertaking was the concern some of the author's friends expressed to us, at the imperfect edition of his noble poem of *Contemplation*, lately published from an incorrect manuscript; this determined us to give an edition of it, less unworthy of the author, and to join to it every little piece of his that had been printed at different times; and we prevailed likewise on a friend of his, though with some difficulty, to give us a small number of pieces that had never before been printed, some of which had been banded about in manuscript, and might have been printed with the transcribers' errors by others. It is owing to the delicacy of this friend of the author's, that this edition is not enriched with many original poems, and some beautiful translations from Pindar and other ancient poets, both Greek and Roman, that are in his possession, but which he would not permit to be published.

Glasgow, December 21, 1748.

TO  
THE MEMORY OF MR WILLIAM CRAUFURD,  
MERCHANT IN GLASGOW,  
THE FRIEND OF MR HAMILTON,

WHO to that exact frugality, that downright probity and plainness of manners so suitable to his profession, joined a love of learning and of all the ingenious arts, an openness of hand and a generosity of heart that was free both from vanity and from weakness, and a magnanimity that could support, under the prospect of approaching and unavoidable death, the most torturing pains of body with an unalterable cheerfulness of temper, and without once interrupting, even to his last hour, the most manly and the most vigorous activity in a variety of business.

This Edition of the Works of a Gentleman, for whom he, who was candid and penetrating, circumspect and sincere, always expressed the highest and the most affectionate esteem, is inscribed by the Editors, as the only monument which it is in their power to raise of their veneration and of their regret.

## PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1760.

(WRITTEN BY LORD ESKGROVE.)

### TO THE READER.

THE public, or those who had not occasion to be acquainted with the author of the following poems, may perhaps desire to know something more of him than his name.

To gratify this reasonable curiosity, it is proper the reader should know that William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq., was a gentleman of an opulent fortune, and of an ancient and honourable family.

He was born in 1704, and had all the advantages of a liberal and polite education. His taste, like his studies, was unconfined, but his peculiar genius for poetry appeared at an early time of life. It was improved by a lively imagination, an exquisite delicacy of sentiment, an extensive acquaintance with the *belles lettres*, and a thorough knowledge of the world.

As he wrote entirely for his own amusement, and that of his particular friends, few, if any, of his pieces were prepared for the press by himself. A collection of several of them was first published at Glasgow in 1748 (and afterwards reprinted) not only without his name, but without his consent, and even without his knowledge. He was then abroad, and it was hoped the appearance of that collection would have drawn from him a more perfect edition. But though, after his return, he corrected many errors of the Glasgow copy, occasioned by the inadvertency of transcribers, and considerably enlarged some of the poems, he did not live to make a new and complete publication. The improvements he made are, however, carefully inserted in the present posthumous edition, with the addition of a great many valuable pieces taken from his own original manuscripts.

Mr Hamilton possessed the social virtues in an eminent

degree. His writings breathe the passions which he felt, and are seldom cold or inanimated. The qualities of his heart and head were equally remarkable; and, in short, he was, in the proper sense of the word, a fine gentleman.

He was twice married into families of distinction, and by his first lady, daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart., left an only child, a promising youth, who inherits his estate.

Mr Hamilton was of a delicate constitution, and in his later years his health was greatly impaired. This decay made him again try the benefit of a warmer climate, in which he had formerly passed a considerable part of his time. It had not, however, the desired effect. He died at Lyons on the 25th of March, 1754, in the 50th year of his age. His corpse was brought to Scotland, and interred in the Abbey Church of Holyroodhouse.

The reader is left to the perusal of Mr Hamilton's works for the forming an adequate opinion of his merits as a poet. It is hoped such of his poems as are here first published, will appear equally beautiful with those which, in their former more careless dress, and even without a name, were received with the highest approbation. Though the author's finishing hand has been wanting to many, the same admirable genius shines through the whole; and the editor is persuaded, that in making this edition as complete as possible, he has performed an acceptable service to the public.

# LIFE

OF

## WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

It is to be regretted that there exist no materials for more than a mere sketch of the life of WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour. The quiet pursuits of poesy seldom, indeed, lead its votaries to participate in those great and stirring events which distinguish particular eras, and render every incident in the lives of the actors deeply interesting to posterity; nor would Hamilton have been an exception to the rule, but for the occurrence of the last gallant attempt to restore the House of Stuart in 1745, which compelled the poet to seek for safety among the fastnesses of his country, and eventually drove him into exile. A memorial of his wanderings, until restored to his paternal rights and to his country, would have formed an attractive chapter in the life of the author; but scarcely a scrap remains to trace his movements at that period. Whether he himself preserved any record of his vicissitudes, or whether any letters or papers belonging to him may be in the hands of the descendants of his friends, we have not been able to discover: certain it is, however, there are no memoirs of this kind in the hands of his family. But for the episode of 1745, the life of Hamilton of Bangour would have been one of uninterrupted poetical felicity. Born to a competence, he had ample leisure to indulge his literary taste; and, happily for his peace of mind, it led him to prefer the amenities and seclusion of private intercourse, to any vision

of political ambition which the unstableness of the times might have prompted:—

“Deaf to ambition, and to interest’s call,  
Honour my titles, and enough my all;  
No pimp of pleasure, and no slave of state,  
Serene from fools, and guiltless of the great;  
Some calm and undisturbed retreat I’ll choose,  
Dear to myself and friends.” \*

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR was descended of an ancient and honourable family, the Hamiltons of Bruntwood. James, son of Sir James Hamilton of Mungwell,† married, about 1507, Agnes Machan, heiress of the Machans of Little Earnock, in the parish of Hamilton, Lanarkshire, and became the first of the Hamiltons of that property. James Hamilton, second son of John Hamilton of Little Earnock, purchased the property of Bangour, in the parish of Uphall, Linlithgowshire, and was the founder of the Hamiltons of Bangour. He married Marion, daughter of John Hamilton of Orbiestoun, by whom he had his successor, John Hamilton of Bangour, one of the committee of war for the county of Linlithgow in 1648. The latter was twice married, first to Elizabeth, daughter of George Dundas of that Ilk, by whom he had two daughters; and secondly, to Margaret, daughter of James Hamilton of Westport, by whom he had John, his heir, and other children. John was served heir to his father in 1663, but he died without issue, and was succeeded, in 1674, by his brother James, the father of the poet. James was educated for the Scottish Bar, and practised as an advocate. He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Hamilton of Murrays,‡ who had a charter of resignation “to Elizabeth, spouse of Mr James Hamilton of Bangour,” of the lands of Wester Bangour, dated 21st September, 1703.

William, the subject of our sketch, was the second son of this marriage, and born in 1704. He does not appear to

\* “The Wish,” page 113.

† Sir James was a lineal descendant of the Hamiltons of Bruntwood.

‡ She was one of two co-heiresses of landed property in the county of Linlithgow.



have been designed for any particular profession, although there can be no doubt that his education was one of the most ample which the schools of the period could afford. It is supposed that he studied at the University of Edinburgh. His acquaintance with the classical writers of ancient times seems to have inspired him with an enthusiastic admiration of the great poetical master-minds of antiquity—Horace, perhaps, eliciting more than his due share. This may have arisen from a kindred love of pursuits. Hamilton was an early worshipper of the muse, insomuch that, at the age of twenty, he was a contributor to the 1st and 2d Parts of Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, published in 1724, in which appeared "The Braes of Yarrow," "Ah! the Shepherd's mournful fate," and several other of his most admired lyrical productions. His poem, "To the Countess of Eglintoun, with the Gentle Shepherd," was written not later than 1726, when in the twenty-second year of his age. At the same period, also, he composed "The Maid of Gallowshiels," which, however, was never completed, and is printed for the first time in the present edition. There is, in short, ample evidence in his poems of the maturity of his poetical talent ere he had himself reached the years of manhood.

Hamilton appears to have resided a considerable part of his time in Edinburgh, where his fame as a poet, as well as his family connections, introduced him to a large circle of acquaintances. There can be no doubt of his intimacy with Allan Ramsay, to whose *Miscellany* he was a contributor; but there is no evidence from his works of any familiarity existing between them. This may be attributed, perhaps, to his moving in a circle above that of the humble devotee of letters. That he at the sametime fully appreciated the genius of Ramsay, is evident from the following lines in his familiar epistle "To a Gentleman going to Travel," (page 94.)

"Such Addison, and such with laurel crowned  
Immortal Congreve, such the muses grace  
Mæonian Pope, nor do the nine refuse

To rank with thee, Fergusian nightingale,  
 Untaught with wood-notes wild, sweet Allan hight;  
 Whether on the flower-blushing bank of Tweed,  
 Or Clyde, or Tay's smooth winding stream, his muse  
 Chooseth reside," &c.

The same epistle affords an instructive glimpse of the social and happy manner in which the leisure hours of the poet were passed while in "Auld Reekie," from his twentieth till his thirty-fourth or thirty-fifth year:—

"Thus others choose, their choice affects not me;  
 For each his own delight, with secret force  
 Magnetic, as with links of love, constrains.  
 Behoves me then to say what bias rules  
 My inclinations, since desire of fame  
 Provokes me not to win renown in arms,  
 Nor at Pieria's silver spring to slake  
 Th' insatiate thirst; to write on coy nymph  
 Love-laboured sonnet, nor in well-dressed beau  
 To please the lovely sex. For me at Keith's  
 Awaits a bowl, capacious for my cares;  
 There will I drown them all, no daring thought  
 Shall interrupt my mirth, while there I sit  
 Surrounded with my friends, and envy not  
 The pomp of needless grandeur, insolent.  
 Nor shall alone the bowl of punch delight,  
 Compounded fluid! rich with juicy spoil  
 Of fair Iberia's sunny coast, combined  
 With the auxiliar aid of rack or rum,  
 Barbade or Sumatra, or Goan-born,  
 The luscious spirit of the cane, that in  
 Fermenting cups, with native element  
 Of water mixed, pure limpid stream! unite  
 Their social sweets. For us her ruddy soul  
 The Latian grape shall bleed, nor will thy hills,  
 Far-flowing Rhine, withhold their clustering vines.  
 Haste, then, to friendship sacred let us pour  
 Th' exhilarating flood, while, as our hands  
 In union knit, we plight our mutual hearts  
 Close as the loving pair, whom holy writ  
 Renowns to future times, great Jonathan  
 And Jesse's son. Now this delights my soul!

There was a time we would not have refused  
 Mackdougall's lowly roof, the land of ale;  
 Flowing with ale, as erst Canaan is said  
 To flow with honey. There we often met  
 And quaffed away our spleen, while fits of mirth  
 Frequent were heard; nor wanted amorous song

Nor jocund dance; loud as in Edin town,  
 Where the tired writer pens the livelong day  
 Summons and horning, or the sponsal band  
 Of Cloe and Strephon, lad and lovely lass;  
 Spent with his toil, when thirsty twilight falls,  
 He hies him gladsome to the well-known place,  
 Bull Cellar, or, O Johnstoun's, thine! where, fond  
 Of drink and knowledge, erst philosophers  
 Have met; or Cout's dark cymmerian cell,  
 Full many fathom deep: from far he hears  
 The social clamour through the dome resound,  
 He speeds amain to join the jovial throng.  
 So we delighted once. The bowl, meanwhile,  
 Walked ceaseless still the round, to some fair name  
 Devoted. Thine, Maria, toasted chief,  
 With duty obsequious, and thy looks benign  
 Missed not their due regard. Dundassia fair  
 Claimed next the kindred lay; nor didst thou pass  
 Constance uncelebrated or unsung.  
 Hail, sacred three! hail, sister-minds! may heaven  
 Pour down uncommon blessings on your heads!  
 Thus did our younger years in pleasing stream  
 Flow inoffensive; friendship graced our days,  
 And dream of loving mistress blessed our night.  
 Now from these joys conveyed (so fate ordains),  
 Thou wanderest into foreign realms, from this  
 Far, far sejoined, no more with us to drain  
 The ample bowl," &c.

Among the more select of Hamilton's literary friends. the well-known Henry Home of Kames seems to have been one of the most intimate and highly respected. In Woodhouselee's memoir of the latter, sufficient evidence is furnished of their intercourse. The sketch supplied by Lord Woodhouselee is so characteristic of our author, that we cannot do better than quote the few, but warm and glowing pages, which his lordship has devoted to him:—

“With the elegant and accomplished William Hamilton of Bangour, whose amiable manners were long remembered with the tenderest recollection by all who knew him, Mr Home lived in the closest habits of friendship. The writer of these memoirs has heard him dwell with delight on the scenes of their youthful days; and he has to regret that many an anecdote to which he listened with pleasure, was not committed to a better record than a treacherous memory. Ha-

milton's mind is pictured in his verses. They are the easy and careless effusions of an elegant fancy and a chastened taste; and the sentiments they convey are the genuine feelings of a tender and susceptible heart, which perpetually owned the dominion of some favourite mistress, but whose passion generally evaporated in a song, and made no serious or permanent impression. The poems had an additional charm to his contemporaries, from being commonly addressed to his familiar friends of either sex by name. There are few minds insensible to the soothing flattery of a poet's record. I question whether his friend Home was ever more highly gratified by the applause he gained for his talents, or the success of a legal argument, than by the elegant lines addressed by Hamilton—*To H. H. in the Assembly*.

Hamilton's letters are, like his verses, the transcript of his feelings. Mr Home had sent him a few remarks on Horace, of the same tenor, as it would seem, with those observations which, many years afterwards, he gave to the world in his *Elements of Criticism*. In a letter dated September, 1738, to Mr Home, then passing the autumn vacation at Kames, Hamilton thus writes:—

‘I am entirely of your opinion with respect to your observations on Horace. He certainly wanders from his text—but still they are the wanderings of *Horace*. Why we are never contented with our lot, but still envy the condition of others, was a noble subject; and it were to be wished he had adorned it, as well he could, from his own experience; satisfied, as he seems to have been, with his own pursuits, and the fame they had acquired him. Let me put Horace's question to myself—Why don't I acquiesce in the determination of heaven, to which I have myself so much contributed?—why don't I rest contented with that, small perhaps, indeed, but sincere portion of happiness furnished by my poetry, and a few kind friends?—why concern myself to please *Jeanie Stewart*, or vex myself about that happier man to whom the lottery of life may have assigned her? *Qui fit, Mæcenas, qui fit?* Whence comes it? Alas! whence indeed?

Too long by love, a wandering fire, misled,  
 My better days in vain delusion fled;  
 Day after day, year after year withdrew,  
 And beauty blessed the minutes as they flew.  
 Those hours consumed in joy, but lost to fame,  
 With blushes I review, but dare not blame;  
 A fault which easy pardon might receive,  
 Did lovers judge, or could the wise forgive!  
 But now to wisdom's healing springs I fly,  
 And drink oblivion of each charming eye;  
 To love revolted, quit each pleasing care,  
 Whate'er was witty, or whate'er was fair.

—Yours, &c.

To seek the aid of *wisdom* for the cure of *love*, is no doubt a prudent resolution; but here the question may be put (as of Glendower's spirits), will wisdom come when the lover calls for her? His friend, Home, who had a deeper knowledge of human nature, saw a better cure for a frivolous and idle passion. The lady mentioned in the letter above quoted had complained to Mr Home that she was teased with Mr Hamilton's dangling attentions, which she was convinced had no serious aim, and hinted an earnest wish to get rid of him. 'You are his friend,' said she; 'tell him he exposes both himself and me to the ridicule of our acquaintance.' 'No, madam,' said Home, 'you shall accomplish his cure yourself, and by the simplest method. Dance with him at to-night's Assembly, and show him every mark of your kindness, as if you believed his passion sincere, and had resolved to favour his suit. Take my word for it, you'll hear no more of him.' The lady adopted the counsel, and the success of the experiment was complete.

It appears from Hamilton's letters, that he communicated his poems to his friends for their critical remarks, and was easily induced to alter or amend them by their advice. He had sent the piece, entitled *Contemplation*, one of the most laboured of his productions, to Mr Home, who suggested some alterations. In a letter from Mr Hamilton, in July, 1739, he says,—'I have made the corrections on the moral part of *Contemplation*, and in a post will send it to WILL.

CRAWFORD, who has the rest, and will transmit it to you. I shall write to him fully on the subject.'

Hamilton may be reckoned among the earliest of the Scotch poets who wrote English verse with propriety and taste, and with any considerable portion of the poetic spirit. Thomson, Mallet, and he, were contemporaries. The preceding writers of English verse among the Scotch, are scarcely entitled to the name of poets."

Hamilton was abroad in the winter of 1739-40. This appears from the following note to the editor of the *Scots Magazine* of that year, probably by his friend Craufurd, communicating the "Ode on the New Year, 1739":

"Glasgow, Dec. 19.

"SIR,—The following ode is the performance of a gentleman now abroad, whose fine genius for poetry has appeared by some small works of his already published. It is, indeed, but a short sketch of a longer design; but, as it is, I am persuaded it has beauties sufficient to recommend it to your readers of taste.—I am,

"ONE OF YOUR READERS."

The Poet, however, did not remain long abroad. Having at length fallen seriously in love—notwithstanding his friend Home's light estimate of the sincerity of his passion for the fair sex—he married his first wife, Katherine, daughter of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, in March, 1743. This union seems to have been a very felicitous one.

Unfortunately for the enjoyment of that poetic ease which our author so much relished, the country became disturbed about this time by the designs of the Jacobites, to whose cause, both by family connections,\* as well as the bias of his own feelings, he was warmly attached.† Scarcely anything of

\* His only sister, Margaret, was married to the sixth Earl of Carnwath, who was attainted for engaging with the Pretender in 1715.

† D'Alembert, in his Eloge on Hamilton's friend, Earl Marshal, shows in what estimation the services and sufferings of his unlucky adherents were held by Prince Charles Edward:—

"Ce patriot vertueux (Lord Marshal) plus homme encore que Jacobite, étoit témoin avec douleur de la vie peu digne d'un Roi, que le Pretendant menoit dans sa retraite; il se rajelloit surtout en gémissant, le

the politician appears in the poems of Hamilton; but the following passage, suppressed in the edition of 1760, in the epistle "To a Gentleman going to Travel," sufficiently evinces his sentiments—his detestation of the Whigs:—

"———— Chief of these art thou,  
 Ill-fated Wodrow, who with leaden pen,  
 By furies dipped in gall of Stygian lake,  
 Writ'st numerous follies; numerous as thy saints  
 Who or at Pentland or at Bothwell fought  
 For blind opinion, and laid down their lives  
 Near where the Cross its unicorn crowned head  
 Erects aloft, and proudly shines adorned  
 On Brunswick's Day; or where her weekly sale  
 Grassmarket sees of horses, have harangued  
 From theatres of wood, the listening saints  
 Below assembled, sad and discontent."

All the Poet's sympathies were consequently on the side of the Young Chevalier; and after the signal defeat of the royal troops in the vicinity of Edinburgh, on the 21st September, 1745, he celebrated the event by "An Ode on the Battle of Gladsmuir," which was printed and set to music at the time. This ode, which will be found at page 62, is written in a very conciliatory spirit, considering the circumstances, and evidently by one who lamented that such divisions should exist amongst a people. It is uncertain whether Hamilton took any active part in the rebellion. He was probably prevented from doing so, as Mr James Chalmers supposes, by the illness of his wife, to whom he was much attached, and who died in October, 1745. Yet in Burke's "Landed Gentry," where a short notice of the family is given, it is positively

peu d'interet qu' avoit marque ce Prince aux citoyens malheureux, qui avoient endure pour lui la mort et les supplices.—Tout Paris a ete temoin en 1747, que dans le meme tems ou les malheureux partisans du Prince Edward etoient livres au supplice en Angleterre; lorsqu' on recevoit a chaque courier la nouvelle de quelque tete coupee pour la cause, il se monroit tous les jours aux promenades et aux spectacles. La nation Françoise etoit d'autant plus affigee de l' y voir, qui ayant d'abord admire son courage, elle avoit pris a se personne et a ses malheurs le plus vif interet. On assure qu' un veritable ami de ce Prince ne lui laissa pas ignorer l'opinion publique sur son affligeante apathie pour tant de sujets fideles et infortunes. Nous n'osons rapporter la reponse qu'on lui attribue; nous ne voulons pas meme la croire."

ÉLOGE DE MILORD MARESCIAL, p. 48.



stated that "he was present at the battle of Culloden." But as there are several obvious blunders in the article, little reliance is to be placed upon it. He was not, at all events, with the Prince's army in January, 1746, as, in the MS. volume, the "Beginning of the first Georgick" bears to have been "translated at Glasgow" at that period. Be the fact as it may, however, his Jacobite hopes were completely extinguished by the decisive victory of Culloden; and he was constrained to consult his safety in flight, lurking for several months in the Highlands, where he suffered much, both physically and mentally. The "Soliloquy, wrote in June, 1746," is supposed to express his feelings at this period:

" Now in this sad and dismal hour  
Of multiplied distress,  
Has any former thought the power  
To make thy sorrows less;  
When all around thee cruel snares  
Threaten thy destined breath,  
And every sharp reflection bears  
Want, exile, chains, or death ?"

Having at length found the means of escaping, Hamilton made his way to France, and continued to reside abroad for three years, as the inscription on the original portrait painted by Gavin Hamilton shows. In the act of indemnity and free pardon passed on the 17th June, 1747, Hamilton was not specially exempted, but he came within the general exception of "all persons concerned in the late rebellion, &c. who have been beyond the seas at any time between the 20th July, 1745, and the 15th June, 1747." "As he avoided meddling in any of the intrigues of the Jacobites while abroad, he was enabled, in 1749, to make his peace with the government, and to return to Scotland. In the following year, 1750, he got possession of the family property which had devolved to him on the death of his elder, and only brother, John Hamilton of Bangour, Esq., who died a bachelor, at Ninewar, in East Lothian, on the 8th of May, 1750. In the winter of 1750, and spring of 1751, he appears to have been resident at Edinburgh, still a widower; and, in March 1751, speaks of him-



self as the rejected lover of some foreign lady, whom he calls Laura." Mr James Chalmers, from whose notes to the Society of Antiquaries we quote the foregoing passage, here alludes to the song (page 91) beginning "Would'st thou know her sacred charms," to which a reply was written by a young lady in Glasgow. Hamilton married, for the second time, soon afterwards; but who the object of his affections was does not appear. She long survived the poet, however, having died at her house in the Canongate, Edinburgh, so late as the 5th September, 1779.\* He did not long enjoy his good fortune, nor his newly wedded wife. Being naturally of a delicate constitution, it is probable that the privations and fatigue undergone while concealing himself in the Highlands, as well as during his three years exile abroad, had impaired his health. So alarming did his illness become, that he was latterly induced to repair to the Continent for the benefit of a milder climate; but the change had not the desired effect, and he died at Lyons on the 25th March, 1754, in the 50th year of his age. The *Caledonian Mercury* of that year announced the death of the poet in the following eulogistic terms:—

"March 25.—At Lyons, in France, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, in the 50th year of his age, William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq.—The many amiable qualities this gentleman possessed, make it impossible for a hand less masterly than his own, to give an adequate idea of a character that can receive no lustre from the aid of the most luxuriant fancy. It is enough, therefore, to tell those who had not the happiness of an acquaintance with his person or his virtues, that in all the relations of life, as a son, a brother, a husband, a father, and a friend, he was dutiful, tender, steady, and affectionate; as a gentleman, polite, humane, generous, and communicative; and as a man, a citizen, and a Christian, honest, brave, pious, and benevolent. The endowments of his mind, in regard to genius and learning, his own inimitable works can alone express. And whoever peruses them with judgment and impartiality, must acknowledge that, in point of language, sentiment, and numbers, Scotland boasts in Hamilton a poet little (if at all) inferior to a Dry-

\* Scots Magazine.

den, an Addison, or even a Pope; and that in the beautiful capacity of a fine writer, he was not less an honour to his country, than in all other respects an ornament to the age he lived in."

Hamilton's corpse was brought to Scotland, and interred in the Abbey Church of Holyrood.

We shall not attempt any further analysis of the character of our author, either as a poet or as a man. His poetical remains will speak to all time as to the one, and we have the undying testimony of all his friends as to the other. He has himself left a fair estimate of his character in an Epitaph, the first of the poems in the manuscript volume already alluded to as in the possession of Mr Laing. It is as follows, and is entitled,

#### AN EPITAPH ON THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS,

WROTE BY HIMSELF IN THE YEAR 1738.

Does greatness splendid villany allure?  
Go search in Walpole's trial for a cure.  
Blest with enough, wouldst thou increase it still?  
Examine Charters' life, and Ruchead's will.  
True to thy party, would'st thou blunder thorough;  
Canst be thy guide, and Culross be thy borough.  
Wouldst thou be happy? then its rule receive,  
Read this verse gratis, and thy soul shall live.  
Learn from this man, who now lies five feet deep,  
To drink when doubting, and when tempted sleep.  
This led him safe through life's tempestuous steerage,  
Poor by no place, ignoble by no peerage;  
An easy mind, by no entails devised;  
An humble virtue, by no kings excised;  
Stated no law case, and no Bible quoted;  
Spoke what he thought; ne'er swore, and never voted.  
Courts he abhorred, their errors, their abuses,  
St James', Versailles—all, all, but Sanctæ Crucis;\*  
There, where no statesman buys, no bishop sells—  
A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells.  
With kind Bargany, faithful to his word,  
Whom heaven made honest, social, and—a lord;  
The cities viewed of many-languaged men,  
Popes, pimps, kings, gamesters; and saw all was vain.

\* Holyrood House.

With gentlest Alves did these hours employ,  
Wisdom unblushing yields to youthful joy.  
In the chaste virgin the fond wife foretold  
The household charm, the rich exchange for gold.  
Virtue to charm, and sweetness to endear  
A dowerless beauty that could please no peer.  
From Hume learned verse with sense to criticise;  
From Mein endeavoured to be good and wise;  
With Craig oft friendship's holy vigil kept,  
Oft on the genial hearth with Waughton slept;  
With Ramsay nature mus'd, or nature's power,  
Or sauntered contemplation's faithful hour.  
Enjoyed, what Hopetoun's groves could never yield,  
The philosophic rapture of the field!  
Nor asked, nor feared. His life, and humble lays,  
No critics envy, and no flatterers praise.  
Sure those who know how hard to write, and live,  
Would judge with candour, pity and forgive.  
Known but to few, as if he ne'er had been,  
He stole through life unheeded, and unseen.  
Envied no wit, with patience bore a dunce;  
Saw Cochrane never, and not wish'd it once.  
And often erring, broke no social duty;  
Unbribed by statesmen, and unhurt by beauty.

The personal appearance of the poet is well represented by the portrait prefixed to this volume. He had a thin visage, and a long neck, and "a small dint on the top of the nose, near the point," which the painter has omitted.

Hamilton at his death left, by his first wife, an only son, James, about ten years of age at the time. He married, August 1770, Margaret, daughter of Bruce of Kinnaird, by whom he had several children, and died on the 18th of October, 1814. He was succeeded by his grandson, the present James Hamilton of Bangour, whose father, William, died in 1808.



## HAMILTON OF BANGOUR'S POEMS.

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### TO A LADY,

ON HER TAKING SOMETHING ILL THAT MR H. SAID.

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow?  
That beauteous heav'n erewhile serene?  
Whence do these storms and tempests blow,  
Or what this gust of passion mean?  
And must then mankind lose that light,  
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,  
And lie obscur'd in endless night  
For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how could I wrong thy name?  
Thy form so fair, and faultless stands,  
That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,  
Thy beauty could make large amends:  
Or if I durst profanely try  
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,  
Thy virtue well might give the lie,  
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus every heart t' ensnare,  
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,  
And Pallas, with unusual care,  
Bids wisdom heighten every grace.  
Who can the double pain endure?  
Or who must not resign the field  
To thee, celestial maid, secure  
With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

If, then, to thee such pow'r is given,  
Let not a wretch in torment live,

But smile, and learn to copy heaven;  
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.  
 Yet pitying heaven not only does  
 Forgive th' offender and the offence,  
 But even itself appeas'd bestows,  
 As the reward of penitence.

[These verses, addressed to "Mrs S. H." appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany, Part I., in 1724, and in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, to the air of "Halloween." They were also printed in the editions of Hamilton's Poems of 1748 and 1760.]

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UPON HEARING HIS PICTURE WAS IN A  
 LADY'S BREAST.

Ye gods! was Strephon's picture blest  
 With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?  
 Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart;  
 O gently throb—too fierce thou art.  
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,  
 For Strephon was the bliss design'd?  
 For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,  
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, blest shade, that sweetly art  
 Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,  
 For me the tender hour improve,  
 And softly tell how dear I love.  
 Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear  
 Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,  
 Engrossing all that beauteous heaven,  
 That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I lord  
 Of all the wealth those breasts afford,  
 I'd be a miser too, nor give  
 An alms to keep a god alive.  
 O smile not thus, my lovely fair,  
 On these cold looks, that lifeless air,  
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,  
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,  
 To life can bring the silent shade;  
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art,  
 And real warmth and flames impart.

But, oh! it ne'er can love like me—  
 I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee.  
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,  
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

[In the Tea-Table Miscellany, Part I., 1724, and in the Orpheus Caledonius, with the music, 1725; also in both editions of the Poems. The lines

“I'd be a miser too, nor give  
 An alms to keep a god alive,”

are peculiarly beautiful. It was written to the tune of “The Fourteenth of October,” or St Crispin's Day. The song has been often reprinted.]

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### S O N G.

Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,  
 Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain;  
 Amongst all your number a lover so true  
 Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?  
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;  
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,  
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies;  
 She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs.  
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,  
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair!

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears:  
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;  
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,  
 My trembling lips bliss her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care  
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:  
 The fair sleeps in peace; may she ever do so!  
 And only when dreaming imagine me so!

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,  
 Nor think she should love whom she cannot admire;  
 Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,  
 Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

[In the Tea-Table Miscellany, Part I., 1724, to the tune of “The Yellow Hair'd Laddie,” and in the two editions of the Poems.]

## S O N G.

Ah the shepherd's mournful fate,  
 When doom'd to live, and doom'd to languish;  
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,  
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.  
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,  
 My secret soul discover;  
 While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,  
 Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,  
 O'erspread with rising blushes,  
 A thousand various ways they speak,  
 A thousand various wishes.  
 For oh! that form so heavenly fair,  
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
 That artless blush, and modest air,  
 So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look and every grace,  
 So charm where'er I view thee;  
 Till death o'ertake me in the chase,  
 Still will my hopes pursue thee;  
 Then when my tedious hours are past,  
 Be this last blessing given,  
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
 And die in sight of heaven.

[This truly beautiful lyric—unsurpassed by even the melodies of Moore, who seems to have caught the spirit which they breathe—appeared in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, Part I., 1724, to the air of “*Galashiels*.” It was reprinted in both editions of Hamilton’s *Poems*, and is to be found, along with the music, in Johnson’s *Museum*. It has since been copied into various collections. The last verse, in particular, reminds us of the Irish Anacreon—

“Then when my tedious hours are past,  
 Be this last blessing given,  
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
 And die in sight of heaven.”]



## HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XI., IMITATED.

TO MISS ERSKINE.

Inquire not, Erskine fair, what end  
 The gods for thee or me intend;  
 How vain the search, that but bestows  
 The knowledge of our future woes?  
 Far happier they, who ne'er repine  
 To draw the lots their fates assign;  
 Then be advis'd, and try not thou  
 What spells and cunning men can do.

In mirth thy present years employ,  
 And consecrate thy charms to joy;  
 Whether the fates to thy old score  
 Propitious add a winter more;  
 Or this shall lay thee cold in earth,  
 Now raging o'er Edina's firth.  
 Let youth, while yet it blooms, excite  
 To mirth and wit and gay delight.

Nor thou refuse the voice that calls  
 To visits and to sprightly balls.  
 For time rides ever on the post,  
 Ev'n while we speak the moment's lost.  
 Then call each joy in to this day,  
 And spend them now while now you may;  
 Have every pleasure at command,  
 Fools let them lie in fortune's hand.

[These lines were originally addressed to W. D., the first line beginning, "Willy, ne'er inquire what end," and printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, Part II., 1724. They appear as above—addressed to Miss Erskine—in the edition of Hamilton's Poems, 1760.]

## SONG.

Adieu ye pleasant sports and plays,  
 Farewell each song that was diverting;  
 Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,  
 I sing of Del(ia) and Damon's parting.  
 Long had he lov'd, and long concealed  
 The dear tormenting, pleasant passion,  
 Till Delia's mildness had prevail'd  
 On him to shew his inclination.  
 Just as the fair one seem'd to give  
 A patient ear to his love story,

Damon must his Delia leave,  
 To go in quest of toilsome glory.  
 Half spoken words hung on his tongue,  
 Their eyes refus'd the usual greeting;  
 And sighs supplied their wonted song,  
 These charming sounds were changed to weeping.

- A. Dear idol of my soul adieu;  
 Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me;  
 While Damon lives, he lives for you,  
 No other charms shall ever move me.
- B. Alas! who knows, when parted far  
 From Delia, but you may deceive her?  
 The thought destroys my heart with care,  
 Adieu, my dear I fear forever.
- A. If ever I forget my vows,  
 May then my guardian angel leave me:  
 And more to aggravate my woes,  
 Be you so good as to forgive me.

[ In the Tea-Table Miscellany, Part II., 1724, to the tune, " Woe's  
 my heart that we should sunder," and in both editions of the Poems.]

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TO MRS A. R.

Now spring begins her smiling round,  
 Lavish to paint th' enamel'd ground:  
 The birds exalt their cheerful voice,  
 And gay on ev'ry bough rejoice:  
 The lovely Graces, hand in hand,  
 Knit in love's eternal band,  
 With dancing step at early dawn,  
 Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn;  
 Where'er the youthful sisters move,  
 They fire the soul to genial love.  
 Now by the river's painted side,  
 The swain delights his country bride,  
 While pleas'd she hears his artless vows  
 Above the feather'd songster's woes.  
 Soon will the ripen'd summer yield  
 Her various gifts to ev'ry field:  
 The fruitful trees, a beauteous show,  
 With ruby-tinctur'd births shall glow:  
 Sweet smells, from beds of lilies born,  
 Perfume the breezes of the morn:  
 The sunny day, and dewy night,  
 To rural play my fair invite.  
 Soft on a bank of violets laid,  
 Cool she enjoys the evening shade;

The sweets of summer feast her eye—  
Yet soon, soon will the summer fly.  
Attend my lovely maid, and know  
To profit by the instructive show.  
Now young and blooming thou art seen,  
Fresh on the stalk forever green;  
Now does th' unfolded bud disclose  
Full-blown to light the blushing rose:  
Yet, once the sunny season past,  
Think not the cozz'ning scene will last.  
Let not the flatt'rer, Hope, persuade;  
Ah! must I say that it will fade?  
For see the summer posts away,  
Sad emblem of our own decay.  
Now winter from the frozen north  
Drives his stiff iron chariot forth;  
His grisly hand in icy chains  
Fair Tueda's silver flood constrains:  
Cast up thy eyes, how black and bare,  
He wanders on the tops of Yare;  
Behold, his footsteps dire are seen,  
Confest on ev'ry with'ring green;  
Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see  
A snowy wreath to clothe each tree:  
Frequenting now the stream no more  
Thou fliest displeas'd the frozen shore:  
When thou shalt miss the flow'rs that grew  
But late to charm thy ravish'd view.  
Shall I, ah horrid! wilt thou say,  
Be like to this some other day?  
Yet when in snow and dreary frost  
The pleasure of the field is lost,  
To blazing hearths at home we run,  
And fires supply the distant sun,  
In gay delights our hours employ,  
We do not lose, but change our joy.  
Happy, abandon ev'ry care,  
To lead the dance, to court the fair;  
To turn the page of sacred bards;  
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.  
But when the lovely white and red  
From the pale ashy cheek is fled;  
When wrinkles dire, and age severe,  
Make beauty fly we know not where;  
The fair whom fates unkind disarm,  
Have they forever ceas'd to charm?  
Or is there left some pleasing art  
To keep secure a captive heart?  
Unhappy love ! might lovers say,  
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay:

When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,  
 What art thy famine can prevent?  
 Lay virtues in with early care,  
 That love may live on wisdom's fare.  
 Tho' ecstacy with beauty flies,  
 Esteem is born when beauty dies.  
 Happy to whom the fates decree  
 The gift of heav'n in giving thee:  
 Thy beauty shall his youth engage,  
 Thy virtues shall delight his age.

[The foregoing appeared as a song, air "Love's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove," in the Tea-Table Miscellany, Part II., 1724.]

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### THE BRAES OF YARROW.

TO LADY JANE HOME.

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH MANNER.

- A. "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,  
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."
- B. "Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?  
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow?"
- A. "I gat her where I darena weil be seen,  
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.
- Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride!  
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;  
 Nor let thy heart lament to leive  
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."
- B. "Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?  
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?  
 And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen  
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?"
- A. "Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,  
 Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;  
 And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen  
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.
- For she has tint her luver, luver dear,  
 Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow;

And I hae slain the comeliest swain  
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?  
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?  
And why yon melancholeous weids  
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?  
What yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!  
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew  
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,  
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow;  
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,  
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,  
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,  
And weep around, in waeful wise,  
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, eurse ye, his useless, useless shield,  
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,  
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,  
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,  
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,  
O'er rashly bald, a stronger arm  
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,  
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan;  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,  
As green its grass, its gowan yellow;  
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,  
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy lue, fair, fair indeed thy lue,  
In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter;  
Tho' he was fair and weil beluv'd again,  
Than me, he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride!  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;

Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,  
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."

C. "How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride?  
How can I busk a winsome marrow?  
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,  
That slew my lue on the Braes of Yarrow?"

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,  
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,  
For there was basely slain my love,  
My lue, as he had not been a luer.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing;  
Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd  
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,  
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;  
But ere the tofall of the night  
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful, waeful day,  
I sang, my voice the woods returning;  
But lang ere night the spear was floun  
That slew my lue, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,  
But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
My luer's blood is on thy spear,  
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,  
With cruel, and ungentle scoffin,  
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes  
My luer nailed in his coffin.

My brother, Douglas, may upbraid,  
And strive with threat'ning words to muve me:  
My luer's blood is on thy spear,  
How can'st thou ever bid me lue thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of lue,  
With bridal sheets my body cover;  
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,  
Let in the expected husband luer.

But who the expected husband, husband is?  
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter;

Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's yon,  
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,  
O lay his cold head on my pillow;  
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,  
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,  
O could my warmth to life restore thee!  
Yet lie all night between my breists,  
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!  
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter;  
And lie all night between my breists,  
No youth shall ever lie there after."

A. "Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,  
Return and dry thy useless sorrow;  
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,  
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow."

[These beautiful verses are supposed to have been suggested by  
"The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," a more ancient ballad, published  
for the first time in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*:—

"Late at e'en, drinking the wine,  
And ere they paid the lawing,  
They set a combat them between,  
To fight it in the dawing.

"O stay at home, my noble lord!  
O stay at home, my marrow!  
My cruel brother will you betray  
On the dowie houns of Yarrow," &c.

Scott believed "the ballad refers to a duel fought at Deucharswyre, of which Annan's Treat is a part, betwixt John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlestane, in which the latter was slain. . . . Tradition affirms that the hero of the song (be he who he may) was murdered by the brother, either of his wife, or betrothed bride. The alleged cause of malice was the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan,

and the place of combat is called Annan's Treat. It is a hollow muir, on the banks of the Yarrow, lying to the west of Yarrow Kirk. Two tall unhewn masses of stone are erected, about eighty yards distant from each other; and the least child that herds a cow will tell the passenger that there lie "two lords who were slain in single combat." According to the ballad, the combat was a very unequal one, there being "nine to ane"—

"Four has he hurt, and five has slain  
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,  
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,  
And ran his bodie thorough."

Though this ballad may have suggested the inimitable strain of Hamilton's

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,"

it must be remarked that the two have nothing akin, save that the vale of Yarrow is the scene of both—while the latter is more in keeping with the tradition of a duel having been fought between the parties.

The ballad appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany, Part II., 1724, and in the subsequent editions of Hamilton's Poems, somewhat altered. It occurs also in the MS. volume of his poems. The alterations are wholly verbal, and tend to improve the liquid flow of the verses.

The Lady Jane Home (or "Hume," as it is written in the MS. vol.) to whom the ballad is inscribed, was no doubt a daughter of the Earl of Home, but whether of the sixth or seventh Earl may be questioned. Both had daughters of the same name. Lady Jane, daughter of the seventh Earl, died in 1787; so that, supposing her to have been eighteen years of age when the ballad was inscribed to her, she would have been upwards of eighty.]

## TO THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,

WITH "THE GENTLE SHEPHERD."

Accept, O Eglington! the rural lays,  
Thine be the friend's, and thine the Poet's praise.



The Muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,  
 A frequent guest on Scotia's blessful plains,  
 That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,  
 The charms of Beauty, and the force of Love,  
 Once more resumes the still successful lay,  
 Delighted thro' the verdant meads to stray:  
 O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair,  
 To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air;  
 In the cool evening negligently laid,  
 Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,  
 Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve  
 The GENTLE SHEPHERD's tender tale of love.

Learn from these scenes what warm and glowing fires  
 Inflame the heart that real love inspires,  
 Delighted read of ardours, sighs and tears;  
 All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:  
 Hence, too, what passions in his bosom rise,  
 What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes,  
 When first the fair is bounteous to relent,  
 And blushing beauteous, smiles the kind consent.  
 Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,  
 In Charlotte's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,  
 Love courted Beauty in a golden age,  
 Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,  
 Ere yet the fair affected phrase admir'd.  
 His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,  
 His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.  
 He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,  
 As thy Eliza\* might he pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the rural state bestows  
 Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;  
 Secure alike from envy, and from care,  
 Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd my fear;  
 Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,  
 Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.  
 No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,  
 No wild ambition interrupts its joys.  
 Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,  
 In humble goodness, and in calm content.  
 Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,  
 Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the rural state these joys has lost,  
 Even swains no more that innocence can boast.  
 Love speaks no more what Beauty may believe,  
 Prone to betray and practis'd to deceive.

\* Lady Elizabeth, Lady Eglintoun's eldest daughter, married to Sir John Cuninghame of Caprington, Bart. She died at the age of 93, and was the last Lady 'Betty' in Scotland.

Now Happiness forsakes her blest retreat,  
 The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat,  
 The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,  
 Companion to an upright sober race;  
 When on the sunny hill or verdant plain,  
 Free and familiar with the sons of men,  
 To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,  
 She uninvited came a welcome guest:  
 Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,  
 Seduc'd from innocence incautious hearts,  
 Then grudging Hate, and sinful Pride succeed,  
 Cruel Revenge, and false unrighteous deed:  
 Then dowerless Beauty lost the power to move;  
 The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of Love.  
 Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,  
 The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood.  
 The friend no more upon the friend relies,  
 And semblant falsehood puts on Truth's disguise.  
 The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,  
 The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;  
 The voice of impious mirth is heard around;  
 In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd.  
 Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,  
 And Happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

O Happiness! from human search retir'd,  
 Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?  
 Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled  
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head?  
 Virgin of aspect mild! ah why unkind,  
 Fly'st thou displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?  
 O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,  
 Where with thy sire, Content, thou lov'st to dwell.  
 Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait  
 Familiar, at the chambers of the great?  
 Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call  
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?  
 O'er the full banquet when we feast our soul,  
 Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?  
 Or with th' industrious planter dost thou talk,  
 Conversing freely in an ev'ning walk?  
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,  
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?  
 Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,  
 Still musing silent at the morning hour?  
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,  
 In S——'s wisdom' or Montgomery's arms!

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile;  
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:  
 In vain we seek the city or the cell:  
 Alone with virtue knows the pow'r to dwell.

Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,  
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.  
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast;  
 But many passions must the blessing cost;  
 Infernal malice, inly pining hate,  
 And envy grieving at another's state.  
 Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,  
 Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.  
 When these are in the human bosom nurst,  
 Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst?  
 Unlike, O EGLINTOUN! thy happy breast,  
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;  
 From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,  
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.  
 In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,  
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;  
 Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's fame,  
 How swift to praise, how obstinate to blame!  
 Bold in thy presence bashful Sense appears,  
 And backward Merit loses all its fears.  
 Supremely blest by heaven, heav'n's richest grace  
 Confest is thine, an early blooming race,  
 Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian Wisdom arm,  
 Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.  
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart!  
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart.)  
 When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,  
 And sighing youths imploring to be blest,  
 After thy image form'd with charms like thine,  
 Or in the visit, or the dance to shine.  
 Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,  
 The lovely EGLINTOUNS of future days.  
 Meanwhile peruse the following tender scenes,  
 And listen to thy native Poet's strains.  
 In ancient garb the home-bred Muse appears,  
 The garb our muses wore in former years.  
 As in a glass reflected, here behold  
 How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.  
 Nor blush to read where Beauty's praise is shown,  
 And virtuous Love, the likeness of thy own;  
 While midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,  
 Bounteous to thee, with righteous hand has given;  
 Let this, O EGLINTOUN! delight thee most,  
 To enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

[This poem, "To the Countess of Eglington, with A. Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd," was prefixed anonymously to the first and second editions of the *Gentle Shepherd*, in 1725 and 1726, and to

the subsequent editions. It was reprinted in the several editions of Hamilton's Poems. It has, however, undergone several alterations, as collated with the MS. volume. The following are the more important. The words quoted show the difference:—

Lines

- 1 Accept, O Eglintoun! the "Muse's" lays,  
 2 "That bound to thee thy duteous Poet pays."  
 15 "Instructed from these scenes" what glowing fires  
 17 "The fair shall" read of ardours, sighs, and tears;  
 21 "When first the fair, propitious to his fate,  
     Cur'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,  
     With willing mind" is bounteous to relent.  
 96 In "Campbell's" wisdom, or Montgomery's arms!  
 132 The lovely Eglintouns of "other" days.  
 142 "To thee in whom it is well pleas'd" has given.

The Countess of Eglintoun was the third wife of Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglintoun. She was a daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy of Culzean. The Countess was much celebrated for her beauty, and had long been the admiration of the fashionable circles of Edinburgh. She lived to an extreme age, dying in 1780, in her 91st year. On the marriage of her second son, Archibald, the eleventh Earl of Eglintoun, the Countess retired to the jointure house of Auchans, where she was visited by Dr Johnson and his biographer in 1773. The learned lexicographer expressed himself as delighted with the visit. Boswell describes her figure as "majestic, her manners high bred, her reading extensive, and her conversation elegant."] 

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## THE MAID OF GALLOWSHIELS.

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

Aut credite factum :  
Vel, si credites, facti quoque credite poenam.

OV. MET.

Μηνιν ἄειδς, Θεα, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλλῆος  
Οὐλομένην—

HOM. IL. i.

## BOOK I.

## THE ARGUMENT:

## THE FIDDLER CHALLENGES THE PIPER TO A TRIAL OF SKILL.

At a fair in Gallowshiels, the Fiddler endeavours to free himself from the accusation of having seduced the Maid of Gallowshiels from the Piper, who was her first lover, and to engage in a trial of skill—the Maid to be the judge, and the prize of the conqueror. The Piper sustains his charge against him, and consents to his proposal. Then Thomas, a carter, throws cross and pile who shall begin. The lot falls upon the Piper, who, as he is preparing, is interrupted by the Fiddler, who demands his genealogy, with the relation of which the Piper concludes the book.

- The wrath of Elspet, Gallowshiels's Fair—  
The fatal cause of all a Piper's care—  
How by her changeful heart the dame misled,  
Receiv'd a wand'ring Fiddler to her bed;  
Forgetful she of all her former vows,  
Her spotless fame and plighted Piper spouse:  
5 Who, persevering in his early faith,  
Wept her misdeed, and sorrow'd unto death,  
Till plung'd in woes, and withering in her prime,  
By late repentance she atoned her crime.  
So did almighty destiny fulfil  
10 The purpos'd counsels of his sovereign will.  
Gracious, O muse! the mournful tale relate,  
And warn the sex to shun the crime and fate.  
For on that day when all the youths repair  
From every quarter round to Gala's fair,  
15 Industrious of gain, their wares to vend,  
And copious mereats o'er the fields extend;  
Where sprightly youths and virgins in the flow'r  
Congenial meet, and hope the bridal hour;

- With artful zeal the spacious tent they frame,  
 20 And to the linen dome invite the dame;  
 Or wait impatient for the setting light,  
 Behind the hedge to pass in joys the night.  
 To these, as circling in a ring they stand,  
 25 The Fiddler stretch'd the fiddle-bearing hand.  
 Ye men of Gallowshiels attentive hear,  
 Wives, matrons, widows, virgins, all give ear!  
 Unjustly blamed by a licentious tongue,  
 30 First let me speak, who first have suffer'd wrong.  
 No fault of mine your Piper's vengeance draws:  
 On me he throws the guilt of nature's laws.  
 True, in his dome, by friendly favours grac'd,  
 35 I joyful lived a fiddler and a guest;  
 What time rejoicing on the banks I stood  
 Of Gala's stream, and drank its unknown flood.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 For not to us, to love or hate is given  
 20 The appointment of our fates, and doom of heaven.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Doom'd to the reaper's meal or bridal hour,  
 95 Who better brews the ale or kneads the flour,  
 Or who with her in needlework can vie,  
 Or swifter bid the whirling spindle fly?  
 Say Piper, then, ill judging as thou art,  
 Could I refuse so fair a damsel's heart?  
 100 Was I from offer'd blessings to abstain,  
 For that it gave my former host some pain?  
 But hear attentive what my thought decrees,  
 And set thy heart from idle fears at ease:  
 Ye men of Gallowshiels attentive hear,  
 105 Maids, widows, wives, and matrons, all give ear;  
 A conquest got with ease my soul disdains,  
 He's worse than conquer'd that but cheaply gains.  
 Before the fair let then our cause be tried,  
 And who her happy choice herself decide;  
 110 Sole in her breast the fav'rite youth shall reign,  
 Whose hand shall sweetest wake the warbled strain;  
 And if to me th' ill-fated Piper yield,  
 As sure I trust this well contended field,  
 High in the sacred dome his pipes I raise,  
 115 The trophy of my fame to after days;  
 That all may know, as they the pipes survey,  
 The Fiddler's deed, and this the signal day:  
 But if the Fates, his wishes to fulfil,  
 Shall give the triumph to his happier skill,  
 120 My fiddle his, to him be praises paid,  
 And joined with those the long contested maid.  
 All Gallowshiels the daring challenge heard,  
 Full blank they stood, and for their Piper fear'd;

- Fearless, alone he rose in open view,  
 125 And in the midst his sounding bagpipe threw;  
 In act to speak, surveys with downward eye  
 The well-known instrument of melody:  
 Then on the maid he cast a mournful look,  
 He smote his breast, and sigh'd, while thus he spoke—  
 130 Alas for me that ever I was born!  
 Bred up to woes and to my Elspet's scorn!  
 For three long circling years, compell'd by fate,  
 My constant love has won her constant hate.  
 Can then so soft a mind so savage prove,  
 135 And is disdain a recompense for love!  
 Condemn'd, unblest, to waste my youthful prime,  
 Alas that constancy was e'er a crime!  
 Yet once, yet once, for happier days I knew,  
 She heard with pity then the sighs I drew.  
 140 In her soft breast consenting flames combin'd,  
 Each look confess'd the union of our mind.  
 But now these flames no more her heart inspire,  
 Far, far away, my hours of joy retire.  
 The hours of youth and joy fly first and fast,  
 145 To weeping and to age decreed the last.  
 These once consum'd, no more delights bestow,  
 But still remembrance keeps alive their woe.  
 Thus every joy exists before my mind  
 I shared ere yet my Elspet was unkind,  
 150 Ere yet the Fiddler, by insidious art,  
 Forc'd me from the possession of her heart;  
 By crafty lies seduced her easy youth,  
 (So much has flattery the odds of truth);  
 And now the more to aggravate the offence,  
 155 He styles his guilt the crime of Providence.  
 Base, to misname the gracious Pow'r above,  
 The Sire of Hate, who is the source of love;  
 He, all that we can boast from his dispose,  
 Or cheers with joys, or plunges us in woes.  
 160 Unerring he his bounties to misplace,  
 Our misery is a debt, our joys a grace.  
 Dar'st thou then say he prompts us from within,  
 Or draws aside from good, or drives to sin?  
 O impious thought of an abandon'd mind!  
 165 That daring tongue shall no just limits bind;  
 The scandal of thy kind and kindred born,  
 That treats thy Maker and his priests with scorn;  
 Opprobrious with thy baseborn thoughts to load,  
 To vindicate thy wrong, the man of God.  
 170 For this I hope to see thee mounted high,  
 Before the assembled church renounce the lie,  
 Where, clothed in sackcloth weeds, the failing dame  
 Her short-liv'd joys repays with long-liv'd shame,

- Unable to endure his angry look,  
 175 The scoff of crowds, and suffering dire rebuke.  
 But would'st thou purge thyself of foul offence,  
 Thy surest pleader had been innocence;  
 For innocence to all commits its cause,  
 And, for it does no ill, it fears no laws.  
 180 But when the solid pow'r of justice fails,  
 Then eloquence with gaudy show assails,  
 Essays the hollow artifice of art,  
 And cheats the judgment, while it woos the heart.  
 My tongue shall speak but what my heart arrears,  
 185 Nor varnish use to blacken more thy deeds;  
 Nor shall I treat thy valued gifts with scorn,  
 But praise the talents that a foe adorn.  
 Thy lay of grief the mirthful bosom wounds,  
 None wakes the Fiddler to more sprightly sounds;  
 190 This to thy fame stern justice bade me say,  
 Then in the other scale thy vices lay.  
 Thy broken trust, thy false deceitful lies,  
 Dissembled fears, and real perjuries;  
 Skilled sore in wicked arts, a treacherous part,  
 195 Thou soothed my fair, and poisoned all her heart.  
 'Twas not for this I took thee to my dome,  
 A wandering stranger from thy native home;  
 Fool that I was! had it been given to know  
 What woes from thee were mine to undergo,  
 200 No power had from my vengeance set thee free,  
 Plunged in a well, or hanged on a tree, [mounted]  
 I with thy naked limbs had strown the plains,  
 Or mingled with the flinty rock thy brains.  
 But 'tis decreed, by heaven's disposing will,  
 205 Unknown to us, arrives our good or ill;  
 Nor heaven, in pity to his griefs, bestows  
 On man the fatal science of his woes.  
 But know, vain youth! thy falsehood I disdain,  
 Ingratitude be to itself a pain.  
 210 Suffice it not that with felonious hate,  
 Base and ungrateful, thou drove on my fate,  
 In secret wronged me, when I could not hear,  
 And stopped to my complaint my Elspet's ear.  
 Yet, now more impudent, thou dar'st to prove  
 215 Injurious, to accuse my want of love.  
 Ah! had I ne'er the fatal passion known,  
 Blest had I been, nor by the fair undone;  
 Then still with pity had she seen my tears,  
 Still sweet my bagpipe sounded in her ears.  
 220 Yet thus unhappy, thus supremely cursed,  
 In woes and misery decreed the first.  
 Yet this I owe, O Fiddler, to thy pride,  
 I once again may win the blooming bride,



- I once again that tender strain essay,  
 225 That, bent on swiftest speed, has woo'd her stay,  
 When, by her mother sent at noon to bring  
 The limpid current from the distant spring,  
 Won by the song, until the golden light  
 Descending slow, resigned its place to night.  
 230 Pleased, from her honey lip then would I gain  
 A kiss, the sweet reward of all my pain.  
 But wert thou in my stead condemned to bear  
 Her constant hate, abandoned to despair;  
 Sole in her heavenly smiles if favoured I,  
 235 I'd not provoke again the doubtful die,  
 Of all my fortune could bestow secure  
 With her, and her alone, I'd live obscure.  
 But I too long from the expected scene  
 Myself and thee and those around detain.  
 240 Then haste thee, youth, begin thy loftiest lay,  
 The next be mine—in me is no delay.  
 The Piper ceased, then sadly silent sate,  
 And secret in his mind revolved his fate.  
 When slowly rising from the polished stone  
 245 That at the threshold fixed like marble shone,  
 Where their fair vestures laughing damsels lay  
 To bleach and whiten in the solar ray,  
 Thomas, the carter, grave of look, arose,  
 He loved the Piper much, and mourned his woes.  
 250 He now had seen three race of men decay,  
 Pleased with the first he passed his youth away;  
 Their sons he taught to drive the cart with skill,  
 And brush the well-shun'd goal with winged wheel;  
 Dext'rous the double-pointed fork to ply,  
 255 And rear with ease the golden sheaf on high.  
 That glory past, now mixed he with the young,  
 They heard, revered the counsels of his tongue.  
 Though full of years, yet still enjoyed the sage  
 A youthful vigour and a green old age.  
 260 He thus to the contending youths addressed  
 The artful words that laboured in his breast.  
 Hear me, O youths! whose now impending fates  
 The extreme of joy or misery awaits,  
 Or still to mourn your unavailing vows,  
 265 Or victor in the strife enjoy the spouse.  
 Then who shall first begin the important lay  
 Let lots determine, and those lots obey.  
 This coin, ordained through Scotia's realm to pass,  
 The monarch's face refulgent on the brass;  
 270 Fair, on the side opposed, the thistle rears  
 Its wand'ring foliage and its bristly spears.  
 This, from my hand flung upwards in the sky,  
 In countless circles whirls its orb on high;

- If, when descended on the level ground,  
 275 The monarch's awful visage upward's found,  
 Then thou, O Fiddler, shall thy skill employ  
 The first, to try the song of grief or joy.  
 If, undeprised upon the blushing green  
 Its chance directs, the thistle's front is seen,  
 280 The Piper first the sweet melodious strain  
 Shall urge, and flush or increase his pain.  
 But thou, O Elspet, fair beyond the rest,  
 Whose fatal beauty breeds the dire contest,  
 O heedful of advice, attentive hear  
 285 My faithful counsels with no careless ear.  
 Fair (though) thou art, yet fairer have there been,  
 Such as of old these aged orbs have seen.  
 Lives there a maiden now that can compare  
 With Agnew's downy breasts and amber hair?  
 290 O, when shall I again the match behold  
 Of sprightly Henny, and her cheeks of gold!  
 Or her, adorn'd with every blushing grace,  
 Sweet Marion, comely as the Gentle's race!  
 If these in younger years I could engage,  
 295 Then blush not thou to hear my words of age.  
 View both the combatants with equal eyes,  
 Thyself at once the judge, at once the prize.  
 O dread to load thy tender soul with sin,  
 For love, I fear, corrupts the judge within.  
 300 For if misjudging, thou award'st the day  
 To him inferior in the sweet essay,  
 Each tongue shall rank thee with the worst of names,  
 Deep pierces scandal when 'tis truth that blames.  
 The perjury shall every age prolong,  
 305 To fright the changeful mind from doing wrong.  
 But if thy sentence speak an upright heart,  
 Where pride and female error has no part,  
 Thy name remembered in the feasting days,  
 The youths shall chant sweet ballads in thy praise,  
 310 The lover shall his faithless fair upbraid,  
 And quote the example of the Piper's Maid.  
 Then Elspet, Maid of Gallowshiels, take heed,  
 For infamy or fame attends thy deed.  
 This said, the mark of fate he upward threw,  
 315 Whirl'd round and round, thro' yielding air it flew;  
 Each pale beholds it hov'ring in the skies,  
 Each hopes his rival sign with ardent eyes.  
 Scarce could they frame the wish, when swift and prone  
 The joyful Piper views the lot his own.  
 320 Exulting thus: O thou who deign'st to bless  
 My sorrows with this omen of success;  
 By me, thy plant uninjured, ne'er shall feel  
 The treading footsteps nor the piercing steel;

- O plant, that with perpetual verdure crown'd,  
 325 Wreathes our victorious monarch's temples round.  
 The carter took the word: Thy fate foreshows  
 A happy issue to thy tedious woes.  
 O may thy hopes enjoy their due success,  
 And heav'n still bless thee, that begins to bless!
- 330 No answer to the friendly speech returned,  
 The youth but inly for the trial burned.  
 He reared his pipes from earth, where dumb they lay,  
 But soon melodious, to speak forth the lay;  
 Then, as he tied the fair machine around,  
 335 To his strong arm, by gilded leather bound,  
 While all with secret joy and wonder gaze,  
 The Fiddler spoke in words of winged phrase.  
 Thus far indeed their way thy wishes find,  
 But flatt'ring shows do oft deceive the blind;
- 340 When skill superior shall thy hopes destroy,  
 Thou'lt mourn the chance of fate and short-liv'd joy.  
 Long labour yet, and various, thee remains,  
 If bold to vie with me in rural strains.  
 But now one moment let's suspend the day,  
 345 Nor join we yet in the harmonious fray.  
 By blood descending from a gentle race,  
 With thee contending I my kind disgrace;  
 Unless an equal birth renown thy name,  
 To conquer, not my glory, but my shame.
- 350 I, born where Tine her silver current pours,  
 And winds encircling round Hadina's towers.  
 A parson's daughter there retiring lay,  
 And pluck'd the springing flower in wanton play.  
 A lord, my sire, her in his walks beheld,  
 355 And to the pleasing deed of love compelled.  
 Hence I. Disclose thou, Piper, if thy veins  
 The blood of nobles or of thieves contains;  
 Say what thy ancestors in days of yore,  
 What sire begot thee, and what mother bore?
- 360 Vain are the tales of birth, the youth replies;  
 Vain he who on the empty boast relies.  
 The good man on himself alone depends,  
 His virtues and his merits are his friends.  
 The worthy oft lament the perished grace,  
 365 And wept the fool descending through the race.  
 Oft too, the son, the glory of his name,  
 Wipes from the tainted house the father's shame.  
 Fortune to noblest heights the low one brings,  
 And simple pipers have been sires of kings.
- 370 Their race, as heaven decrees, to fate must yield,  
 In after times, the labourers of the field.  
 Say, what avails it then, or to be born  
 The poor man's envy, or the rich man's scorn;

- Since death, when once the race of life is past,  
 375 Demands the piper and the king at last;  
 Equal condemned to share their destined lot,  
 Alike the sceptre and the pipe's forgot.  
 Though the surviving friends lamenting tell  
 Who ruled with wisdom and who piped with skill,  
 380 And spread their glory wide from shore to shore,  
 Their praises charm the unconscious dead no more.  
 But for thou think'st thy ancestry divine  
 Diminished, if thou match thy skill with mine,  
 Then hear my tongue a faithful tale unfold,  
 385 Which but for thee had rested still untold.  
 Not great ones in the humble roll I call,  
 But honest swains and simple pipers all;  
 Nor yet unknown: To these our fame resounds,  
 Who drink of Glotta in their western bounds;  
 390 Or near the rising hills of Santry born,  
 Plough Preston fields, or thrash Tantallon corn.  
 Or even remote, where, far in northern lands,  
 Famed Johnny Groat's house and (its) table stands,  
 Reverend and peaceful o'er his sons he shined,  
 395 Twelve sons he shared that at one table dined.  
 The first famed author of our ancient race  
 Was Colin hight, and this his native place.  
 He the best piper Gallowshiels e'er saw,  
 The first who sung thy battle, Harry-Law.  
 400 For when, of old, by mad ambition fired,  
 The island chief to Scotia's rule aspired,\*  
 When bold in arms against his prince he stood,  
 And Harlaw's field dyed purple with his blood.  
 As to inspire his train to noble deeds,  
 405 Where raged the battle, and the mighty bleeds,  
 He played, and threw each thought of life behind,  
 And all on glory ran his restless mind,  
 Urged by the muses, for a sounding stone  
 Drove on his thigh, and crack'd the shattered bone.  
 410 Prone fell the youth, extended on the plain,  
 Yet still his slack'ning hands the pipes retain,  
 Still daring in the neighbourhood of death,  
 His labouring elbow roused the harmonious breath;  
 And safe returning to his native land,  
 415 He instituted games, and sports ordained.  
 With matchless art thy battle, Harlaw, sung,  
 Till Gallowshiels through all her echoes rung.  
 The wondrous skill did all his offspring grace,  
 From son to son transmissive through the race.  
 420 These oft have heard, and hearing can declare,  
 In the gay art, each son the father's heir.

\* Donald of the Isles, in King James the First's reign.

- But far, O far beyond the rest, he shone  
 Unrivalled, all the glorious art his own.  
 Long flourishing, the love of all he shared,  
 425 In youth regarded, and in age revered;  
 Till to the silent grave descending late,  
 Of years and honours full, he bowed to fate.  
 Three sons and one fair daughter blest their sire,  
 The eldest warmed with all his father's fire;  
 430 But, hapless youth! a dire disease invades  
 His heart, and sunk him to forgetful shades.  
 The second, sent a sailor to the main,  
 The storms o'ertook, and ne'er returned again.  
 Naked on some far distant shore he lies,  
 435 Bewailed, unconscieus of his sister's sighs.  
 His blooming sister, rich in beauty's charms,  
 Refulgent glow'd, and blessed a webster's arms.  
 He taught the web to shine with matchless art,  
 The matchless web allured the virgin's heart;  
 440 Nor knew, while she the workmanship approved,  
 The helpless maid, that she the workman loved.  
 The last a boy, by Gala's waters fed  
 His father's flocks, and in his art was bred.  
 But when the years of manhood he beheld,  
 445 His sire succeeding as his sire excelled,  
 No son was his; for so the fates ordain,  
 Those fates that cause our happiness or pain.  
 One only daughter sooth'd a father's care,  
 Her mother's likeness, and his fortune's heir.  
 450 From distant shires the am'rous youth repaired,  
 With her the dance, with her the feast they shared.  
 With gentle words and blandishments the dame  
 Soft they assault, to raise an equal flame.  
 Not all their words or blandishments could move;  
 455 Stubborn she stood, inflexible to love.  
 Oft would her sire essay the softest art,  
 Persuasive speech, to mollify her heart;  
 Oft would adjure her by her virgin fears,  
 Her mother's ashes, and his aged years.  
 460 What grief was his, her's what immortal shame,  
 If by her fault should end the Piper's name!  
 He once of Gallowshiels the best delight,  
 Nor yet forgot, so famed from Harlaw fight;  
 How, would he say, th' harmonious founder mourn,  
 465 Would cruel fate release him from his urn,  
 Ill-fated to behold his pipes to grace  
 A foreign hand, the alien of his race.  
 This urged the father, but the nymph withstood,  
 Resolved and obstinate in virginhood.  
 470 The father urged in vain, averse she fled  
 The pleasing love-rights of the marriage bed.

- But disobedient to thy chaste desires,  
 Thy form withstands, and wakes the lover's fires.  
 Thy wish unhappy! by thy wishes crost,  
 475 Thyself opposes what thou seek'st the most;  
 Severe thy bliss, thy beauty undecrees,  
 Thou would'st not be belov'd, and yet must please.  
 Her lov'd a lord, and fired by heavenly charms,  
 He sought to gain the damsel to his arms.  
 480 In vain to win her heart the youth assailed,  
 But force accomplished where his passion failed.  
 As with returning step at eve of day,  
 She from the finished revels shap'd her way,  
 Clandestine in a secret harbour laid,  
 485 He stood, resolved to seize the passing maid.  
 The passing maid, unknowing of th' event,  
 Securely paced and trod the deep descent.  
 Instant the youth his destined victim seized,  
 Compelled by strength, and with his victim pleased,  
 490 Swift to his chamber bore the ravished maid,  
 And drew her gently to the genial bed;  
 There in his arms the blushing fair comprest,  
 He held her panting, and was fully blest;  
 There mixing frequent, till a beauteous boy  
 495 She brought, the fruit of sweet forbidden joy.  
 For when the moon that monthly grows and fades,  
 Nine times renewed her light and changed her shades,  
 Born in her secret bower, the babe she laid  
 Soft in the ready cradle's silken shade.  
 500 But fortune, envious of her happy state,  
 Now shook the box, and threw another fate;  
 The stolen amour, until that hour concealed,  
 The infant's cries to the stern sire revealed:  
 Stern and resolved, the moody sire prepares  
 505 To wreck his rage, and plunge her soul in cares.  
 The youth foresaw, and fearful of her woes,  
 Dismissed the damsel when the fury rose.  
 O'er various fields she passed, and various floods,  
 And unknown mountains crown'd with sounding woods,  
 510 Till a far distant land concludes her toil,  
 Where Devern's waves enrich fair Bamfa's soil.  
 But when twelve years had run their destined race,  
 A strong desire to see his natal place  
 Impels the youth; then instant wand'ring home,  
 515 He seeks, with hopes erect, his father's dome.  
 He then, to share the sweets of nuptial bed,  
 A virgin equal to his birth had led.  
 Yet not unmindful of the hidden joy,  
 The pleasing rapture that produced the boy,  
 520 His wrathful sire and spouse he reconciles,  
 And meets the child with fond paternal smiles;

- To him bestows, the witness of his care,  
 A house, defenceful of the piercing air,  
 Where Gala's waters run a blushing mead,  
 525 Where twenty sheep in plenteous pasture feed.  
 The youth, his filial virtue to approve,  
 Recalls his mother to the gifts of love.  
 Her, an unhappy exile, long withheld  
 From Gallowshiels's domes and native field,  
 530 A mason weds, and blest in all those charms  
 That pleased a lord, succeeded to her arms.  
 A numerous issue of the manly race,  
 And blooming girls, confess each soft embrace:  
 These sole survive. For, as in wanton play,  
 535 On Gala's bank in a fair summer's day,  
 Her noble-born on pastime bent, divides  
 With naked limbs the pure translucent tides,  
 Foredoomed to view his mother's face no more,  
 Fate sunk him helpless ere he reached the shore.  
 540 Great grief resounded loud through Gallowshiels,  
 Each social mourner, and for the damsel feels.  
 The damsel wastes in woes her youthful prime,  
 And helpless died, nor lived out half her time.  
 Raised by high hopes, and by ambition swayed,  
 545 Her son, the first of all his race that strayed,  
 To nobler glory the fond youth aspires,  
 And scorned the humble arts that fanned his fires.  
 A merchant vent'rous o'er the pathless main,  
 In foreign realms pursues the thirst of gain.  
 550 Scarce to his native land restored by fate,  
 He mourned his folly, but he mourned too late;  
 No consort blest his bed. A lovely boy,  
 The manly increase of his brother's joy,  
 Heired the famed pipes. He spoused a pleasing fair,  
 555 But still the dismal hour that caused his care  
 He to his death bewailed; for, fierce and bold,  
 The female sex ne'er bred so great a scold.  
 Abroad he roamed—the wise and happiest choice—  
 She persecuted so the dome with noise.  
 560 Full sore he toiled to please the clam'rous dame,  
 And all love's buckets plied to quench her flame.  
 To please her pride, mortgaged his house and land,  
 Nay, e'en the pipes—the far-famed pipes—she pawned!  
 Thus cursed, till death brought the long-wish'd relief,  
 565 The patient youth sustained all, dumb and deaf;  
 But when descending to the worms a feast,  
 He from the ill-meant blessing was recast.  
 Though not forgetful of his first estate,  
 He boldly dared to draw a second fate;  
 570 A gentle virgin she, the son she bore  
 With wisdom did his sinking race restore.



- For, learned in frugal arts, the youth regained  
 The fated pipes, the pledge of debts detained.  
 But pow'rless yet his fortunes to repair,  
 575 Smk by neglect and want of thrifty care,  
 The griping usurer claims his destined prey,  
 In prison dire his life to waste away,  
 Unless a slave; his hard commands he bears,  
 No wage demanded three revolving years:  
 580 The youth consents, and in his chains he mourned,  
 Till o'er his head three circling years returned.  
 But when old time, with softly stealing pace,  
 Had full of sorrows run the measured race,  
 The monster's daughter, of sweet gentle mind,  
 585 Bloomed far the fairest of the fairest kind;  
 Constrained by love he to the virgin bore,  
 He plights his service for six winters more.  
 In labours long and dire divides his toil,  
 To delve the glebe, to turn the furrowed soil.  
 590 No labour e'er so great he reckoned hard,  
 Her love the motive and the sweet reward.  
 But when his tedious months of bondage past,  
 The days of liberty looked out at last.  
 Struck by the hand of fate, the miser dies,  
 595 The youth possessed his wealth and blooming prize;  
 Who, warm in years, and faithful to his fires,  
 Blest his embraces with my grandsire's sires.  
 In good old age submitting to the grave,  
 Safe to his son the pipes redeemed he gave;  
 600 The pipes redeemed, he to my sire consigned  
 The shining gift, he dying, left behind  
 To the dear guardian of my tender age,  
 Whose faith in strictest ties he did engage.  
 He, studious of his charge, when years began  
 605 To shoot in strength, and blossom up to man,  
 On me the pipes bestowed, preserved with care,  
 And dying, blessed me with his latest prayer.  
 These, treasured in my dome, I still retain,  
 Nor fear shall rob, or hopes of greatest gain.  
 610 But if with me the glorious purchase ends,  
 Or to my son the pledge of fate descends,  
 Heaven suffers not my ignorance to know,  
 Or whether it decrees me joy or woe.  
 But now in empty words no more contend,  
 615 Words rise on words, and wrangling has no end.  
 Instant commence I then the stern debate,  
 And leave the event to Elspet and to fate.  
 He said; and all around the shouts arise,  
 The joint applauses mingle in the skies.



## THE MAID OF GALLOWSHIELS.

## BOOK II.

## THE ARGUMENT:

## THE TRIAL OF SKILL.

The Piper takes his pipes to play. The several songs are particularly described. The Fiddler is entirely confounded with the dexterity of his antagonist, and not being able to perform anything, gives it up. The Maid of the Gallowshiels, however, gives him the preference, and retires with him. The Piper's lamentation on his misfortunes.

- Now in his artful hand the bagpipe held  
 Elate, the Piper wide surveys the field.  
 O'er all he throws his quick discerning eyes,  
 And views their hopes and fears alternate rise.
- 5 Old Glendernie, in Gallowshiels long famed  
 For works of skill, the perfect wonder framed;  
 His shining steel first lopped with dext'rous toil,  
 From a tall spreading elm, the branchy spoil:  
 The clouded wood he next divides in twain,
- 10 And smoothes them equal to an oval plain;  
 Six leather folds, in still connected rows,  
 To either plank conformed, the sides compose,  
 The winble perforates the bass with care,  
 A destined passage opening to the air,
- 15 But once enclosed within the narrow space,  
 The opposing valve forbids the backward race;  
 Fast to the swelling bag two reeds combined  
 Receive the blasts of the melodious wind;  
 Round from the turning loom, with skill divine
- 20 Embossed, the joints in silver circles shine;  
 In secret prison pent the accents lie,  
 Until his arm the lab'ring artist ply;  
 Then duteous they forsake their dark abode,  
 Fellows no more, and wing a separate road;
- 25 These upwards through the narrow channel glide,  
 In ways unseen, a solemn murmuring tide;  
 Those through the narrow path their journey bend,  
 Of sweeter sort, and to the earth descend;  
 O'er the small pipe at equal distance lie
- 30 Eight shining holes, o'er which his fingers fly;  
 From side to side the aerial spirit bounds,  
 The flying fingers form the passing sounds,

- That issuing gently through the polished door,  
 Mix with the common air, and charm no more.
- 35 This gift long since old Glenderule consigned,  
 The lasting witness of his friendly mind,  
 To the famed author of the Piper's line:  
 Each empty space shone rich in fair design;  
 Himself appears high in the sculptur'd wood,
- 40 As bold in the Harlean field he stood,  
 Serene, amidst the dangers of the day,  
 Full in the van you might behold him play;  
 There in the humbler mood of peace he stands,  
 Before him pleased are seen the dancing bands;
- 45 In mazy rounds the flying ring they blend,  
 So lively framed they seem from earth t' ascend.  
 Four gilded straps the artist's arm surround,  
 Two knit by clasps, and two by buckles bound  
 His artful elbow; now the youth essays
- 50 A tuneful squeeze, to wake the sleeping lays.  
 With labouring bellows thus the smith inspires,  
 To frame the polished lock, the forge's fires;  
 Concealed in ashes lie the flames below,  
 Till the resounding lungs of bellows blow;
- 55 Then mounting high, o'er the illumined room  
 Spreads the brown light, and gilds the dusky gloom.  
 The bursting sounds, in narrow prison pent,  
 Rouse in their cells, loud-rumbling for a vent,  
 Rude tempests now the deafened ear assail,
- 60 Now gently sweet is breathed a sober gale.  
 As when the hawk his mountain nest forsakes,  
 Fierce for his prey, his rustling wings he shakes,  
 The air, impelled by the unharmonious shock,  
 Sounds clatt'ring and abrupt through all the rock;
- 65 But as he flies, he shapes, to smoother pace,  
 His winnowing vans, and swims the aerial space.
- \* \* \*

[“The Maid of Gallowshiels” we copy from the MS. volume, it never having been before in print. It is by no means an unfavourable specimen of the epic style of the author. Considering that he was in 1726, when the poem was written, only twenty-two years of age, it displays a surprising degree of polish as well as power. One cannot help recognising in many of its couplets—mock-heroic though the design of the poem is—that brevity and force of expression which gave so great a charm to Campbell’s “Pleasures of Hope.” Indeed the same nervousness and polish runs throughout most of the more lengthy productions of Hamilton. “The Maid of Gallowshiels”—as the reader will perceive

from the blanks indicated by the lines of asterisks, as well as by the omission of figures—is in an unfinished state. In writing in the poem, from a first draught probably, the author seems to have left the blank portions to be afterwards amended and filled up, which was never done, nor yet the poem completed, which the author purposed to have occupied twelve books. With the exception of the orthography, and the correction of one or two obvious slips of the pen, we have rigidly adhered to the manuscript—leaving the blanks, and even arranging the figures, though evidently not in order, just as they occur. Leyden, in his introduction to “The Complaynt of Scotland,” notices Hamilton’s poem, with which he had been made acquainted by Dr Robert Anderson, and quotes the fragment of the second book as an “exquisite description of the bagpipe.”]

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#### EPITAPH ON LORD BINNY.

Beneath this sacred marble ever sleeps  
 For whom a father, mother, consort weeps;  
 Whom brothers’, sisters’ pious griefs pursue,  
 And children’s tears with virtuous drops bedew:  
 The Loves and Graces grieving round appear,  
 Ev’n Mirth herself becomes a mourner here;  
 The stranger who directs his steps this way  
 Shall witness to thy worth, and wond’ring say  
 Thy life, tho’ short, can we unhappy call!  
 Sure thine was blest, for it was social all:  
 O may no hostile hand this place invade,  
 For ever sacred to thy gentle shade,  
 Who knew in all life’s offices to please,  
 Join’d taste to virtue, and to virtue ease;  
 With riches blest did not the poor disdain,  
 Was knowing, humble, friendly, great, humane,  
 By good men honour’d, by the bad approv’d,  
 And lov’d the Muses, by the Muses lov’d;  
 Hail! and farewell, who bore the gentlest mind,  
 For thou indeed hast been of human kind.

[Written in January 1733, and inserted in the two editions of Hamilton’s Poems. Charles Lord Binning, the eldest son of Thomas the sixth Earl of Haddington, died at Naples, the 27th December 1732, O. S., in his 36th year. He was a very amiable and accomplished person, and, like his father, had a taste for

poetry. His ballad, entitled "Ungrateful Nancy," is reprinted in Park's edition of Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors, vol. v. p. 142, and has very great merit. Favourable specimens of his humorous poems are preserved in Mr Sharpe's "Ballad Book," and Mr Maidment's "West Countrie Garland." His poems, if collected, would form a delightful little volume. He married Rachel Baillie, eventually heiress of Jerviswood and Mellerstain. His second son, George, ultimately succeeded to these estates, and took the name of Baillie. He is the direct ancestor of the present Mr Baillie of Mellerstain, who, upon the demise of the present Earl of Haddington without issue, will succeed to that title.]

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#### EPITAPH ON LORD BARGANY.

Go hence instructed from this early urn,  
 Wise as you weep, and better as you mourn;  
 This urn, where titles, fortune, youth repose,  
 How vain the fleeting good that life bestows!  
 Learn Age, when now it can no more supply,  
 To quit the burden, and consent to die;  
 Secure, the truly virtuous never tell,  
 How long the part was acted, but how well;  
 Youth, stand convicted of each foolish claim,  
 Each daring wish of lengthen'd life and fame,  
 Thy life a moment, and thy fame a breath,  
 The natural end, oblivion and death;  
 Hear then this solemn truth, obey its call,  
 Submit, adore, for this is mankind's all.

[Written in 1736, and in both editions of the Poems. James the fourth Lord Bargany, born 29th November 1710, succeeded his father in 1712, and died unmarried at Edinburgh, 28th March 1736. It was also printed in some of the Magazines of the last century.]

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#### EPITAPH ON SIR JAMES SOOTY.

This unambitious stone preserves a name  
 To friendship sanctified, untouch'd by fame,

A son this rais'd, by holy duty fir'd,  
 These sung a friend, by friendly zeal inspir'd.  
 No venal falsehood stain'd the filial tear  
 Unbought, unask'd, the friendly praise sincere;  
 Both for a good man weep; without offence,  
 Who led his days in ease and innocence,  
 His tear rose honest; honest rose his smile,  
 His heart no falsehood knew, his tongue no guile;  
 A simple mind with plain, just notions fraught,  
 Nor warp'd by wit, nor by proud science taught,  
 Nature's plain light still rightly understood,  
 That never hesitates the fair and good—  
 Who view'd self balanc'd from his calm retreat,  
 The storms that vex the busy and the great,  
 Unmingling in the scene, whate'er befel,  
 Pitied his suffering kind, and wish'd them well;  
 Careless if monarchs frown'd or statesmen smil'd,  
 His purer joy, his friend, his wife or child;  
 Constant to act the hospitable part,  
 Love in his look, and welcome in his heart,  
 Such unpriz'd blessings did his life employ,  
 The social moment, the domestic joy,  
 A joy beneficent, warm, cordial, kind,  
 That leaves no doubt, no grudge, no sting behind:  
 The heart-born rapture that from Virtue springs,  
 The poor man's portion, God withheld from kings;  
 This life at decent time was bid to cease,  
 Finish'd among his weeping friends in peace;  
 Go traveller, wish his shade eternal rest,  
 Go, be the same, for this is to be blest.

[Written in 1736, and in both editions of the Poems. Sir James  
 Suttie of Balgone, in East Lothian, died 4th May, 1730.]

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#### EPITAPH ON LORD NEWHALL.

To fame let Flatt'ry the proud column raise,  
 And guilty greatness load with venal praise,  
 This monument for nobler use design'd  
 Speaks to the heart, and rises for mankind;  
 Whose moral strain, if rightly understood,  
 Invites thee to be humble, wise and good.  
 Learn here of life, life's ev'ry sacred end,  
 Hence form the father, husband, judge and friend:  
 Here wealth and greatness found no partial grace,  
 The poor look'd fearless in th' oppressor's face;

One plain good meaning thro' his conduct ran,  
 And if he err'd, alas! he err'd as man.  
 If then unconscious of so fair a fame  
 Thou read'st without the wish to be the same,  
 Tho' proud of titles, or of boundless store,  
 By blood ignoble, and by wealth made poor,  
 Yet read; some vice perhaps thou may'st resign,  
 Be ev'n that momentary virtue thine,  
 Heav'n in thy breast here work its first essay,  
 Think on this man, and pass unblam'd one day.

[Also written in 1736, and in both editions of the Poems. Sir Walter Pringle, a Lord of Session, with the title of Newhall, was promoted to the Bench in 1718, and died 14th December 1736.]

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#### EPITAPH ON MR BAILLIE OF JERVISWOOD.

The pious parents rais'd this hallow'd place  
 A monument for them, and for their race.  
 Descendants, be it your successive cares,  
 That no degen'rate dust e'er mix with their's.

[Written in 1738, and printed in the edition of 1760. George Baillie of Jerviswood, Esq., died at Oxford, 6th August 1738, aged 75. He was the brother of Lady Binning, and her death opened the succession of the Jerviswood estates to her Ladyship's second son, George.]

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#### CONTEMPLATION: OR THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

Read here the pangs of unsuccessful love,  
 View the dire ills the weary sufferers prove,  
 When Care in every shape has leave to reign,  
 And keener sharpens ev'ry sense of pain:  
 No charm the cruel spoiler can control,  
 He blasts the beauteous features of the soul;  
 With various conflict rends the destin'd breast,  
 And lays th' internal fair creation waste:  
 The dreadful demon raging unconfin'd,  
 To his dire purpose bends the passive mind,

Gloomy and dark the prospect round appears,  
Doubts spring from doubts, and fears engender fears;  
Hope after hope goes out in endless night,  
And all is anguish, torture, and affright.

O! beauteous friend, a gentler fate be thine;  
Still may thy star with mildest influence shine;  
May heav'n surround thee with peculiar care,  
And make thee happy, as it made thee fair;  
That gave thee sweetness, unaffected ease,  
The pleasing look, that ne'er was taught to please,  
True genuine charms, where falsehood claims no part,  
Which not alone entice, but fix the heart:  
And far beyond all these, supreme in place,  
The virtuous mind, an undecaying grace.  
Still may thy youth each fond endearment prove  
Of tender friendship and complacent love;  
May love approach thee in the mildest dress,  
And court thee to domestic happiness;  
And bring along the pow'r that only knows  
To heighten human joys and soften woes;  
For woes will be in life; these still return,  
The good, the beauteous, and the wise must mourn:  
Doubt'd the joy that friendship does divide,  
Lessen'd the pain when arm'd the social side:  
But ah! how fierce the pang, how deep the groan,  
When strong affliction finds the weak alone!  
Then many a friend still guard thy shelter'd days,  
And guide thee safe thro' Fortune's mystic ways;  
The happy youth, whom most thy soul approves,  
Friend of thy choice and husband of thy loves,  
Whose holy flame heav'n's altar does inspire,  
That burns thro' life one clear unsullied fire,  
A mutual warmth that glows from breast to breast,  
Who loving is belov'd and blessing blest.  
Then all the pleasing scenes of life appear,  
The charms of kindred and relations dear,  
The smiling offspring, Love's far better part,  
And all the social meltings of the heart:  
Then harlot Pleasure, with her wanton train,  
Seduces from the perfect state in vain;  
In vain to the lock'd ear the siren sings,  
When angels shadow with their guardian wings.  
Such, fair MONIMIA, be thy sacred lot,  
When ev'ry memory of him forgot,  
Whose faithful muse inspir'd the pious pray'r,  
And wearied heaven to keep thee in its care;  
That pleas'd it would its choicest influence show'r,  
Or on thy serious, or thy mirthful hour;  
Conspicuous known in ev'ry scene of life,  
The mother, sister, daughter, friend, and wife;

That joy may grow on joy, and constant last,  
And each new day rise brighter than the past.

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O voice divine, whose heavenly strain  
No mortal measure may attain,  
O powerful to appease the smart,  
That festers in a wounded heart,  
Whose mystic numbers can assuage  
The bosom of tumult'ous Rage,  
Can strike the dagger from Despair,  
And shut the watchful eye of Care.  
Oft lur'd by thee, when wretches call,  
Hope comes, that cheers or softens all;  
Expell'd by thee, and dispossess  
Envy forsakes the human breast.  
Full oft with thee the bard retires,  
And lost to earth, to heav'n aspires;  
How nobly lost! with thee to rove  
Thro' the long deep'ning solemn grove,  
Or underneath the moonlight pale,  
To Silence trust some plaintive tale,  
Of nature's ills, and mankind's woes,  
While kings and all the proud repose;  
Or where some holy, aged oak,  
A stranger to the woodman's stroke,  
From the high rock's aerial crown,  
In twisting arches bending down,  
Bathes in the smooth pellucid stream,  
Full oft he waits the mystic dream  
Of mankind's joys right understood,  
And of the all-prevailing good.  
Go forth invok'd, O voice divine  
And issue from thy sacred shrine;  
Go search each solitude around,  
Where Contemplation may be found,  
Where'er apart the goddess stands  
With lifted eyes and heaven-rais'd hands;  
If rear'd on Speculation's hill  
Her raptur'd soul enjoys its fill  
Of far transporting Nature's scene,  
Air, ocean, mountain, river, plain;  
Or if with measur'd step she go  
Where Meditation spreads below,  
In hollow vale her ample store,  
Till weary Fancy can no more;  
Or inward if she turn her gaze,  
And all th' internal world surveys;



With joy complacent sees succeed  
 In fair array, each comely deed.  
 She hears alone thy lofty strain,  
 All other music charms in vain;  
 In vain the sprightly notes resound,  
 That from the fretted roofs rebound,  
 When the deft minstrelsie advance  
 To form the quaint and orb'd dance;  
 In vain unhallow'd lips implore,  
 She hearkens only to thy lore.  
 Then bring the lonely nymph along,  
 Obsequious to thy magic song;  
 Bid her to bless the sacred bow'r  
 And heighten Wisdom's solemn hour.

Bring Faith, endued with eagle eyes,  
 That joins this earth to distant skies;  
 Bland Hope that makes each sorrow less,  
 Still smiling 'calm amidst distress;  
 And bring the meek-ey'd Charitie,  
 Not least, tho' youngest of the three.  
 Knowledge the sage, whose radiant light  
 Darts quick across the mental night,  
 And add warm Friendship to the train,  
 Social, yielding, and humane;  
 With Silence, sober-suited maid,  
 Seldom on this earth survey'd:  
 Bid in this sacred band appear,  
 That aged venerable seer,  
 With sorrowing pale, with watchings spare,  
 Of pleasing yet dejected air,  
 Him, heavenly Melancholy hight,  
 Who flies the sons of false delight;  
 Now looks serene thro' human life,  
 Sees end in peace the moral strife;  
 Now to the dazzling prospect blind,  
 Trembles for heaven and for his kind;  
 And doubting much, still hoping best,  
 Late with submission finds his rest:  
 And by his side advance the dame  
 All glowing with celestial flame,  
 Devotion, high above that soars,  
 And sings exulting, and adores;  
 Dares fix on heav'n a mortal's gaze,  
 And triumph 'midst the seraph's blaze:  
 Last, to crown all, with these be join'd  
 The decent nun, fair Peace of Mind,  
 Whom Innocence, e'er yet betray'd,  
 Bore young in Eden's happy shade:  
 Resign'd, contented, meek and mild,  
 Of blameless mother, blameless child.

But from these woods, O thou retire!  
Hood-wink'd Superstition dire:  
Zeal that clanks her iron bands,  
And bathes in blood her ruthless hands;  
Far hence, Hypocrisy, away,  
With pious semblance to betray,  
Whose angel outside fair, contains  
A heart corrupt, and foul with stains;  
Ambition mad, that stems alone  
The boistrous surge, with bladders blown;  
Anger, with wild disorder'd pace;  
And Malice pale of famish'd face;  
Loud-tongued Clamour, get thee far  
Hence, to wrangle at the bar;  
With opening mouths vain Rumour hung;  
And falsehood with her serpent tongue;  
Revenge, her bloodshot eyes on fire,  
And hissing Envy's snaky tire;  
With Jealousy, the fiend most fell  
Who bears about his inmate hell,  
Now far apart with haggard mien  
To lone Suspicion list'ning seen,  
Now in a gloomy band appears  
Of sallow doubts, and pale-eyed fears,  
Whom dire Remorse of giant kind  
Pursues with scorpion lash behind;  
And thou Self-love, who tak'st from earth,  
With the vile, crawling worm, thy birth,  
Untouch'd with others' joy or pain,  
The social smile, the tear humane,  
Thyself thy sole intemperate guest,  
Uncall'd thy neighbour to the feast,  
As if heaven's universal heir  
'Twas thine to seize and not to share:  
With these away, base wretch accurst,  
By pride begot, by madness nurst,  
Impiety! of hard'ned mind,  
Gross, dull, presuming, stubborn, blind,  
Unmov'd amidst this mighty all,  
Deaf to the universal call:  
In vain above the systems glow,  
In vain earth spreads her charms below,  
Confiding in himself to rise,  
He hurls defiance to the skies,  
And steel'd in dire and impious deeds  
Blasphemes his feeder whilst he feeds.  
But chiefly Love, Love far off fly,  
Nor interrupt my privacy;  
'Tis not for thee, capricious pow'r,  
Weak tyrant of a feverish hour,

Fickle, and ever in extremes,  
 My radiant day of reason beams,  
 And sober Contemplation's ear  
 Disdains thy syren song to hear,  
 Speed thee on changeful wings away,  
 To where thy willing slaves obey,  
 Go herd amongst thy wonted train,  
 The false, th' inconstant, lewd and vain:  
 Thou hast no subject here, begone;  
 Contemplation comes anon.

Above, below, and all around,  
 Now nought but awful quiet's found,  
 The feeling air forgets to move,  
 No zephyr stirs the leafy grove,  
 The gentlest murmur of the rill  
 Struck by the potent charm is still,  
 Each passion in this troubled breast  
 So toiling once lies hush'd to rest,  
 Whate'er man's bustling race employs,  
 His cares, his hopes, his fears, his joys,  
 Ambition, pleasure, interest, fame,  
 Each nothing of important name,  
 Ye tyrants of this restless ball,  
 This grove annihilates you all.  
 Oh power unseen, yet felt, appear!  
 Sure something more than nature's here.

Now on the flow'ring turf I lie,  
 My soul conversing with the sky.  
 Far lost in the bewild'ring dream  
 I wander o'er each lofty theme;  
 Tour on Inquiry's wings on high,  
 And soar the heights of Deity;  
 Fain would I search the perfect laws  
 That constant bind th' unerring cause,  
 Why all its children, born to share  
 Alike a father's equal care:  
 Some weep by partial Fate undone,  
 The ravish'd portion of a son;  
 Whilst he whose swelling cup o'erflows,  
 Heeds not his suff'ring brother's woes;  
 The good, their virtues all forgot,  
 Mourn need severe, their destined lot;  
 While Vice, invited by the great,  
 Feasts under canopies of state.  
 Ah! when we see the bad preferred,  
 Was it eternal justice erred?  
 Or, when the good could not prevail,  
 How could almighty prowess fail?  
 When, underneath the oppressor's blow,  
 Afflicted innocence lies low,

Has not the all-seeing eye beheld?  
Or has a stronger arm repelled?  
When death dissolves this brittle frame,  
Lies ever quenched the soul's bright flame?  
Or shall the etherial breath of day  
Relume once more this living ray?  
From life escape we all in vain?  
Heaven finds its creature out again,  
Again its captive to control,  
And drive him to another goal.  
When Time shall let his curtain fall,  
Must dreary Nothing swallow all?  
Must we the unfinished piece deplore,  
Ere half the pompous piece be o'er?  
In his all-comprehensive mind,  
Shall not the Almighty Poet find  
Some reconciling turn of fate  
To make his wond'rous work complete,  
To finish fair his mingled plan,  
And justify his ways to man?  
But who shall draw these veils that lie  
Unpierced by the keen cherub's eye?  
Cease, cease, the daring flight give o'er,  
Thine to submit and to adore.  
Learn then: into thyself descend,  
To know thy being's use and end,  
For thee what nature's kind intent,  
Or on what fatal journey bent.  
Is mean self-love the only guide?  
Must all be sacrificed to pride?  
What sacred fountains then supply  
The feeling heart and melting eye?  
Why does the pleading look disarm  
The hand of rage with slaughter warm?  
Or in the battle's generous strife,  
Does Britain quell the lust of life?  
Next the bold inquiry tries,  
To trace our various passions' rise;  
This moment hope exalts the breast,  
The next it sinks by fear deprest;  
Now fierce the storms of wrath begin,  
Now all is holy calm within.  
What strikes ambition's stubborn springs,  
What moves compassion's softer strings;  
How we in constant friendships join,  
How in constant hates combine;  
How nature, for her favourite man,  
Unfolds the wonders of her plan;  
How, fond to treat her chosen guest,  
Provides for every sense a feast;

Gives to the wide excursive eye  
 The radiant glories of the sky;  
 Or bids each odorous bloom exhale  
 His soul, to enrich the balmy gale;  
 Or pour upon the enchanted ear  
 The music of the opening year;  
 Or bids the limpid fountain burst,  
 Friendly to life, and cool to thirst;  
 What arts the beauteous dame employs  
 To lead us on to genial joys,  
 When in her specious work we join  
 To propagate her fair design,  
 The virgin face divine appears  
 In bloom of youth and prime of years,  
 And ere the destined heart's aware,  
 FIXES MONIMIA'S image there.

Ah me! what helpless have I said?  
 Unhappy by myself betrayed!  
 I deemed, but, ah! I deemed in vain,  
 From the dear image to refrain;  
 For when I fixed my musing thought,  
 Far on solemn views remote;  
 When wandering in the uncertain round  
 Of mazy doubt, no end I found;  
 O, my unblest and erring feet!  
 What most I sought to shun, ye meet.  
 Come then, my serious maid, again:  
 Come and try another strain;  
 Come and nature's dome explore,  
 Where dwells retired the matron hoar;  
 There her wondrous works survey,  
 And drive the intruder Love away.  
 'Tis done. Ascending heaven's height,  
 Contemplation take thy flight:  
 Behold the sun, through heaven's wide space,  
 Strong as a giant, run his race:  
 Behold the moon exert her light,  
 As blushing bride on her love-night:  
 Behold the sister starry train,  
 Her bridemaids, mount the azure plain.  
 See where the snows their treasures keep:  
 The chambers where the loud winds sleep;  
 Where the collected rains abide  
 Till heaven set all its windows wide,  
 Precipitate from high to pour,  
 And drown in violence of shower:  
 Or, gently strained, they wash the earth,  
 And give the tender fruits a birth.  
 See where thunder springs his mine;  
 Where the paths of lightning shine.

Or, tired those heights still to pursue,  
 From heaven descending with the dew,  
 That soft impregn's the youthful mead,  
 Where thousand flowers exalt the head,  
 Mark how nature's hand bestows  
 Abundant grace on all that grows,  
 Tinges, with pencil slow unseen,  
 The grass that clothes the valley green;  
 Or spread the tulip's parted streaks,  
 Or sanguine dyes the rose's cheeks,  
 Or points with light MONIMIA's eyes,  
 And forms her bosom's beauteous rise.

Ah! haunting spirit, art thou there?  
 Forbidden in these walks to appear.  
 I thought, O love! thou would'st disdain  
 To mix with wisdom's black, staid train;  
 But when my curious searching look  
 A nice survey of nature took,  
 Well pleased, the matron set to show  
 Her mistress' work on earth below.  
 Then fruitless knowledge turn aside;  
 What other art remains untried  
 This load of anguish to remove,  
 And heal the cruel wounds of love?  
 To friendship's sacred force apply,  
 That source of tenderness and joy—  
 A joy no anxious fears profane—  
 A tenderness that feels no pain:  
 Friendships shall all these ills appease,  
 And give the tortured mourner ease.  
 The indissoluble tie that binds,  
 In equal chains, two sister minds;  
 Not such as servile interests choose,  
 From partial ends and sordid views;  
 Nor when the midnight banquet fires  
 The choice of wine-inflamed desires,  
 When the short fellowships proceed  
 From casual mirth and wicked deed,  
 Till the next morn estranges quite  
 The partners of one guilty night;  
 But such as judgment long has weighed,  
 And years of faithfulness have tried;  
 Whose tender mind is framed to share  
 The equal portion of my care;  
 Whose thoughts my happiness employs  
 Sincere, who triumphs in my joys;  
 With whom in raptures I may stray,  
 Through study's long and pathless way;  
 Obscurely blest in joys—alone—  
 To the excluded world unknown.

Forsook, the weak fantastic train  
 Of flattery, mirth, all false and vain;  
 On whose soft and gentle breast  
 My weary soul may take her rest,  
 While the still tender look and kind,  
 Fair springing from the spotless mind,  
 My perfected delights insure  
 To last immortal, free and pure.  
 Grant, heaven—if heaven means bliss for me—  
 MONIMIA such, and long may be!

Here, here again! how just my fear!  
 Love ever finds admittance here;  
 The cruel sprite, intent on harm,  
 Has quite dissolved the feeble charm;  
 Assuming friendship's saintly guise,  
 Has passed the cheated sentry's eyes,  
 And once attained his hellish end,  
 Displays the undissembled fiend.  
 O say, my faithful fair ally!  
 How did'st thou let the traitor by?  
 I from the desert bade thee come,\*  
 Invoked thee from thy peaceful home,  
 More to sublime my solemn hour,  
 And curse this demon's fatal power;  
 Lo! by superior force opprest,  
 Thou these three several times hast blest.  
 Shall we the magic rites pursue,  
 When Love is mightier far than thou?  
 Yes, come, in blest enchauntment skilled,  
 Another altar let us build;  
 Go forth as wont, and try to find  
 Where'er devotion lies reclined;  
 Thou her fair friend, by heaven's decree,  
 Art one with her, and she with thee.

Devotion come with sober pace,  
 Full of thought and full of grace;  
 While humbled on the earth I lie,  
 Wrapt in the vision of the sky,  
 To noble heights and solemn views  
 Wing my heaven-aspiring muse;  
 Teach me to scorn, by thee refined,  
 The low delights of human kind:  
 Sure thine to put to flight the boy  
 Of laughter, sport, and idle joy.  
 O plant these guarded groves about,  
 And keep the treacherous felon out!

Now, see! the spreading gates unfold,  
 Displayed the sacred leaves of gold.

\* Numb. xxiii.

Let me with holy awe repair  
To the solemn house of prayer;  
And as I go, O thou, my heart,  
Forget each low and earthly part:  
Religion enter in my breast,  
A mild and venerable guest!  
Put off, in contemplation drowned,  
Each thought impure in holy ground,  
And cautious tread, with awful fear,  
The courts of heaven—for God is here.  
Now my grateful voice I raise:  
Ye angels swell a mortal's praise,  
To charm with your own harmony  
The ear of Him who sits on high!  
Grant me, propitious heavenly Power,  
Whose love benign we feel each hour,  
An equal lot on earth to share,  
Nor rich, nor poor, my humble prayer,  
Lest I forget, exalted proud,  
The hand supreme that gave the good;  
Lest want o'er virtue should prevail,  
And I put forth my hand and steal:  
But if thy sovereign will shall grant  
The wealth I neither ask nor want—  
May I the widow's need supply,  
And wipe the tear from sorrow's eye;  
May the weary wanderer's feet  
From me a blest reception meet!  
But if contempt and low estate  
Be the assignment of my fate,  
O, may no hope of gain entice  
To tread the green broad path of vice!  
And, bounteous, O vouchsafe to clear  
The errors of a mind sincere.  
Illumine thou my searching mind,  
Groping after truth and blind.  
With stores of science be it fraught  
That bards have dreamed, or sages taught;  
And, chief, the heaven-born strain impart,  
A muse according to thy heart;  
That, wrapt in sacred ecstasy,  
I may sing and sing of thee:  
Mankind instructing in thy laws,  
Blest poet in fair virtue's cause,  
Her former merit to restore,  
And make mankind again adore,  
As when conversant with the great,  
She fixed in palaces her seat.  
Before her all-revealing ray  
Each sordid passion should decay:



Ambition shuns the dreaded dame,  
 And pales his ineffectual flame;\*  
 Wealth sighs her triumphs to behold,  
 And offers all his sums of gold;  
 She in her chariot seen to ride,†  
 A noble train attend her side:  
 A cherub first, in prime of years,  
 The champion Fortitude appears;  
 Next Temperance, sober mistress, seen  
 With look composed, and cheerful mien;  
 Calm Patience, still victorious found,  
 With never-fading glories crowned;  
 Firm Justice last the balance rears,  
 The good man's praise, the bad man's fears;  
 While chief in beauty as in place,  
 She charms with dear MONIMIA's grace.

MONIMIA still! here once again!  
 O fatal name! O dubious strain!  
 Say, heaven-born virtue, power divine,  
 Are all these various movements thine?  
 Was it thy triumphs, sole inspired  
 My soul, to holy transports fired?  
 Or say, do springs less sacred move?  
 Ah! much, I fear, 'tis human love.  
 Alas! the noble strife is o'er,  
 The blissful visions charm no more;  
 Far off the glorious rapture flown,  
 MONIMIA rages here alone.  
 In vain, love's fugitive, I try  
 From the commanding power to fly;  
 Though grace was dawning on my soul,  
 Possessed by heaven sincere and whole,  
 Yet still in fancy's painted cells  
 The soul-inflaming image dwells.  
 Why didst thou, cruel love, again  
 Thus drag me back to earth and pain?  
 Well hoped I, love, thou would'st retire  
 Before the blest Jessean lyre.  
 Devotion's harp would charm to rest  
 The evil spirit in my breast;  
 But the deaf adder fell disdains,  
 Unlist'ning to the chanter's strains.

Contemplation, baffled maid!  
 Remains there yet no other aid?  
 Helpless and weary, must thou yield  
 To love supreme in every field?  
 Let melancholy last engage,  
 Rev'rend, hoary-mantled sage.

\* See Hamlet.

† See Characteristics, vol. ii. p. 252.

Sure, at his sable flag's display,  
 Love's idle troop will flit away;  
 And bring with him his due compeer,  
 Silence, sad, forlorn, and drear.

Haste thee, Silence, haste and go,  
 To search the gloomy world below.  
 My trembling steps, O sybil, lead  
 Through the dominions of the dead;  
 Where Care, enjoying soft repose,  
 Lays down the burden of his woes;  
 Where meritorious Want no more  
 Shivering begs at Grandeur's door;  
 Unconscious Grandeur, sealed his eyes  
 On the mouldering purple lies.  
 In the dim and dreary round,  
 Speech in eternal chains lies bound.  
 And see a tomb, its gates displayed,  
 Expands an everlasting shade.  
 O, ye inhabitants that dwell  
 Each forgotten in your cell,  
 O say, for whom of human race  
 Has fate decreed this hiding place?

And hark! methinks a spirit calls,  
 Low winds the whisper round the walls;  
 A voice, the sluggish air that breaks,  
 Solemn amid the silence speaks.  
 Mistaken man, thou seek'st to know  
 What known will but afflict with woe;  
 There thy MONIMIA shall abide,  
 With the pale bridegroom rest a bride;  
 The wan assistants there shall lay,  
 In weeds of death, her beauteous clay.

O words of woe! what do I hear?  
 What sounds invade a lover's ear?  
 Must then thy charms, my anxious care,  
 The fate of vulgar beauty share?  
 Good heaven retard (for thine the power)  
 The wheels of time, that roll the hour.

Yet, ah! why swells my breast with fears!  
 Why start the interdicted tears?  
 Love, dost thou tempt again? depart,  
 Thou devil, cast out from my heart.  
 Sad I forsook the feast, the ball,  
 The sunny bower and lofty hall,  
 And sought the dungeon of despair;  
 Yet thou overtakest me there.  
 How little dreamed I thee to find  
 In this lone state of human kind!  
 Nor melancholy can prevail,  
 The direful deed, nor dismal tale.

Hoped I for these thou would'st remove?  
 How near akin is grief to love!  
 Then no more I strive to shun  
 Love's chains. O heaven, thy will be done!  
 The best physician here I find,  
 To cure a sore diseased mind,  
 For soon this venerable gloom  
 Will yield a weary sufferer room;  
 No more a slave to love decreed—  
 At ease and free among the dead.  
 Come then, ye tears, ne'er cease to flow  
 In full satiety of woe:  
 Though now the maid my heart alarms,  
 Severe and mighty in her charms,  
 Doomed to obey, in bondage prest,  
 The tyrant Love's commands unblest;  
 Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,  
 This rebel heart shall beat no more;  
 Then from my dark and closing eye  
 The form beloved shall ever fly.  
 The tyranny of love shall cease,  
 Both laid down to sleep in peace;  
 To share alike our mortal lot,  
 Her beauties and my cares forgot.

[The foregoing poem was written in or before 1739. According to Lord Woodhouselee, it was submitted to the critical examination of his friends, Home and Crawford, and was much altered. It is, perhaps, the most laboured of all his productions. It was published anonymously, at Edinburgh, in 1747, 8vo., price 4d.; and it also appeared in the Scots Magazine of the same year. It was reprinted in the two editions of Hamilton's Poems, with verses "To a Young Lady, with the following Poem," prefixed, which are not in the publication of 1747.]

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#### ODE I.—TO FANCY.

Fancy, bright and winged maid!  
 In thy night-drawn car conveyed,  
 O'er the green earth and wide-spread main,  
 A thousand shadows in thy train,  
 A varied, air-embodied host,  
 To don what shapes thou pleassest most;

Brandish no more thy scorpion stings  
 Around the destined conch of kings;  
 Nor in rebellion's ghastly size  
 A dire gigantic spectre rise:  
 Cease, for a while, in rooms of state  
 To damp the slumbers of the great;  
 In merit's lean-looking form to appear,  
 And holloa traitor in their ear:  
 Or freedom's holier garb belie,  
 While justice grinds her axe fast by:  
 Nor o'er the miser's eyelids pour  
 The unrefreshing golden shower;  
 Whilst, keen the unreal bliss to feel,  
 His breast bedews the ruffian steel.

With these (when next thou tak'st thy round)  
 The thoughts of guilty pride confound:  
 These swell the horrors and affright  
 Of conscience' keen condemning night.  
 For this (nor, gracious power! repine)  
 A gentler ministry be thine:  
 Whate'er inspires the poet's theme,  
 Or lover's hope-enlivened dream.  
 MONIMIA'S mildest form assume;  
 Spread o'er thy cheeks her youthful bloom;  
 Unfold her eyes unblemished rays,  
 That melt to virtue as we gaze;  
 That envy's guiltiest wish disarm,  
 And view benign a kindred charm:  
 Call all the graces from thy store,  
 Till thy creative power be o'er;  
 Bid her each breathing sweet dispense,  
 And robe in her own innocence.

My wish is given: the spells begin;  
 The ideal world awakes within;  
 The lonely void of still repose  
 Pregnant with some new wonder grows;  
 See, by the twilight of the skies,  
 The beauteous apparition rise;  
 Slow, in MONIMIA'S form, along  
 Glides to the harmony of song.

But who is he the virgin leads,  
 Whom high a flaming torch precedes,  
 In a gown of stainless lawn,  
 O'er each manly shoulder drawn?  
 Who, clad in robe of scarlet grain,  
 The boy that bears her flowing train?  
 Behind his back a quiver hung,  
 A bended bow across is flung;  
 His head and heels two wings unfold,  
 The azure feathers girt with gold.

Hymen! 'tis he who kind inspires  
 Joys unfeign'd and chaste desires.  
 And thou, of Love, deceitful child!  
 With tiger-heart, yet lamb-like mild,  
 Fantastic by thyself, and vain,  
 But seemly seen in Hymen's train;  
 If Fate be to my wishes kind,  
 O! may I find ye ever join'd;  
 But if the Fates my wish deny,  
 My humble roof come ye not nigh.

The spell works on: yet stop the day  
 While in the house of sleep I stay.  
 About me swells the sudden grove,  
 The woven arbourette of Love;  
 Flow'rs spring unbidden o'er the ground,  
 And more than nature plants around.  
 Fancy, prolong the kind repose;  
 Still, still th' enchanting vision glows;  
 And now I gaze o'er all her charms,  
 Now sink transported in her arms.  
 Oh sacred energy divine!  
 All these enraptur'd scenes are thine.  
 Hail! copious source of pure delight;  
 All hail! thou heaven-revealed rite;  
 Endearing Truth thy train attends,  
 And thou and meek-ey'd Peace are friends:  
 Closer entwine the magic bow'r;  
 Thick rain the rose-eupurpl'd show'r;  
 The mystic joy impatient flies  
 Th' unhallo'd gaze of vulgar eyes.  
 Unenvied let the rich and great  
 Turmoil without, and parcel Fate,  
 Indulging here, in bliss supreme,  
 Might I enjoy the golden dream:  
 But, ah! the rapture must not stay;  
 For see! she glides, she glides away.

Oh Fancy! why did'st thou decoy  
 My thoughts into this dream of joy,  
 Then to forsake me all alone,  
 To mourn the fond delusion gone?  
 O! back again, benign, restore  
 The pictur'd vision as before.  
 Yes, yes: once more I fold my eyes;  
 Arise, ye dear deceits, arise.  
 Ideas bland! where do ye rove?  
 Why fades my visionary grove?  
 Ye fickle troop of Morpheus' train,  
 Then will you, to the proud and vain,  
 From me, fantastic, wing your flight,  
 T' adorn the dream of false delight?

But now, seen in MONIMIA'S air,  
 Can you assume a form less fair,  
 Some idle Beauty's wish supply,  
 The mimic triumphs of her eye?  
 Grant all to me this live-long night,  
 Let charms detain the rising light;  
 For this one night my liv'ries wear,  
 And I absolve you for the year.

What time your poppy-crowned God  
 Sends his truth-telling scouts abroad,  
 Ere yet the cock to matins rings,  
 And the lark with mounting wings,  
 The simple village swain has warn'd  
 To shake off sleep by labour earn'd;  
 Or on the rose's silken hem,  
 Aurora weeps her earliest gem;  
 Or beneath the opening dawn,  
 Smiles the fair-extended lawn.  
 When in the soft encircled shade  
 Ye find reclined the gentle maid,  
 Each busy motion laid to rest,  
 And all compos'd her peaceful breast:  
 Swift paint the fair internal scene,  
 The phantom labours of your reign;  
 The living imag'ry adorn  
 With all the limnings of the morn,  
 With all the treasures nature keeps  
 Conceal'd below the forming deeps;  
 Or dress'd in the rich waving pride,  
 That covers the green mountain's side,  
 Or blooms beneath the am'rous gale  
 In the wide embosom'd vale.  
 Let pow'rful Music too essay  
 The magic of her hidden lay:  
 While each harsh thought away shall fly  
 Down the full stream of harmony,  
 Compassion mild shall fill their place,  
 Each gentle minister of grace,  
 Pity, that often melts to Love,  
 Let weeping Pity, kind improve,  
 The soften'd heart, prepar'd to take  
 Whate'er impressions Love shall make.  
 Oh! in that kind, that sacred hour,  
 When Hate, when Anger have no pow'r;  
 When sighing Love, mild simple boy,  
 Courtship sweet, and tender joy,  
 Alone possess the fair one's heart;  
 Let me then, Fancy, bear my part.

Oh goddess! how I long t'appear;  
 The hour of dear success draws near:

See where the crowding shadows wait;  
 Haste and unfold the iv'ry gate:  
 Ye gracious forms, employ your aid,  
 Come in my anxious look array'd,  
 Come Love, come Hymen, at my pray'r  
 Led by blyth Hope, ye decent pair  
 By mutual confidence combin'd,  
 As erst in sleep I saw you join'd.  
 Fill my eyes with heart-swell'd tears,  
 Fill my breast with heart-born fears,  
 Half-utter'd vows and half-suppress'd,  
 Part look'd, and only wish'd the rest;  
 Make sighs, and speaking sorrows prove,  
 Suffering much, how much I love;  
 Make the Muse's lyre complain,  
 Strung by me in warbled strain;  
 Let the melodious numbers flow  
 Pow'rful of a lover's woe,  
 Till, by the tender Orphean art,  
 I through her ear shall gain her heart.  
 Now, Fancy, now the fit is o'er;  
 I feel my sorrows vex no more:  
 But when condemn'd again to mourn,  
 Fancy, to my aid return.

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## ODE II.

Begone, pursuits so vain and light,  
 Knowledge, fruitless of delight;  
 Lean Study, sire of sallow Doubt,  
 I put thy musing taper out:  
 Fantastic all, a long adieu;  
 For what has Love to do with you?  
 For, lo, I go where Beauty fires,  
 To satisfy my soul's desires;  
 For lo, I seek the sacred walls  
 Where Love, and gentle Beauty, calls:  
 For me she has adorn'd the room?  
 For me has shed a rich perfume:  
 Has she not prepar'd the tea?  
 The kettle boils—she waits for me.  
 I come, nor single, but along  
 Youthful sports a jolly throng!  
 Thoughtless joke, and infant wiles;  
 Harmless wit, and virgin smiles;  
 Tender words, and kind intent;  
 Langnish fond, and blandishment;

Yielding curtsy, whisper low;  
 Silken blush, with cheeks that glow;  
 Chaste desires, and wishes meet;  
 Thin-clad Hope, a foot-man fleet;\*  
 Modesty, that turns aside,  
 And backward strives her form to hide;  
 Healthful Mirth, still gay and young,  
 And Meekness with a maiden's tongue;  
 Satire, by good humour dress'd  
 In a many-colour'd vest:  
 And enter leaning at the door,  
 Who send'st thy flaunting page before,  
 The roguish boy-of kind delight,  
 Attendant on the lover's night,  
 Fair his ivory shuttle flies  
 Through the bright threads of mingling dies,  
 As swift his rosy fingers move  
 To knit the silken eords of Love;  
 And stop, who softly stealing goes?  
 OCCASION, high on her tiptoes,  
 Whom Youth with watchful look espies,  
 To seize the forelock ere she flies,  
 Ere he her bald pate shall survey,  
 And well-plied heels to run away.

But, anxious Care, be far from hence;  
 Vain surmise, and alter'd sense;  
 Mishapen doubts, the woes they bring;  
 And Jealousy, of fiercest sting;  
 Despair, that solitary stands,  
 And wrings a halter in his hands;  
 Flatt'ry false and hollow sound,  
 And Dread, with eye still looking round;  
 Avarice, bending under pelf;  
 Conceit, still gazing on herself:  
 O Love! exclude high-erected Pride,  
 Nymph of amazonian stride:  
 Nor in these walls, like waiting-maid,  
 Be Curiosity survey'd,  
 That to the key-hole lays her ear,  
 List'ning at the door to hear;  
 Nor Father Time, unless he's found  
 In triumph led by Beauty bound,  
 Forc'd to yield to Vigour's stroke,  
 His blunted scythe and hour-glass broke.  
 But come, all ye who know to please;  
 Inviting glauce, and downy ease;

\* The running footmen of former days, who preceded carriages, were dressed in thin white linen.



The heart-born joy, the gentle care;  
 Soft-breath'd wish, and power of prayer;  
 The single vow, that means no ill;  
 Believing Quiet, submissive Will;  
 Constancy of meekest mind,  
 That suffers long, and still is kind;  
 All ye who put our woes to flight;  
 All ye who minister delight;  
 Nods, and wreaths, and becks and tips;  
 Meaning winks, and roguish trips;  
 Fond deceits, and kind surprises;  
 Sudden sinks and sudden rises;  
 Laughs, and toys, and gamesome sights;  
 Jolly dance, and girds, and flights;  
 Then, to make me wholly blest,  
 Let me be there a welcome guest.

---

### MISS AND THE BUTTERFLY, A FABLE.

IN THE MANNER OF THE LATE MR GAY.

A tender Miss, whom mother's care  
 Bred up in wholesome country air,  
 Far from the follies of the town,  
 Alike untaught to smile or frown;  
 Her ear unus'd to flatt'ry's praise,  
 Unknown in woman's wicked ways;  
 Her tongue from modish tattle free,  
 Undipp'd in scandal and Bohea;  
 Her genuine form and native grace  
 Were strangers to a looking-glass:  
 Nor cards she dealt, nor flirted fan,  
 And valued not quadrille or man;  
 But simple liv'd, just as you know  
 Miss Cloe did——some weeks ago.

As now the pretty innocent  
 Walk'd forth to taste the early scent,  
 She tripp'd about the murm'ring stream,  
 That oft had lull'd her thoughtless dream.  
 The morning sweet, the air serene,  
 A thousand flow'rs adorn'd the scene;  
 The birds rejoicing round appear  
 To choose their consorts for the year;  
 Her heart was light and full of play,  
 And, like herself, all nature gay.

On such a day, as sages sing,  
 A Butterfly was on the wing;  
 From bank to bank, from bloom to bloom,  
 He stretch'd the gold-bespangled plume:

Now skims along, and now alights  
 As smell allures, or grace invites;  
 Now the violet's freshness sips;  
 Now kiss'd the rose's scarlet lips;  
 Becomes anon the daisy's guest;  
 Then press'd the lily's snowy breast;  
 Nor long to one vouchsafes a stay,  
 But just salutes, and flies away.

The virgin saw with rapture fired;  
 She saw, and what she saw desired,  
 The shining wings, and starry eyes,  
 And burns to seize the living prize:  
 Her beating breast and glowing face  
 Betray her native love of dress,  
 And all the woman full exprest  
 First flutters in her little breast,  
 Ensnares'd by empty outward show,  
 She swift pursues the insect-beau:  
 O'er gay parterres she runs in haste,  
 Nor heeds the gardens flow'ry waste.

Long as the sun, with genial pow'r  
 Increasing, warm'd the sultry hour,  
 The nymph o'er every border flew,  
 And kept the shining game in view:  
 But when, soft-breathing through the trees,  
 With coolness came the evening breeze;  
 As hov'ring o'er the tulip's pride  
 He hung with wing diversified,  
 Caught in the hollow of her hand,  
 She held the captive at command.

Flutt'ring in vain to be releas'd,  
 He thus the gentle nymph address'd:  
 Loose, gen'rous virgin, loose my chain;  
 From me what glory can'st thou gain?  
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring thing,  
 My only boast a gorgeous wing;  
 From flow'r to flow'r I idly stray,  
 The trifler of a summer's day:  
 Then let me not in vain implore,  
 But leave me free again to soar.

His words the little charmer moved,  
 She the poor trembler's suit approved.  
 His gaudy wings he then extends,  
 And flutters on her fingers' ends:  
 From thence he spoke, as you shall hear,  
 In strains well worth a woman's ear.

When now thy young and tender age  
 Is pure, and heedless to engage;  
 When in thy free and open mein  
 No self-important air is seen;

Unknowing all, to all unknow,
 Thou liv'st, or prais'd, or blam'd by none.
 But when, unfolding by degrees
 The woman's fond desire to please,
 Studious to heave the artful sigh,
 Mistress of the tongue and eye,
 Thou sett'st thy little charms to show,
 And sports familiar with the beau;
 Forsaking then the simple plain,
 To mingle with the courtly train,
 Thou in the midnight ball shalt see
 Things apparel'd just like me;
 Who round and round, without design,
 Tinsel'd in empty lustre shine:
 As dancing through the spacious dome,
 From fair to fair the friskers roam,
 If charm'd with the embroider'd pride,
 The victim of a gay outside,
 From place to place, as me just now,
 The glitt'ring gewgaw you pursue,
 What mighty prize shall crown thy pains?
 A Butterfly is all thy gains!

[The two foregoing Odes, together with a third, and the poem of "The Miss and the Butterfly," were published anonymously at Edinburgh, in 1739, 8vo., pp. 28. They were reprinted in the subsequent editions of Hamilton's Poems. Ode I., "To Fancy," differs so thoroughly from the copy in the MS. volume, that we are induced to append the latter:—

## ODE I.—TO FANCY.

Fancy, bright and winged maid!  
 In weed of every hue arrayed,  
 O, when to soothe a lover's pain,  
 Wilt thou a friendly visit deign?  
 O, when to minister delight,  
 Set her I love before my sight?  
 With her—how blest in low degree!  
 Without her—what the world to me!  
 And, see! she comes, all blushing sweet;  
 Eager I spring my bliss to meet.  
 But who is he the virgin leads,  
 Whom high a flaming torch precedes,  
 In a gown of stainless lawn  
 O'er his decent shoulders drawn?  
 Who, clad in robe of scarlet grain,  
 The boy that bears her flowing train?  
 Behind his back a quiver hung,  
 A bow across his shoulders flung;

His head and heels two wings unfold,  
 The azure feathers girt with gold?  
 Hymen! 'tis he; who kind inspires  
 Joys unfeigned and chaste desires.  
 And thou of love, deceitful child!  
 With tiger heart, yet lamb-like mild,  
 Fantastic by thyself and vain,  
 But seemly seen in Hymen's train,  
 If fate be to my wishes kind,  
 O may I find ye always joined;  
 But if hard fate my wish deny,  
 My humble roof come ye not nigh.  
 And now I gaze o'er all her charms,  
 Now sink transported in her arms;  
 Fierce to her lips my lips I join,  
 Fierce in amorous folds we twine;  
 Fierce in rage of love compressed,  
 Swells throbbing to the touch her breast.  
 Thus rioting in bliss supreme,  
 Might I enjoy the golden dream!  
 But, ah! the rapture will not stay,  
 For see she glides, she glides away!

Ah! Fancy, why didst thou decoy  
 My thoughts into this dream of joy;  
 Then to forsake me all alone,  
 To weep my joys, far hence and gone?  
 Or, back again, benign restore  
 The kind delusion as before;  
 Or, to melt the fair unkind,  
 This scene frame soft into her mind.

In whatever arbour laid  
 Thou find'st reclined my blushing maid,  
 Retiring from the scorching ray  
 To hear the feathered poet's lay;  
 Or view the honey-making bee  
 Load with sweets her amber thigh; \*  
 Or with museful eye behold  
 The clouds of eve with skirts of gold;  
 Or, soothed asleep by murmuring stream,  
 Rapt in contemplation's dream,  
 Her thoughts do scenes of joy restore,  
 She hears the sighing youth implore;  
 In fancy views the visage pale,  
 That best bespeaks the lover's tale:  
 O, in that soft and secret hour,  
 When hate, when anger, have no power;  
 When sighing love, mild, simple boy!  
 Courtship, sweet and tender joy,  
 Alone possess the fair one's heart,  
 Fancy, let me act my part:  
 At her feet then make me fall,  
 And for tender mercy call;

\* Hamilton must have pronounced "thigh" "thee," after the Scottish manner!

Make sighs and speaking sorrows prove,  
 Suffering much, how much I love;  
 Make the muse's lyre complain,  
 Strung by me in warbling strain;  
 Make the melodious numbers flow,  
 Powerful of a lover's woe;  
 Till, through the moving Orphean art,  
 I through her ear shall gain her heart.  
 Now, Fancy, now the fit is o'er,  
 The pleasing scene appears no more;  
 But, when again condemned to mourn,  
 Oft, Fancy, to my aid return.

Ode II. differs slightly from the MS., save by the addition of fourteen lines—from line 30 to 44. The other alterations are as follows:—

Lines

- 10 Where love and "my Maria" calls.  
 45 But "idle" care be far from hence.  
 48 "Jeal that shoots the" fiercest sting.  
 57 "Nor do those scenes with her agree,  
     Thy ogling sister, Levity."  
 66 "Blunted his" scythe, and hour-glass broke.  
 71 The single vow that "speaks" no ill.  
 73 & 74 Not in MS.  
 78 Meaning winks and "wanton" trips.  
 81 Laughs and toys, "looks and flights,"  
     Jolly dance, and girds and "fights."

The third Ode, though reprinted in the two editions of Hamilton's Poems, we omit, because it is precisely the same, word for word, as the lines "To Mrs A. R.," already inserted (see p. 6), with this difference, that it has the following motto from Horace:—

"Immortalia ne speres, monet annus——."

"The Miss and the Butterfly" differs only in a few verbal amendments from the MS. copy:—

Lines

- 20 Was "virgin of" a looking-glass.  
 12 "A stranger to" quadrille or man.

- 17 She tript "along" the murmuring stream.  
 40 And burns to seize the "shining" prize.  
 62 From me what "lustre" can'st thou gain.  
 85 "And expert" of the tongue and eye.]
- 

ODE IV.—ON THE NEW YEAR M.DCC.XXXIX.

Janus, who with sliding pace,  
 Run'st a never-ending race,  
 And driv'st about, in prone career,  
 The whirling circle of the year,  
 Kindly indulge a little stay,  
 I beg but one swift hour's delay.  
 O! while th' important minutes wait,  
 Let me revolve the books of fate;  
 See what the coming year intends  
 To me, my country, kind and friends.  
 Then may'st thou wing thy flight, and go,  
 To scatter blindly joys and woe;  
 Spread dire disease, or purest health,  
 And, as thou lists, grant place or wealth.  
 This hour, withheld by potent charms,  
 Ev'n Peace shall sleep in Pow'r's mad arms;  
 Kings feel their inward torments less,  
 And for a moment wish to bless.

Life now presents another scene,  
 The same strange farce to act again;  
 Again the weary human play'rs  
 Advance, and take their several shares:  
 Clodius riots, Cæsar fights,  
 Tully pleads, and Maro writes,  
 Ammon's fierce son controls the globe,  
 And Harlequin diverts the mob.

To Time's dark cave the year retreats,  
 These hoary unfrequented feats;  
 There from his loaded wing he lays  
 The months, the minutes, hours and days;  
 Then flies, the seasons in his train,  
 To compass round the year again.

See there, in various heaps combin'd,  
 The vast designs of human kind:  
 Whatever swell'd the statesman's thought,  
 The mischiefs mad ambition wrought,  
 Public revenge and hidden guilt,  
 The blood by secret murder spilt,  
 Friendships to sordid interest given,  
 And ill-match'd hearts, ne'er pair'd in heaven;

What Avarice, to crown his store,  
 Stole from the orphan, and the poor;  
 Or Luxury's more shameful waste,  
 Squander'd on the unthankful feast.  
 Ye Kings, and guilty great, draw near;  
 Before this awful court appear:  
 Bare to the Muse's piercing eye  
 The secrets of all mortal lie;  
 She, strict avenger, brings to light  
 Your crimes conceal'd in darkest night;  
 As conscience, to her trust most true,  
 Shall judge between th' oppress'd and you.

This casket shows, ye wretched train,  
 How often merit sued in vain.  
 See, there, undried, the widow's tears;  
 See, there, unsooth'd the orphan's fears:  
 Yet, look, what mighty sums appear,  
 The vile profusion of the year.  
 Could'st thou not, impious Greatness, give  
 The smallest alms, that want might live?  
 And yet, how many a large repast,  
 Pall'd the rich glutton's sickly taste!  
 One table's vain intemp'rate load,  
 With ambush'd death, and sickness strow'd,  
 Had bless'd the cottage, peaceful shade,  
 And given its children health and bread:  
 The rustic sire, and faithful spouse,  
 With each dear pledge of honest vows,  
 Had, at the sober-tasted meal,  
 Repeated oft the grateful tale;  
 Had hymn'd, in native language free,  
 The song of thanks to heaven and thee;  
 A music that the great ne'er hear,  
 Yet sweeter to the internal ear,  
 Than any soft, seducing note  
 E'er thrill'd from Farinelli's throat.

Let's still search on—This bundle's large.  
 What's here? 'Tis Science' plaintive charge.  
 Hear Wisdom's philosophic sigh,  
 (Neglected all her treasures lie)  
 That none her secret haunts explore,  
 To learn what Plato taught before;  
 Her sons seduc'd to turn their parts  
 To Flattery's more thriving arts;  
 Refine their better sense away,  
 And join Corruption's flag for pay.  
 See his reward the gamester share,  
 Who painted moral virtue fair;  
 Inspir'd the minds of gen'rous youth  
 To love the simple mistress, Truth;

The patriot path distinctly show'd,  
 That Rome and Greece to glory trode;  
 That self-applause is noblest fame,  
 And kings may greatness link to shame,  
 While Honesty is no disgrace,  
 And Peace can smile without a place.  
 Hear, too, Astronomy repine,  
 Who taught unnumber'd worlds to shine;  
 Who travels boundless æther through,  
 And brings the distant orbs to view.  
 Can she her broken glass repair,  
 Though Av'rice has her all to spare?  
 What mighty secrets had been found,  
 Was Virtue mistress of five pound?  
 Yet see where, given to wealth and pride,  
 A bulky pension lies beside.  
 Avaunt, then, Riches; no delay;  
 I spurn th' ignoble heaps away.  
 What though your charms can purchase all  
 The giddy honours of this ball;  
 Make nature's germans all divide,  
 And haughty peers renounce their pride;  
 Can buy proud Flavia's sordid smile,  
 Or, ripe for fate, this destin'd isle.  
 Though Greatness condescends to pray,  
 Will time indulge one hour's delay,  
 Or give the wretch intent on self,  
 One moment's credit with himself?  
 Virtue, that true from false discerns,  
 The vulgar courtly phrase unlearns,  
 Superior far to Fortune's frown,  
 Bestows alone the stable crown,  
 The wreath from honour's root that springs,  
 That fades upon the brows of kings.

[This Ode appeared anonymously in the Scots Magazine for December 1739. The author was then abroad, and it is supposed that it had been communicated by his friend, Mr William Crawford. It was reprinted in the two editions of his Poems.]

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#### EPITAPH ON MRS KEITH.

Whate'er all-giving nature could impart,  
 Whate'er or charm'd the eye, or warm'd the heart,  
 Beauty, by candid Virtue still approv'd  
 Virtue, by Beauty render'd most lov'd;



Whate'er kind Friendship, or endearing Truth,  
 For blest old age, had treasured up in youth;  
 What blest old age, in its last calm adieu,  
 Might with applause and conscious joy review,  
 Reposes here, to wake in endless bliss,  
 Too early ravish'd from a world like this!  
 Where fair examples strike, but not inspire  
 To imitate the virtues all admire:  
 Yet listen, virgins! to this saving strain,  
 If she has liv'd—Let her not die in vain.

[The subject of the foregoing, Margaret Cuninghame, wife of Robert Keith, Esq. of Craige, died in child-bed, 12th January, 1741. It was printed anonymously in the Scots Magazine for May 1741, and reprinted in the several editions of Hamilton's Poems.]

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#### EPITAPH ON MRS HEPBURN.

Stay, passenger; this stone demands thy tear;  
 Here rest the hopes of many a tender year:  
 Our sorrow now—so late our joy and praise!  
 Lost in the mild aurora of her days.  
 What virtues might have grac'd her fuller day!  
 'But ah! the charm just shown and snatch'd away.'  
 Friendship, Love, Nature, all reclaim in vain;  
 Heav'n, when it wills, resumes its gifts again.

[Mrs Hepburn was the wife of William Hepburn, Esq. of Baads. She died in July 1742, in her seventeenth year. It was printed anonymously in the Scots Magazine for August 1742, and also in the editions of the Poems.]

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#### ON THE DEATH OF MR BASIL HAMILTON.

This verse, O gentle Hamilton! be thine,  
 (Each softer grace bedew thy darling shrine);  
 Nature to thee did her best gifts impart,  
 The mildest manners and the warmest heart;  
 Honour erected in thy breast its throne,  
 And kind Humanity was all thy own.

Yet when thy country's wrong to action moved,  
 You rose to save, and left that ease you loved;  
 For this she grieves thy early fate to see;  
 And 'midst her sufferings finds a tear for thee.  
 But thou perhaps hast well escaped her doom,  
 Thy eyes are closed, nor sees her ills to come;  
 Abandon'd o'er, to shameless men a prey,  
 And slow, deceiving friends, far worse than they;  
 The kindred triumph of thy noble blood,  
 Thy name enroll'd amidst the few that stood.  
 Fair, beaming clear, through life, the patriot flame,  
 And deaf to honours that begun in shame;  
 Each duty paid that friendship could demand;  
 Each nobler deed to save a destin'd land.  
 An age, corrupt amidst the civil storm,  
 Would suffer struggling Virtue to perform;  
 To fix his country, ever free, he tried—  
 Found the brave labour vain, resigned, and died.

[Basil Hamilton, Esq., of Baldoon, M.P. for the Stewartry of Kirkeudbright. He died in November 1742, and the Epitaph was written in December of the same year. Only the first six lines were printed in the edition of Hamilton's Poems, 1760. We copy from the MS. volume.]

#### AN ODE ON THE BATTLE OF GLADSMUIR, 1745.

As over Gladsmuir's blood-stain'd field,  
 Scotia, imperial goddess flew,  
 Her lifted spear and radiant shield  
 Conspicuous blazing to the view;  
 Her visage lately clouded with despair,  
 Now reassum'd its first majestic air.

Such seen, as oft in battle warm,  
 She glow'd through many a martial age;  
 Or mild to breathe the civil charm,  
 In pious plans and counsel sage:  
 For, o'er the mingling glories of her face,  
 A manly greatness heighten'd female grace.

Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,  
 Her voice the power celestial rais'd;  
 Whilst her victorious sons around  
 In silent joy and wonder gaz'd:

The sacred Muses heard the immortal lay,  
And thus to earth the notes of Fame convey:—

“ ’Tis done! my sons! ’tis nobly done!  
Victorious over tyrant pow’r;  
How quick the race of fame was run!  
The work of ages in one hour:  
Slow creeps th’ oppressive weight of slavish reigns;  
One glorious moment rose and burst your chains.

But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,  
A prey to each insulting foe;  
I sought the grove and gloomy vale,  
To vent in solitude my woe:  
Now to my hand the balance fair restor’d;  
Once more I wield on high the imperial sword.

What arm has this deliverance wrought?  
’Tis he! the gallant youth appears;  
O warm in field, and cool in thought,  
Beyond the slow advance of years!  
Haste, let me, rescued now from future harms,  
Strain close the filial virtue in my arms.

Early I nurs’d this royal youth,  
Ah! ill detain’d on foreign shores;  
I fill’d his mind with love of truth,  
With fortitude and wisdom’s stores:  
For when a noble action is decreed,  
Heav’n forms the hero for the destin’d deed.

Nor could the soft seducing charms  
Of mild Hesperia’s blooming soil,  
E’er quench his noble thirst of arms,  
Of generous deeds and honest toil:  
Fired with the warmth a country’s love imparts,  
He fled their weakness, but admir’d their arts.

With him I plough’d the stormy main;  
My breath inspir’d the auspicious gale;  
Reserv’d for Gladsmuir’s glorious plain,  
Through dangers wing’d his daring sail;  
Where, form’d with inborn worth, he durst oppose,  
His single valour to an host of foes.

He came! he spoke! and all around,  
As swift as heav’n’s quick-darted flame,  
Shepherds turn’d warriors at the sound,  
And every bosom beat for fame:

They caught heroic ardour from his eyes  
And at his side the willing heroes rise.

Rouse, England! rouse, Fame's noblest son,  
In all thy ancient splendour shine;  
If I the glorious work begun,  
O let the crowning palm be thine:  
I bring a prince, for such is heav'n's decree,  
Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,  
While Plenty crown's the smiling plain;  
And Industry, fair child of Peace,  
Shall in each crowded city reign:  
So shall these happy realms forever prove  
The sweets of union, liberty, and love."

[This Ode was printed, and copies of it distributed, soon after the battle of Gladsmuir, which was fought on the 21st September, 1745. For obvious reasons, it was not printed in any of the editions of Hamilton's Poems. It appeared, however, in the Edinburgh Magazine and Review, in 1773; also in the Scots Magazine of the same year, where it is mentioned that the Ode had been set to music at the time by Macgibbon, a well-known composer.]

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#### EPITAPH.

Could this fair marble to the world impart  
Half of the woes that rend a husband's heart,  
Could it be taught to look with nature's eye,  
Like friendship could it breathe the tender sigh,  
With each dear rapture bid the bosom glow,  
Love e'er could taste, or tenderness bestow,  
Then might it tow'r unblam'd amid the skies,  
And not to vanity, but virtue rise;  
In noblest pomp the humble eye endure,  
And pride, when most it swell'd, here find a cure.  
Cease then——nor at the sovereign will repine,  
It gives, we bless; it snatches, we resign:  
To earth what came from earth returns again,  
Heav'n fram'd the immortal part above to reign.

[The author's first wife, Katherine, daughter of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, died in October 1745. The Epitaph appeared in the edition of his Poems, 1760.]

## A SOLILOQUY.

IN IMITATION OF HAMLET.

My anxious soul is tore with doubtful strife,  
 And hangs suspended betwixt death and life;  
 Life! death! dread objects of mankind's debate;  
 Whether superior to the shocks of fate,  
 To bear its fiercest ills with stedfast mind,  
 To Nature's order piously resign'd,  
 Or, with magnanimous and brave disdain,  
 Return her back th' injurious gift again.  
 O! if to die, this mortal bustle o'er,  
 Were but to close one's eyes, and be no more;  
 From pain, from sickness, sorrows, safe withdrawn,  
 In night eternal that shall know no dawn;  
 This dread, imperial, wondrous frame of man,  
 Lost in still nothing, whence it first began:  
 Yes, if the grave such quiet could supply,  
 Devotion's self might even dare to die.  
 But fearful here, though curious to explore,  
 Thought pauses, trembling on the hither shore,  
 Lest, hapless victors in the mortal strife,  
 Through death we struggle but to second life.  
 What scenes may rise, awake the human fear;  
 Being again resum'd, and God more near;  
 If awful thunders the new guest appal,  
 Or the soft voice of gentle mercy call.  
 This teaches life with all its ills to please,  
 Afflicting poverty, severe disease;  
 To lowest infamy gives power to eharm,  
 And strikes the dagger from the boldest arm.  
 Then, Hamlet, cease; thy rash resolves forego;  
 God, Nature, Reason, all will have it so;  
 Learn by this sacred horror, well supprest,  
 Each fatal purpose in the traitor's breast.  
 This damps revenge with salutary fear,  
 And stops ambition in its wild career.  
 Till virtue for itself begin to move,  
 And servile fear exalt to filial love.  
 Then in thy breast let calmer passions rise,  
 Pleas'd with thy lot on earth, absolve the skies.  
 The ills of life see Friendship can divide;  
 See angels warring on the good man's side.  
 Alone to virtue happiness is given,  
 On earth self-satisfied, and crown'd in heaven.

[Written early in 1746, and inserted anonymously in the Scots Magazine for June of the same year. It was reprinted in the several editions of Hamilton's Poems.]

## BEGINNING OF THE FIRST GEORGICK OF VIRGIL.

- What crowns rejoicing fields with golden grain,  
 Under what star to turn the furrow'd plain;  
 The time, Mecornas, suitable to join  
 To the supporting elm the clustering vine;  
 5 The care and culture of the woolly breed;  
 The lowing heifer and the bounding steed;  
 How nature to the frugal bee imparts  
 Experienc'd wisdom and ambrosial arts,  
 I sing; ye radiant Pow'rs that rule the sphere,  
 10 And lead around the slow revolving year,  
 Bacchus and Ceres boon, your gifts I sing,  
 The rip'ned autumn and the red'ning spring.  
 You first taught fields with golden gifts to glow,  
 And gave the ruddy vintage first to flow;  
 15 Then oaks no more did human wants supply,  
 And the cool stream receiv'd a purple die.

[From the MS. volume, where it is stated to have been translated  
 at Glasgow in January 1746.]

## A SOLILOQUY.

WROTE IN JUNE M.DCC.XLVI.

Mysterious inmate of this breast,  
 Enkinled by thy flame;  
 By thee my being's best exprest,  
 For what thou art I am.

With thee I claim celestial birth,  
 A spark of heaven's own ray;  
 Without thee sink to vilest earth,  
 Inanimated clay.

Now in this sad and dismal hour  
 Of multiplied distress,  
 Has any former thought the power  
 To make thy sorrows less:

When all around thee cruel snares  
 Threaten thy destin'd breath,  
 And every sharp reflection bears  
 Want, exile, chains or death?

Can ought that past in youth's fond reign  
 Thy pleasing vein restore;  
 Lives beauty's gay and festive train  
 In memory's soft store?

Or does the Muse? 'Tis said her art  
Can fiercest pangs appease,  
Can she to thy poor trembling heart  
Now speak the words of peace?

Yet she was wont at early dawn  
To whisper thy repose,  
Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn  
At grateful evening's close.

Friendship, 'tis true, its sacred might  
May mitigate thy doom;  
As lightning shot across the night,  
A moment gilds the gloom.

O God! thy providence alone  
Can work a wonder here,  
Can change to gladness every moan,  
And banish all my fear.

Thy arm all powerful to save,  
May every doubt destroy;  
And from the horrors of the grave,  
New raise to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious spring,  
Pure consolation flows;  
Makes the faint heart midst sufferings sing,  
And midst despair repose.

Yet from its creature, gracious heaven,  
Most merciful and just,  
Asks but, for life and safety given,  
Our faith and humble trust.

[Written in June 1746, and printed in the several editions of the Poems.]

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#### TO LADY MARY MONTGOMERY.

Say, thou with endless beauty crown'd,  
Of all the youth that sigh around,  
Thy worshippers, and anxious wait  
From thy bright eyes their future fate;  
Say, whom do most these eyes approve?  
Whom does Montgomery choose to love?

Not him, who strives to build a name,  
From ruins of another's fame:  
Who proud in self-conceit throws down  
His neighbour's wit, to raise his own.  
Should the vain man expect success,  
The fool of compliment and dress?

Thy eyes undazzled can behold,  
 The gaudy nothing deckt in gold.  
 Thy wise discernment soon descries,  
 Where folly lurks in wit's disguise;  
 Trac'd through each shape in which 'tis seen,  
 Through the grave look, the solemn mien:  
 The proud man's front, the vain man's walk,  
 The foplin's dress, the coxcomb's talk.  
 A large estate, and little sense,  
 To charms like thine have no pretence.  
 Shalt thou, O insolent! prevail?  
 Heaven never meant its goods for sale:  
 Beauty, the pearl of price, is given,  
 Not bought, 'tis the free grace of heav'n.

The happy youth with arts refined,  
 Simple of heart, of stedfast mind:  
 Whom thirst of gain, could never draw  
 To trespass friendship's sacred law:  
 Whose soul the charms of sense inspire;  
 Who loves, where reason bids admire:  
 Cautious to shun, with wise disdain,  
 The proud, the airy, and the vain.  
 Him whom these virtues shall adorn,  
 Thou, fair Montgomery, wilt not scorn:  
 Of all the gifts of heaven possessest,  
 To him thou yield'st thy willing breast;  
 For him the blush, with modest grace,  
 Glows rosy, o'er thy blooming face:  
 For him thy panting bosom swells,  
 And on thy lips such sweetness dwells.  
 Crown'd with success, the happy boy  
 Shall revel in excess of joy.  
 While in thy presence, heav'n appears  
 In sweets laid up for many years.  
 The beau and witling then shall fly,  
 The fop in secret corner sigh;  
 Condemn'd to cry in love's despair,  
 Ah! why so wise who was so fair?

Did thy example, beauteous maid,  
 The rest of womankind persuade;  
 Nor injur'd merit would complain,  
 That it may love, and love in vain:  
 Nor flatt'ry false, and impudence,  
 Usurp the room of bashful sense;  
 No more at midnight ball appear,  
 To gain on beauty's list'ning ear.  
 Beauty would hear the vows of truth;  
 Nor love would speak with folly's mouth.

Yet some there are, the better few,  
 Wise thy example to pursue;



Who rich in store of native charms,  
 Employ no artificial arms,  
 Such heavenly Charlotte,\* form divine!  
 Love's universal kingdom's thine.  
 Anointed Queen; all unconfin'd,  
 Thine is the homage of mankind:  
 Thy subjects, willing to obey,  
 Bless thy mild rule, and gentle sway;  
 With royal mind each zealous pays  
 His tribute dutious to thy praise.  
 Yet nought to greatness dost thou owe;  
 Thy merit from thyself does flow;  
 Alike our wonder and our theme,  
 In beauty or in place supreme.  
 Such thy fair sister, fram'd to please,  
 Of aspect gay, and graceful ease.  
 Pure flows her wit, and unrestrain'd;  
 By envy, and by hate unstrain'd:  
 Not as the rushing torrent pours,  
 Increas'd by snows and wint'ry show'rs,  
 Involving in its furious sway,  
 The labouring hinds a helpless prey;  
 Now wide o'erspreads the watery scene,  
 And now decreased, no more is seen:  
 But as a constant river leads  
 Its winding stream through purple meads,  
 That through the blushing landscape rolled,  
 Reflects the bordering flowers in gold,  
 And born along with gentle force,  
 Distributes wealth through all its course;  
 Nor does the faithful spring deny  
 The alimental just supply.

Thou Douglas,† too, in whom combine  
 A spirit and a noble line,  
 Engaging looks, that mild inspire  
 Fond delight and young desire;  
 All-winning sweetness, void of pride,  
 Thou hast no faults for art to hide.  
 Maria such, whose opening bloom  
 Foreshows the pregnant fruits to come.  
 O blest, for whom the season's flight  
 Ripens that harvest of delight;  
 To whom the autumn shall resign  
 To press the rich luxuriant vine!

\* Lady Charlotte Hamilton, daughter of James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, married to Charles Edwin of Dunraven, in Glamorganshire.

† Lady Jane Douglas, the unfortunate sister of Archibald, Duke of Douglas, married to Sir John Stewart of Grandtully, Bart.

Unwounded, who can thee espy,  
Maid of the black and piercing eye?  
Too rashly bold, we take the field  
Against thy shafts with wisdom's shield;  
Pierced helpless in our guarded side,  
We fall the victims of our pride.

Nor Erskine less the song demands,  
Not least in beauty's blooming bands.  
Erskine! peculiar care of heaven,  
To whom the power of sound is given;  
Artist divine! to her belong  
The heavenly lay and magic song.  
How do we gaze with vast delight  
Her fingers' swift harmonious flight,  
When o'er the obedient keys they fly,  
To waken sleeping harmony!  
Whene'er she speaks, the joy of all,  
Soft the silver accents fall;  
Whene'er she looks, in still amaze,  
The eyes of all enamoured gaze;  
Each word steals gently on the ear;  
'Tis heaven to see! 'tis heaven to hear!

In everlasting blushes seen,  
Such Pringle shines, of sprightly mien;  
To her, the power of love imparts,  
Rich gift, the soft successful arts,  
That best the lover's fires provoke,  
The lively step, the mirthful joke,  
The speaking glance, the amorous wile,  
The sportful laugh, the winning smile;  
Her soul, awakening every grace,  
Is all abroad upon her face;  
In bloom of youth still to survive,  
All charms are there, and all alive!

Fair is the lily, sweet the rose,  
That in thy cheek, O Drummond, glows!  
Pure is the snow's unsullied white  
That clothes thy bosom's swelling height!  
Majestic looks her soul express,  
That awe us from desired access;  
Till sweetness soon rebuke the fear,  
And bid the trembling youth draw near.  
See how sublime she does advance,  
And seems already in the dance;  
Exalted how she moves along,  
Ten thousand thousand graces strong.  
Such Marchmont's daughter, unproved  
The maid by men of sense beloved;  
Who knows with modesty to scorn  
The titles that may fools adorn:

She claims no merit from her blood,  
Her greatest honour to be good.  
Heedless of pomp, with open heart,  
Well has she chose the better part.  
Such Hamilla's looks divine,  
Earth's wonder, Tinnegham, and thine!  
Her soul all tenderness and love;  
Gentle as the harmless dove:  
Who, artless, charms without design,  
She of the modest look benign.

Eliza,\* young, in beauty bright,  
Though new to every soft delight,  
Yet soon her conquests shall extend,  
Soon shall the sprightly maid ascend,  
The rival of each kindred name,  
And triumph to her mother's fame.  
Full in the pleasing list appears  
Robertoun, in prime of years;  
With skill she does her smiles bestow,  
For Pallas bends her Cupid's bow:  
Wisely she shuns to entertain  
The designing and the vain;  
To these 'tis all forbidden ground,  
Prudence, a cherub, guards her round  
With flaming sword, fools to expel—  
In Paradise fools must not dwell.

Strike again the golden lyre,  
Let Hume the notes of joy inspire.  
O, lovely Hume! repeat again,  
My lyre, the ever-pleasing strain!  
Dear to the muse, the muse approves  
Each charm, the muse the virgin loves:  
The muse preserves in lasting lays  
The records of soft beauty's praise;  
In vain would triumph beauty's eye,  
Unsung these triumphs soon would die;  
Fate o'ercomes the fair and strong,  
But has no power o'er sacred song;  
Verse the dying name can save,  
And make it live beyond the grave.  
Thus Hume shall unborn hearts engage,  
Her smile shall warm another age;  
Her race of mortal glory past,  
The immortal fame shall ever last;  
Last shall the look that won my heart—  
The pleasing look sincere of art.

\* Lady Betty Montgomerie, daughter of Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglintoun, and sister, by his last wife, to Lady Mary.

O, powerful of persuasive face,  
 Adorned and perfected in grace,  
 What joys await joys in excess,  
 The youth whom thou decrees to bless!  
 Ordained thy yielding breast to move,  
 Thy breast yet innocent of love!

But who is she, the general gaze  
 Of sighing crowds, the world's amaze,  
 Who looks forth as the blushing morn  
 On mountains of the east new born?  
 Is it not Cochrane fair? 'Tis she,  
 The youngest grace of graces three.  
 The eldest fell to death a prey,  
 Ah! snatched in early flower away;  
 The second, manifold of charms,  
 Blesses a happy husband's arms;  
 The third a blameless form remains,  
 O'er all the blooming victor reigns;  
 Where'er she gracious deigns to move,  
 The public praise—the public love! \*

Superior these shall still remain,  
 The lover's wish, the poet's strain;  
 Their beauties shall all hearts engage,  
 Victorious over spite and age.  
 As thee, Montgomery, shall they shine,  
 And charm the world with arts like thine!

[The subject of this very happy offering of the muse was Lady Mary Montgomerie, daughter of Archibald, ninth Earl of Eglington, by his second Countess, Lady Anne, daughter of George, Earl of Aberdeen, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. Lady Mary was distinguished as well for her good sense and amiable disposition as for her beauty. The object of her choice—

“The happy youth, with arts refined,  
 Simple of heart, of stedfast mind,”

was Sir David Cuninghame of Milnerraig, Bart., a property in Ayrshire.

The poem appeared in the edition of Hamilton's Poems, 1760. It differs slightly from the MS. copy—the following lines only having been omitted:—

\* Lady Catherine, daughter of John, fourth Earl of Dundonald, married the Earl of Galloway. Her eldest sister, the Duchess of Hamilton, died very young, in child-bed. It would have been well for her second sister if she had shared the same fate. She was Countess of Strathmore.

Page 69, line 40—

“ See, fragrant, how in summer hour  
The maid appears all in the flower! ”

Line 44—

“ Such hope, strong in resistless charms,  
Adorned love with thy keenest arms.”

Page 70, line 20—

“ Each look our glowing bosoms fire,  
To youthful dalliance and desire.”

Line 30—

“ Good-humoured rage, and roguish hate,  
Inclining scorn and kind deceit.”

Page 71, line 14—

“ She, too, does every wish employ,  
Eglinton, thy second joy.” ]

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## ON SEEING THE LADY MARY MONTGOMERY SIT TO HER PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF SPENCER'S STYLE.

When Lindsay drew Montgomery, heavenly maid,  
And gaz'd with wonder on that angel face,  
Pleas'd I sat by and joyfully survey'd  
The daring pencil image every grace.

When as the youth, each feature o'er and o'er  
Careful retouch'd with strict observant view,  
Eftsoons I saw how charms unseen before  
Swell'd to the sight, and with the picture grew.

With milder glances now he arms her eyes,  
The red now triumphs to a brighter rose;  
Now heaves her bosom to a softer rise,  
And fairer on her cheek the lily blows.

Last glow'd the blush, that, pure of female wile,  
I whilom knew, when so my stars decreed;  
My pipe she deign'd to laud in pleasing smile,  
All undeserving I such worthy need.

The whiles I gaz'd, ah! felice art thought I;  
 Ah! felice youth that doen it possess;  
 Couth to depaint the fair so verily,  
 True to each charm, and faithful to each grace.

Sythence she cannot emulate your skill,  
 Ne envy will the Muse her sister's praise;  
 Then for the deed O let her place the will,  
 And to the glowing colours join her lays.

Yet algates would the Nine, that high on hill  
 Parnasse, sweet imps of Jove, with Jove reside,  
 Give me to rein the fiery steed at will,  
 And with kind hand thy lucky pencil guide.

Then, certes, mought we fate misprise, of praise  
 Secure, if the dear maid in beauty's bloom  
 Surviv'd, or in thy colours or my lays,  
 Joy of this age and joy of each to come.

## THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

TO LADY MARY MONTGOMERY.

Go, Yarrow Flower, thou shalt be blest,  
 To lie on beauteous Mary's breast;  
 Go Yarrow Flower, so sweetly smelling,  
 Is there on earth so soft a dwelling?

Go, lovely flower, thou prettiest flower,  
 That ever smil'd in Yarrow bower;  
 Go, daughter of the dewy morning,  
 With Alves' blush the fields adorning

Go, lovely rose, what dost thou here?  
 Ling'ring away thy short-liv'd year;  
 Vainly shining, idly blooming,  
 Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies\* hue,  
 No hand to pull, no eye to view;  
 What are thy charms, no heart desiring?  
 What profits beauty, none admiring?

\* Lady Catharine Cochrane, Lady Garlies, afterwards Countess of Galloway.

Go, Yarrow Flower, to Yarrow maid,  
And on her panting bosom laid,  
There all thy native form confessing,  
The charm of beauty is possessing.

Come, Yarrow maid, from Yarrow field;  
What pleasure can the desert yield?  
Come to my breast, O all excelling!  
Is there on earth so kind a dwelling!

Come, my dear maid, thou prettiest maid  
That ever smil'd in Yarrow shade;  
Come, sister of the dewy morning,  
With Alves' blush the dance adorning.

Come, lovely maid, love calls thee here,  
Linger no more thy fleeting year;  
Vainly shining, idly blooming,  
Thy unenjoy'd sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,  
No hand to press, no eye to view;  
What are thy charms, no heart desiring?  
What profits beauty, none admiring?

Come, Yarrow maid, with Yarrow rose,  
Thy maiden graces all disclose;  
Come blest by all, to all a blessing,  
The charm of beauty is possessing.

[ Both of the foregoing pieces were in the editions of the Poems 1748 and 1760. They do not differ from the copies in the MS. volume.

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#### THE FLOWERS.—A FRAGMENT.

The care of gardens, and the garden's pride  
To rear the blooming flowers, invites the Muse:  
A greatful task! To thee, O HUME, she sings  
Well pleas'd amid the verdant walks to stray  
With thee, her chief delight, when summer smiles.  
Come now my love, nor fear the winter's rage;  
For see the winter's past, the rains are gone:  
Behold the singing of the birds is now,  
Season benign, the joyous race prepare  
Their native melody, and warbling airs  
Are heard in ev'ry grove: the flowers appear

Earth's smiling offspring, and the beauteous meads  
 Are clothed in pleasant green: now fruitful trees  
 Put forth their tender buds that soon shall swell  
 With rich nectareous juice, and woo thy hand  
 To pluck their ripen'd sweets. Forsake a while  
 The noise of cities, and with me retire  
 To rural solitude: Lo! for thy head  
 I weave a garland, deck'd with vernal flowers,  
 Violet, and hyacinth, and blushing rose  
 Of ev'ry rich perfume; here in this calm  
 And undisturb'd retreat content to dwell  
 Secluded from mankind, with thee and love,  
 Sweetner of human cares: But thou perhaps  
 Delight'st to hear the voice that bids thee come  
 To festival and dance, thou long'st to meet  
 The raptur'd youth, that at assembly hour  
 Awaits thy coming: haste adorn'd in all  
 Thy native softness, fresh as breathing flowers  
 Sweet smelling in the morning dew, and fire  
 His soul, ill able to resist such charms,  
 Won with attractive smiles; while I far off  
 Bemoan thy absence, and thy image form  
 In every thicket and each secret grove,  
 To soothe my longing mind by fancy's aid,  
 Pleasing resemblance! until thou thyself,  
 O fairest among women, deign to grace  
 The bower that love prepares, from me to learn  
 The care and culture of the flowery kind.

\* \* \* \* \*

[ This fragment was printed in the editions of the Poems 1748 and 1760. It differs not from the MS. copy. The "Hume" whom the author addresses, and whose name occurs repeatedly throughout his poems, was probably the same "Lady Jane Hume," or Home,\* to whom "The Braes of Yarrow" were inscribed.]

## THE EPISODE OF LAUSUS AND MEZENTIUS.

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S *ÆNEAS*, BEGINNING LINE 689.

Now Jove inflames Mezentius, great in arms,  
 His ardour rouses, and his courage warms;  
 Fired by the god, to Turnus he succeeds;  
 Beneath his arm the Trojan battle bleeds:

\* Home is always pronounced "Hume" in Scotland.



The Tuscan troops invade their common foe,  
 Alike in hate, their kindling bosoms glow  
 Fierce to destroy, on him alone they pour  
 Darts following darts, a thick continued shower:  
 But he undaunted, all the storm sustains,  
 And scorns the united fury of the plains:  
 As some huge rock high towering midst the waves,  
 Of seas and skies the mingling tumult braves,  
 On its eternal basis fixed is found,  
 Though tempests rage, and oceans foam around.  
 First by his arm unhappy Hebrus bled,  
 The issue of famed Dolicaon's bed;  
 Then Latagus submits to fate, his way  
 Adverse he took, the chief, with furious sway,  
 Upreared a ponderous rock, the shattered brain,  
 Confused with blood and gore, o'erspreads the plain.  
 At flying Palmus next his dart he threw,  
 The speedy dart o'ertook him, as he flew,  
 Full in the ham, he feels the smarting wound,  
 Left by the victor grovelling on the ground:  
 His arms surround his Lausus' manly breast,  
 The waving plume adorns his shining crest;  
 Evas and Mimas, both of Trojan seed,  
 By the same arm were mingled with the dead:  
 Mimas, companion of the youthful cares  
 Of Paris, and the equal of his years:  
 For, big with fancied flames, when Phrygia's queen  
 Brought forth the cause of woes but ill foreseen,  
 To extend his blooming race, that self-same night,  
 The spouse of Amycus, Theano bright—  
 That night so fatal to the peace of Troy—  
 Blest her loved husband with a parent's joy:  
 But fate to different lands their deaths decreed,  
 This in his father's town was doomed to bleed;  
 Unthinking Mimas, by Mezentius slain,  
 Now rolls his carcass o'er the Latian plain.  
 And as a tusky boar, whom dogs invade,  
 Of Vesulus bred in the piny shade,  
 Or near Laurentia's lake, with forest mast,  
 His feasts obscene, supplied in wild repast;  
 Roused from his savage haunt—a deep retreat—  
 A length of years his unmolested seat;  
 When once in toils enclosed, no flight appears,  
 Turns sudden, foaming fierce, his bristles rears;  
 All safe at distance stand, and none is found  
 Whose valour dares inflict a nearer wound:  
 Dreadless, meanwhile, to every side he turns,  
 His teeth he gnashes, and with rage he burns;  
 The united vengeance of the field derides,  
 A forest rattles as he shakes his sides;

So fare the Tuscan troops; with noisy rage  
And shouts in the mixed tumult they engage;  
All from afar their missive weapons throw,  
Fearful in equal arms to meet the foe.  
Next Grecian Acron rushed into the plain,  
Who came from Coritus's ancient reign:  
Him thirst of fame to warlike dangers led,  
The joys untasted of the bridal bed;  
From far Mezentius eyed him with delight,  
In arms refulgent, as he mixed in fight;  
Full o'er his breast, in gold and purple known,  
The tokens of his love conspicuous shone.  
Then, as a lion thirsting after blood,  
(For him persuades the keen desire of food),  
If, or a frisking goat he chance to view,  
Or branching stag, that leads the stately crew:  
Rejoices, gaping wide, he makes his way  
Furions, and clings incumbent on the prey,  
That helpless pants beneath his horrid paws,  
The blood o'erflowing laves his greedy jaws:  
So keen Mezentius rushes on each foe,  
Unhappy Acron sinks beneath his blow.  
Mad in the pangs of death, he spurns the ground,  
The blood distains the broken spear around.  
Then fled Orodes shameful from the fight,  
The victor scorned the advantage of his flight;  
But fired with rage, through cleaving ranks he ran,  
And face to face opposed, and man to man;  
Not guileful from behind his spear to throw  
A wound unseen, but strikes an adverse blow.  
Then with his foot his dying foe he pressed,  
Leaned on his lance, and thus his friends addressed:  
Lo! where Orodes gasps upon the sand,  
His death was due to this victorious hand,  
Large portion of the war! Exulting cries  
Ascend amain, and ring along the skies.  
To whom the vanquished, with imperfect sound,  
All weak and faint, and dying of the wound:  
Nor long my ghost shall unrevenged repine,  
Nor long the triumph of my fall be thine;  
Thee equal fates, insulting man, remain,  
Thee death yet waits, and this the fatal plain.  
Him, as he rolled in death, Mezentius spied,  
He smiled severe, and thus contemptuous cried:  
Die thou the first; as he thinks fit, for me,  
The sire of heaven and earth, let Jove decree.  
He said, and pulled the weapon from the wound,  
The purple life ebb'd out upon the ground;  
Death's clay-cold hand shut up the sinking light,  
And o'er his closing eyes drew the dark mist of night.

By Cædicus' great arm Alcathous fell;  
Sacrator sent Hydaspes down to hell;  
Parthenius dies by Rapo slain in fight;  
And Orses vast, of more than mortal might.  
Next sunk two warriors, Clonius the divine,  
And Ericetes of Lycaon's line;  
The issue of the god, their deaths renowned,  
Whose forked trident rules the deep profound.  
His courser, inobedient to the rein,  
Great Ericetes tumbled to the plain.  
Prone as he lay, swift fled the thirsty dart,  
And found the mortal passage to his heart.  
Then lights the victor from his lofty steed,  
And foot to foot engaged, made Clonius bleed.  
Then Lycian Agis, boastful of his might,  
Provoked the bravest foe to single fight;  
Him boldly Tuscan Valerus assailed,  
And in the virtues of his sire prevailed.  
By Salius' arm, the swift Antronius bled;  
Nealecs' javelin struck the victor dead;  
Nealecs, skilled the sounding dart to throw,  
And wing the treacherous arrow to the foe.  
Mars, raging god, and stern, the war confounds,  
Equals the victor's shouts and dying sounds.  
Encountering various on the embattled field,  
Now fierce they rush, now fierce retreating yield.  
With equal rage each adverse battle glows,  
Nor flight is known to these, nor known to those.  
Tysiphone enjoys the direful sight,  
Pale, furious, fell, and storms amidst the fight.  
The gods, from Jove's immortal dome, survey  
Each army toiling through the dreadful day;  
With tender pity touched, lament the pain  
That human life is destined to sustain:  
On either side two deities are seen,  
Jove's awful consort, and soft Beauty's queen;  
The wife of Jove the conqueror's palm implores,  
Soft Beauty's queen her Trojan's loss deplores.

Again his javelin huge Mezentius wields,  
Again tumultuous he invades the fields;  
Large as Orion, when the giant stalks,  
A bulk immense! through Nereus midmost walks;  
Secure he cleaves his way, the billows braves,  
His sinewy shoulders tower above the waves:  
Bearing an ash, increased in strength with years,  
That huge upon the mountain's height appears;  
He strides along, each step the earth divides,  
In clouds obscure his lofty head resides;  
In stature huge, amidst the war's alarms,  
Such shone the tyrant in gigantic arms.

Him, as exulting in the ranks he stood,  
At distance seen, and rioting in blood,  
Æneas hastes to meet, in all his might  
He stands collected, and awaits the fight;  
First measuring, as he stood in act to throw,  
With nice survey, the distance of his foe:  
This arm, this spear, he cried, assert my might;  
These are my gods, and these assist in fight;  
His armour from the boastful robber won,  
Shall tower a trophy to my conquering son.  
He said, and flings the dart with dreadful force,  
The dart drove on merrily from the course;  
It reached the shield, the shield the blow repelled,  
Nor fell the javelin guiltless on the field;  
But piercing 'twixt the side and bowels, tore  
The famed Anthores, and deep drank the gore:  
He, in his lusty years, from Argos sent  
With famed Alcides, on his labours went;  
Tired with his toils, a length of woes o'erpast,  
In the Evandrian realm he fixed at last;  
Called back again to war, where glory calls,  
Unhappy, by a death unmeant, he falls:  
To heaven his mournful eyes the dying throws;  
In his last thoughts his native Argos rose;  
Straight then his beaming lance the Trojan threw,  
Swift, hissing on the wind, the weapon flew;  
The plates of threefold brass were forced to yield,  
And three bull's hides that bound the solid shield:  
Deep in his lower groin, an arm so strong  
Drove the sharp point, but brought not death along.  
Then joyful, as the Trojan hero spied  
The spouting blood pour down his wounded side,  
Like lightning, from his thigh his sword he drew,  
And furious on the astonished warrior flew.  
As Lausus saw, full sore he heaved the sigh;  
The ready tear stood trembling in his eye;  
His father's danger touched the youthful chief,  
With pious haste he ran to his relief:  
Nor shall thou sink unmoted to the tomb,  
Unsung thy noble deed and early doom;  
If future times to such a deed will give  
Their faith, to future times thy name shall live.  
Disabled, trembling for a death so near,  
The father, slow receding, drags the spear;  
Just in that moment, as, suspended high,  
The flaming sword shone adverse to the sky,  
The daring youth rushed in and fronts the foe,  
And from his father turns the impending blow:  
His friends, with joyful shouts, reply around,  
Through all their echoes all the hills resound;

As, wondering, they beheld the wounded sire,  
Protected by the son, from fight retire.  
A dark'ning flight of singing shafts annoy,  
From every quarter poured, the Prince of Troy;  
He stands against the fury of the field,  
And rages, covered with his mighty shield.  
And as when stormy winds encountering loud,  
Burst with rude violence the bellowing cloud;  
Precipitate to earth, the tempest pours  
The vexing hailstones, thick in sounding showers:  
The deluged plains then every ploughman flies,  
And every hind and traveller sheltered lies;  
Or, where the rock high overarched impends,  
Or, where the river's shelving bank defends,  
That, powerful o'er the storm, when bright the ray  
Shines forth, they each may exercise the day.  
Loud sounds the gathered storm, o'er all the field  
The cloud of war pours thundering on his shield;  
Yet still he tried, with friendly care, to save  
The unhappy youth, unfortunately brave!  
Ah! whither dost thou urge thy fatal course,  
In daring deeds, unequal to thy force?  
Too pious in thy love, thy love betrays,  
Nor such the vigour crowns thy youthful days.  
Not thus advised, the youth still fronts the foe,  
Exulting, and provokes the lingering blow:  
For now, his martial bosom all on fire,  
The Trojan leader's tide of rage swelled higher;  
For now, the sisters viewed the fatal strife,  
And wound up the last threads of Lausus' life;  
Deep plunged the shining falchion in his breast,  
Pierced his thin armour and embroidered vest,  
That, rich in ductile gold, his mother wove  
With her own hands, the witness of her love.  
His breast was filled with blood, then sad and slow,  
Through air resolved, the spirit fled below:  
As, ghastly pale, the chief the dying spied,  
His hands he stretched to heaven, and pitying sighed;  
His sire Anchises rose, an image dear,  
Sad in his soul, and forced the tender tear.  
What praise, O youth! unhappy in thy fate,  
What can Æneas yield to worth so great?  
Worth that distinguished in thy deed appears,  
Ripe in thy youth and early in thy years!  
Thy arms, once pleasing objects of thy care,  
Inviolatè from hostile spoil I spare;  
Thy breathless body on thy friends bestow,  
To mitigate thy pensive spirit's woe;  
If aught below the separate soul can move,  
Solicitous of what is done above.

(Yet in the grave, perhaps, from every care  
Released, nor knowledge nor device is there),  
That, gathered to thy sires, thy friends may mourn  
Thy hapless fall, and dust to dust return:  
This to thy solace in the world below,  
'Twas I, the great Æneas, struck the blow.  
He said, and beckoning, chides his friends' delay,  
And pious to assist, directs the way,  
To rear him from the ground, with friendly care,  
Dishonoured foul with blood his comely hair.

The wretched father now, by Tiber shore,  
Washed from his streaming thigh the crimson gore:  
Pained with his wound, and weary from the fight,  
A tree's broad trunk supports his drooping weight;  
A bough, his helmet beaming far, sustains;  
His heavier armour rests along the plains:  
Panting and sick, his body downward bends,  
And to his breast his length of beard descends:  
He leans his careful head upon his hand;  
Around him wait a melancholy band:  
Much of his Lausus asks, and many sent  
To warn him back—a father's kind intent:  
How vainly sent! for, breathless from the field  
They bear the youth, extended on his shield!  
Loud wailing, mourned him slain in early bloom,  
Mighty, and by a mighty wound o'ercome.

Far off the sounds of woe the father hears;  
He trembles in the foresight of his fears:  
With dust, the hoary honours of his head  
Sad he deforms, and cleaves unto the dead.  
Then both his hands to heaven aloft he spread,  
And thus, in fulness of his sorrows, said:  
Could then this lust of life so warp my mind,  
That I could think of leaving thee behind  
Whom I begot, unhappy in my stead  
To meet the warrior, and for me to bleed?  
Now fate severe has struck too deep a blow;  
Now first I feel a wretched exile's woe.  
And is it thus I draw this wretched breath,  
Saved by thy wound, and living by thy death?  
I too, my son, with horrid guilt profaned  
Thy sacred virtues, and their lustre stained;  
Outcast! abandoned by the care of heaven!  
From empire and paternal sceptres driven!  
My people's hatred and insulting scorn,  
The merit of my crimes I've justly born:  
To thousand deaths this wicked soul could give,  
Since now 'tis crime enough that I can live—  
Can yet sustain the light, and human race!  
Wretched as I am!—But short shall be the space.

He said, and as he said, he reared from ground  
His fainting limbs, yet staggering from the wound;  
But whole and undiminished still remains  
His strength of soul, unbroke with toil and pains.  
He calls his steed, successful from each fight,  
With whom he marched, his glory and delight;  
With words like these his conscious steed addressed,  
That mourned as with his master's ills oppressed:  
Rhæbus, we long have lived, in arms combined,  
If long the frail possessions of mankind;  
This day thou shalt bring back, to crown our toils,  
The Trojan hero's head and glittering spoils;  
Torn from the bloody man, with me shall take  
A dear revenge, for murdered Lausus' sake:  
If strength shall fail to ope the destined way,  
Together fall, and press the Latian clay;  
For after me, I trust, thou wilt disdain  
A Trojan leader, and an alien rein.  
He said; the steed receives his wonted weight,  
The tyrant armed, and furious for the fight:  
His blazing helmet formidably graced  
With nodding horse-hair bright'ning o'er the crest:  
With deathful javelins next he fills his hands,  
And spurs his steed, and seeks the fighting bands:  
Grief mixed with madness, shame of former flight,  
And love by rage enflamed to desperate height,  
And conscious knowledge of his valour, wrought  
Fierce in his breast, and boiled in every thought.  
He calls Æneas thrice; Æneas heard  
The welcome sound, and thus his prayer preferred:  
May Jove, supreme of gods, who rules on high,  
And he to whom 'tis given to gild the sky,  
Far-shooting king! inspire thee to draw near  
Swift to thy fate, and grant thee to my spear.  
But he—my Lausus ravished from my sight—  
Me with vain words, O cruel! would'st affright;  
With age, with watchings, and with labours worn,  
Death is below my fear, and gods I scorn!  
I come resolved to die; but ere I go,  
Receive this dart, the present of a foe!  
He said; the javelin hissed along the skies,  
Another after, and another flies,  
Thick and incessant, as he rides the field,  
Still all the storm sustains the golden shield.  
Firm as Æneas stood, thrice rode he round,  
Urging his darts, the compass of the ground;  
Thrice wheeled Æneas, thrice his buckler bears  
About, a brazen wood of rising spears:  
Pressed in unrighteous fight, with just disdain  
To wrench so many darts, and wrench in vain,



Much pondering in his mind, the chief revolved  
 Each rising thought; at last he springs resolved.  
 Full at the warrior steed the hostile wood  
 He threw, that pierced his brain and drank the blood:  
 Stung with the pain, the steed upreared on high  
 His sounding hoofs, and lashed the yielding sky;  
 Prone fell the warrior from his lofty height,  
 His shoulders broad received the courser's weight.  
 From host to host the mingling shouts rebound,  
 Deep echoing, all in fire, the heavens resound;  
 Unsheathed his flaming blade, Æneas flies,  
 And thus addressed the warrior as he lies:  
 Say, where is now Mezentius, great and bold,  
 That haughty spirit, fierce and uncontrolled?  
 To whom the Tuscan, with recovered breath,  
 As faint he viewed the skies, recalled from death:  
 Dost thou the stroke, insulting man! delay?  
 Haste, let thy vengeance take its destined way;  
 Death never can disgrace the warrior's fame,  
 Who dies in fight; nor conquest was my aim;  
 Slain, savage, by thy hand in glorious strife,  
 Not so my Lausus bargained for my life;  
 Deprived of him, sole object of my love,  
 I seek to die—for joy is none above!  
 Yet, piteous of my fate, this grace allow—  
 If pity to the vanquished foe be due—  
 Suffer my friends my gathered bones to burn,  
 And decent lay me in the funeral urn:  
 Full well I know, my people's hate, decreed  
 Against the living, will pursue the dead;  
 My breathless body from their fury save!  
 And grant my son the partner of my grave.  
 He said; and stedfast eyed the victor foe,  
 Then gave his breast undaunted to the blow.  
 The rushing blood distained his arms around;  
 The soul indignant sought the shades profound!

[In the MS. volume, the foregoing is said to have been "written in 1719," the author being then only in his fifteenth year. It was printed in the editions of his Poems, with certain emendations, the chief of which are as follows:—

The lines 3 to 6, of page 77, read thus in the MS.—

"As, on its basis fixed, a solid rock,  
 Braves all the ocean, rising to the shock;  
 In vain, above the bursting thunders glow,  
 In vain, the sounding tempests lash below."



Line 34 reads—

“Bred in Mount Vesulus's piny shade.”

Lines 40 to 46, page 79, read —

“Or as an ash, increased in strength with years,  
Sublime upon the mountain's height appears;  
Deep, wondrous deep, its roots the earth divide,  
In clouds obscure its lofty tops reside.”

The other alterations are not numerous, and chiefly verbal.]

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## THE EPISODE OF THE THISTLE.

FLOWERS, Book I.

Nor to the garden sole, where fair resides  
As in her court the scarlet Queen, amid  
Her train of flow'ry nymphs, does Nature boon  
Indulge her gifts: but to each nameless field,  
When the warm sun rejoicing in the year  
Stirs up the latent juice, she scatters wide  
Her rosy children: then innumerable births,  
As from the womb spring up, and wide perfume  
Their cradles with ambrosial sweets around.  
Far as the eye can reach all nature smiles,  
Hill, dale, or valley, where a lucid stream  
Leads thro' the level down, his silver maze,  
Gliding, with even pace, direct, as one  
On journey bent, and now meand'ring fair,  
Unnumber'd currents to and fro convolv'd,  
His pastime, underneath the azure green  
The wanton fishes sport; and round his banks,  
Sole or in consort, the ærial kind  
Resound in air with song: the wild thyme here  
Breathes fragrance, and a thousand glittering flowers  
Art never sow'd. Even here the rising weed  
The landscape paints—the lion's yellow tooth,  
Th' enamell'd daisy, with its rose adorn'd—  
The prickly briar, and the thistle rude,  
An armed warrior, with his host of spears.  
Thrice happy plant! fair Scotia's greatest pride,  
Emblem of modest valour, unprovok'd  
That harmeth not, provok'd that will not bear  
Wrong unreveng'd; what tho' the humble root  
Dishonour'd erst, the growth of every field  
Arose unheeded thro' the stubborn soil

Jeune: tho' softer flowers, disdainful, fly  
 Thy fellowship, nor in the nosegay join,  
 Ill-match'd compeers; not less the dews of heav'n  
 Bathe thy rough cheeks, and wash thy warlike mail.  
 Gift of indulgent skies! the lily pure  
 And rose of fragrant leaf, best represent  
 Maria's snowy breast and ruddy cheek  
 Blushing with bloom: tho' Ormond's laurel rear  
 Sublimier branch, indulging loftier shade  
 To heaven-instructed bard, that strings beneath,  
 Melodious, his sounding wire, to tales  
 Of beauty's praise, or from victorious camps  
 Heroes returning fierce. Unenvied may  
 The snowy lily flourish round the brow  
 Of Gallia's king: the thistle, happier far,  
 Exalted into nobler fame, shall rise  
 Triumphant o'er each flower, to Scotia's bards  
 Subject of lasting song, their monarch's choice;  
 Who, bounteous to the lowly weed, refused  
 Each other plant, and bade the thistle wave,  
 Embroider'd, in his ensigns, wide display'd  
 Along the mural breach: how oft, beneath  
 Its martial influence, has Scotia's sons  
 Thro' every age with dauntless valour fought  
 On every hostile ground? while o'er their breast,  
 Companion to the silver star, blest type  
 Of fame unsullied and superior deed,  
 Distinguish'd ornament! their native plant  
 Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row  
 Of gems, emblaz'd, and flame of radiant gold,  
 A sacred mark, their glory and their pride.

But wouldst thou know how first th' illustrious plant  
 Rose to renown: here the recording muse,  
 While back thro' ages that have roll'd she leads  
 Th' inquiring eye, and wakens into life  
 Heroes and mighty kings, whose god-like deeds  
 Are now no more, yet still the fame survives,  
 Victor o'er time, the triumph of the muse.

As yet for love of arts and arms renown'd,  
 For hoary sires with gifts of wisdom grac'd,  
 Unrivall'd maids in beauty's bloom, desire  
 Of every eye, and youthful gallant chiefs  
 For courage fam'd and blest with sacred song,  
 Flourished, sublime, the Pietish throne; and shar'd,  
 Rival of Scotia's power, fair Caledon.  
 Equals in sway, while both alike aspired  
 To single rule, disdaining to obey:  
 Oft led by hate and thirst of dire revenge  
 For ravish'd beauty, or for kindred slain,  
 Wide-wasting others' realms with inroads fierce,

Until the second Kenneth, great in arms,  
Brandish'd th' avenging sword, that low in dust,  
Humbled the haughty race: yet oft, of war  
Weary, and havoc dire, in mutual blood  
Imbru'd, the nations join'd in leagues of peace  
Short space enjoy'd; when nice suspicious fears  
By jealous love of empire bred, again,  
With fatal breath, blew the dire flame of war,  
Rekindling fierce: thus when Achaius reign'd,  
By the disposing will of gracious heav'n  
Ordain'd the Prince of Peace, fair Ethelind,  
Grace of the Pictish throne, in rosy youth,  
Of beauteous bloom, in his young heart, inspir'd  
Spousal-desires, soft love, and dove-ey'd peace,  
Her dowry. Then, his hymeneal torch,  
Concord, high brandish'd; and in bonds of love,  
Link'd the contending race. But ah! how vain  
Hopes mortal man, his joys on earth to last  
Perpetual and sincere; for Athelstane,  
Fierce from the conquest of great Alured,  
Northumbrian ruler, came. On Tweda's shore  
Full twenty thousand brazen spears, he fixt,  
Shining a deathful view; dismay'd the brave  
Erst undismay'd: even he, their warlike chief,  
Hungus, in arms, a great and mighty name,  
Felt his fierce heart, suspended, if to meet  
Th' outrageous Saxon, dreadful in the ranks  
Of battle disarray'd. Suppliant of help,  
He sues the Scottish race, by friendly ties  
Adjur'd and nuptial rites and equal fears.  
Led by their gallant prince, the chosen train  
Forsake their native walls. The glad acclaim  
Of shouting crowds, and the soft virgin's wish  
Pursue the parting chiefs to battle sent,  
With omens not averse. Darkness arose  
O'er heav'n and earth, as now but narrow space  
Sundred each hostile force: sole in his tent  
The youthful chief, the hope of Albion, lay  
Slumb'ring secure, when in the hour of sleep  
A venerable form, St. Andrew, seen  
Majestic, solemn, grand, before his sight  
In vision, stood: his deep and piercing eye  
Look'd wisdom, and mature sedateness weigh'd  
To doubtful counsels, from his temples flow'd  
His hair, white as the snowy fleece that clothes  
The Alpine ridge, across his shoulders hung  
A baldric, where some heavenly pencil wrought  
Th' events of years to come prophetic drawn,  
Seasons and times: in his right hand he held  
A cross, far beaming thro' the night; his left

A pointed thistle rear'd. Fear not he eried,  
 Thy country's early pride; for lo! to thee  
 Commission'd I, from heav'n's eternal King,  
 Ætherial messenger of tidings glad,  
 Propitious now am sent. Then be thou bold,  
 To-morrow shall deliver to thy hand  
 The troops of Athelstane. But oh! attend,  
 Instructed from the skies, the terms of fate,  
 Conditional, assign'd; for if misled  
 By cursed lust of arbitrary sway,  
 Thou, or of thee to come, thy race shall wage  
 Injurious war, unrighteous to invade  
 His neighbour's realms, who dares the guilty deed,  
 Him heaven shall desert in needful hour  
 Of sad distress, deliver'd o'er a prey  
 To all the nations round. This plant I bear,  
 Expressive emblem of thy equal deed.  
 This, inoffensive in its native field,  
 Peaceful inhabitant, and lowly grows;  
 Yet who with hostile hands its bristly spears  
 Unpunish'd may provoke? and such be thou,  
 Unprompt t'invade, and active to defend;  
 Wise fortitude! but when the morning flames,  
 Secure, in heaven, against yon fated host  
 Go up and overcome. When home return'd  
 With triumph crown'd, grateful to me shall rear  
 A rising temple on the destin'd space,  
 With lofty towers and battlements adorn'd,  
 A house where God shall dwell. The vision spoke,  
 And mix'd with night, when starting from his couch  
 The youth from slumber wak'd. The mingled cries  
 Of horse, and horsemen furious for the day,  
 Assail his ears. And now both armies closed,  
 Tempestuous fight. Aloud the welkin roars,  
 Resounding wide, and groans of death are heard  
 Superior o'er the din. The rival chiefs  
 Each adverse battle gor'd. Here Athelstane,  
 Horrent in mail, rear'd high his moony shield  
 With Saxon trophies charg'd and deeds of blood,  
 Horrid achievement! nor less furious there  
 Hungus, inflam'd with desp'rate rage, and keen  
 Desire of victory; and near him join'd,  
 With social valour, by the vision fir'd,  
 The hopes of Caledon, the Scottish oak  
 Plies furious, that from the mighty's blood,  
 Return'd not back unstain'd. Thus when the seeds  
 Of fire and nitrous spume and grain adust,  
 Sulphureous, distend earth's hollow womb,  
 Sicilian Ætna labours to disgorge  
 Dreadful irruption, from the smoking top

Flows down the molten rock in liquid ore,  
 A threefold current to the wasted plain,  
 Each ravaging a sep'rate way: so fought  
 Desp'rate the chiefs; nine hours in equal scale  
 The battle hung, the tenth the angel rear'd  
 The tutelary cross, then disarray  
 Fell on the Saxon host. Thus when of old  
 Th' Amalekite in vale of Rephidim,  
 Against the chosen race of Judah, set  
 The battle in array, and various chance  
 Alternate rul'd, when as the sun went down,  
 Aaron and Hur upstaid the failing hands  
 Of Moses, to sustain the potent rod,  
 Till Israel overthrew: thus sore that day  
 The battle went against the numerous hosts  
 Of Athelstane, impure; the daring chief,  
 Far from the slaughter borne, a swelling stream  
 By sudden rains high surging o'er its banks,  
 Impervious to his flight, forever sunk,  
 Number'd amongst the dead. Then rout on rout,  
 Confusion on confusion, wild dismay,  
 And slaughter raging wide, o'erturn'd the bands  
 E'rewhile so proud array'd. Amaz'd they fled  
 Before the Scottish sword; for from the sword,  
 From the drawn sword, they fled, the bended bow,  
 The victor's shout, and honour of the war.

The royal youth, thus victor of his vows,  
 Leads to his native land with conquest crown'd.  
 His warring powers; nor of the heavenly dream  
 Unmindful, bade the promis'd towers aspire  
 With solemn rites made sacred to the name  
 Of him in vision seen. Then to inspire  
 Love of heroic worth, and kindle seeds  
 Of virtuous emulation in the soul  
 Rip'ning to deed, he crown'd his manly breast  
 With a refulgent star, and in the star  
 Amidst the rubies' blaze, distinguish'd shines  
 The sainted cross, around whose golden verge  
 The embroider'd thistle, blest enclosure! winds  
 A warlike foliage of ported spears  
 Defenceful: last, partakers of his fame,  
 He adds a chosen train of gallant youths,  
 Illustrious fellowship! above their peers  
 Exalted eminent: the shining band,  
 Devote to fame, along the crowded streets  
 Are led, exulting, to the lofty fane  
 With holy festival and ritual pomp  
 Install'd, of solemn prayer, and offer'd vows  
 Inviolat, and sacred, to preserve  
 The ordinance of heav'n, and great decrees

Voice of the silent night:\* O ill foreseen,  
 O judgments ill forewarn'd and sure denounc'd  
 Of future woes and cov'nants broke in blood,  
 That children's children wept: how didst thou grieve,  
 O virgin daughter, and what tears bedew'd  
 The cheek of hoary age, when, as the fates,  
 Transgress'd the high command, severely will'd,  
 The hapless youth, as the fierce lion's whelp,  
 Fell in the fatal snare? that sacred head  
 Where late the graces dwelt, and wisdom mild  
 Subdued attention, gastly, pale, deform'd,  
 Of royalty despoil'd, by ruthless hands  
 Fixt on a spear, the scoff of gazing crowds,  
 Mean triumph, borne: then first the radiant cross  
 Submitted in the dust, dishonour foul,  
 Her holy splendours; first, the thistle's spears  
 Broke by a hostile hand, the silver star  
 Felt dim eclipse, and mourn'd in dark sojourn,  
 A tedious length of years, till he, the fifth  
 Triumphant James, of Stuart's ancient line,  
 Restor'd the former grace, and bade it shine,  
 With added gifts adorn'd. To chosen twelve,  
 Invested with the ornaments of fame,  
 Their sovereign's love, he bounteous, gave to wear,  
 Across their shoulders flung, the radiant brede  
 Of evening blue, of simple faith unstain'd,  
 Mysterious sign and loyalty sincere.  
 Approven chiefs! how many sons enroll'd  
 In the fair deathless list, has Scotia seen,  
 Or terrible in war for bold exploit?  
 Best champions! or in the mild arts of peace  
 Lawgivers wise, and of endanger'd rights  
 Firm guardians in evil times, to death  
 Asserting virtue's cause, and virtue's train?  
 Blest patronage! nor these, with envy, view  
 Th' embroider'd garter to surround the knee  
 Of military chiefs of Brutus' blood;  
 With equal honours grac'd, while monarchs bear  
 The consecrated cross, and happy plant  
 Bright on the regal robe; nor valued more  
 Th' anointing oil of heav'n. In Britain's shield  
 The northern star mingles with George's beams,  
 Consorted light, and near Hibernia's harp,  
 Breathing the sp'rit of peace and social love,  
 Harmonious power, the Scottish thistle fills  
 Distinguish'd place, and guards the English Rose.

\* This refers to the story of King Alpin slain by the Picts, and his head fixed to a pole. See Buchanan, Book V.

[The foregoing poem, which relates in a very elegant manner the well-known legend of the Thistle, was printed in the editions 1748 and 1760. It differs very slightly from the MS. copy, the emendations being chiefly verbal. In line 9, page 86, the name "Ormond" has been substituted for "Campbell;" while similar changes have been made in lines 25 and 26 in page 80, which read thus in the original :—

"Orkney or Stair," with dauntless valour fought  
On "Gallia's hostile" ground? while o'er their breast.]

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### S O N G.

Would'st thou know her sacred charms  
Who this destin'd heart alarms,  
What kind of nymph the heavens decree  
The maid that's made for love and me.

Who pants to hear the sigh sincere,  
Who melts to see the tender tear,  
From each ungente passion free;  
Such the maid that's made for me.

Who joys whene'er she sees me glad,  
Who sorrows when she sees me sad;  
For peace and me can pomp resign,  
Such the heart that's made for mine.

Whose soul with gen'rous friendship glows;  
Who feels the blessing she bestows;  
Gentle to all, but kind to me,  
Such be mine, if such there be.

Whose genuine thoughts devoid of art,  
Are all the natives of her heart;  
A simple train, from falsehood free,  
Such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt, ye light coquets, retire  
Whom glittering fops around admire;  
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,  
More genuine beauties are for me.

Should Love, fantastie as he is,  
Raise up some rival to my bliss;  
And should she change, but can that be!  
No other maid is made for me.

## A SONG,

BY A YOUNG LADY ON READING THE FOREGOING.

If you would know, my dearest friend,  
 The man whose merit may pretend  
 To gain my heart, that yet is free,  
 Him that's made for love and me:

His mind should be his chiefest care,  
 All his improvements centre there,  
 From each unmanly passion free;  
 That is the man who's made for me.

Whose generous bosom goodness warms,  
 Whom sacred virtue ever charms,  
 Who to no vice a slave will be;  
 This is the man who's made for me.

Whose tongue can easily impart  
 The dictates of his honest heart,  
 In plain good sense; from flatt'ry free;  
 Such he must be who's made for me.

He alone can love inspire,  
 Who feels the warmth of friendship's fire;  
 Humane and gen'rous, kind and free;  
 That is the man who's made for me.

If such an one, my friend e'er tries  
 To make me his by strictest ties,  
 The study of my life shall be,  
 To please the man so dear to me.

Ye powder'd beaux, from me retire,  
 Who only your dear selves admire;  
 Tho' deck'd in richest lace you be,  
 No tinsel'd fop has charms for me.

GLASGOW.

## REPLY BY MR. HAMILTON.

—Sed quæ legat ipsa Lycoris. VIRG.

O gentle maid! whoe'er thou art,  
 That seek'st to bless a friendly heart;  
 Whose muse and mind seem fram'd to prove

The tenderness of mutual love:  
 The heart that flutters in his breast,  
 That longs and pants to be at rest,  
 Roam'd all around thy sex, to find  
 A gentle mate, and hop'd her kind.



I saw a face—and found it fair;  
I search'd a mind—saw goodness there:  
Goodness and beauty both combin'd;  
But heav'n forbade her to be kind.

To thee for refuge dare I fly,  
The victim of another eye?  
Poor gift! a lost, rejected heart,  
Deep wounded by a foreign dart.

From this inevitable chain,  
Alas! I hope to 'scape in vain.  
Is there a pow'r can set me free,  
A pow'r on earth—or is it thee?

Yet were thy cheek as Venus fair;  
Bloom'd all the Paphian goddess there,  
Such as she bless'd Adonis' arms;  
Thou couldst but equal LAURA's charms.

Or were thy gentlest mind replete  
With all that's mild, that's soft, that's sweet;  
Was all that's sweet, soft, mild, combin'd,  
Thou couldst but equal LAURA's mind.

Since beauty, goodness, is not found  
Of equal force to soothe his wound,  
Ah! what can ease my anguish'd mind?  
Perhaps the charm of being kind.

Canst thou transported view the lays  
That warble forth another's praise,  
Indulgent to the vow unknown,  
Well pleas'd with homage not thy own?

Canst thou the sighs with pity hear  
That swell to touch another's ear?  
Canst thou with soft compassion see  
The tears that fall, and not for thee?

Canst thou thy blooming hopes resign,  
The vow sincere, so dearly thine;  
All these resign, and prove to me  
What Laura would not deign to be?

When at thy feet I trembling fall,  
My life, my soul, my Laura call;  
Wilt thou my anxious cares beguile,  
And o'er thy face spread Laura's smile.

Perhaps Time's gently stealing pace  
May Laura's fatal form efface,  
Thou to my heart alone be dear,  
Alone thy image triumph here.

Come then, best angel! to my aid;  
Come, sure thou'rt such, the gentlest maid:  
If thou canst work this cure divine,  
My heart henceforth is wholly thine.

EDINBURGH.

## THE YOUNG LADY'S ANSWER.

Your Laura's charms I cannot boast;  
 For beauty I ne'er was a toast;  
 I'm not remarkable for sense!  
 To wit I've not the least pretence.

If gold and silver have the power  
 To charm, no thousands swell my dower;  
 No shining treasures I possess,  
 To make the world my worth confess.

An honest, plain, good-natur'd lass,  
 (The character by which I pass),  
 I doubt will scarcely have the art  
 To drive your Laura from your heart.

But, Sir, your having been in love,  
 Will not your title to me prove:  
 Far nobler qualities must be  
 In him who's made for love and me.

'Tis true, you can with ease impart  
 The dictates of your honest heart,  
 In plain good sense, from flatt'ry free:  
 But this alone won't answer me.

Once more peruse my lines with care;  
 Try if you find your picture there:  
 For by that test you'll quickly see,  
 If you're the man who's made for me.

GLASGOW.

[The foregoing verses, which called forth the Poet's reply, as stated, are understood to have been truly the composition of a young lady in Glasgow. The parody by the fair author was printed in the Scots Magazine for February 1751. The 'Reply' of Hamilton was printed in the same periodical for March following. The 'Answer' of the Glasgow lady appeared in the April number. The whole were reprinted in the edition of Hamilton's Poems 1760.]

## TO A GENTLEMAN GOING TO TRAVEL.

*Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*

Well sung of old, in everlasting strains,  
 Horace, sweet lyrist! while the Roman harp  
 He strung by Tiber's yellow bank, to charm

Tuscan Mecenas, thy well-judging ear;  
 How, in life's journey, various wishes lead  
 Through different roads, to different ends, the race  
 Diverse of human kind. The hero runs,  
 Careless of rest, of sultry Lybian heat  
 Patient, and Russian cold, to win renown,  
 Mighty in arms and warlike enterprise;  
 Vain efforts! the coquettish nymph still flies  
 Her swift pursuit, and jilts ambitious hope.  
 At home, this man, with ease and plenty blessed,  
 The towering dome delights, and gardens fair,  
 And fruitful fields with sylvan honours crowned,  
 Stretched out in wide extent; the gay machine,  
 Dear to the female race, the gilded coach,  
 With liveried servants in retinue long,  
 Adorned with splendid robes, the pompous train  
 Of pageantry and pride. His neighbour sits  
 Immured at home, a miser dire, nor dares  
 To touch his store, through dread of fancied want;  
 Industrious of gain, he treasures up  
 Large heaps of wealth, to bless a spendthrift heir,  
 That wastes in riot, luxury, and misrule,  
 The purchase of his want; nought shall he reck  
 His father's pine, when lavish he ordains  
 The feast in pillared hall or sunny bower,  
 With lust-inflaming wine, and wicked mirth  
 Prolonged to morning hour, and guilty deed.

Others again, the woods of Astery  
 Love to inhabit, or where down the Mount,  
 Sky-climbing Parnass, her sweet-sounding wave  
 Castalia pours, with potent virtues blessed;  
 Powerful to charm the ear of furious wrath,  
 To close the eye of anguish, or to strike  
 The lifted dagger from despairing breast.  
 Such Addison, and such with laurel crowned  
 Immortal Congreve, such the muses grace  
 Mæonian Pope; nor do the nine refuse  
 To rank with these Fergusian nightingale,  
 Untaught with wood-notes wild, sweet Allan light;  
 Whether on the flower-blushing bank of Tweed,  
 Or Clyde or Tay's smooth winding stream his muse  
 Chooseth to reside, or o'er the snowy hills,  
 Benlomond or proud Mornmount, all the day  
 Clad in Tartana varied garb she roves,  
 To hear of kings' and heroes' godlike deeds;  
 Or, if delighted on the knee she lies  
 Of lovely nymph, as happy lap-dog graced,  
 Intent to soothe the Scottish damsel's ear,  
 Cochrane or Hamilton, with pleasing song  
 Of him who sad beneath the withered branch

Sat of Traquhair,\* complaining of his lass;  
 Or the fond maid, that o'er the watery brink  
 Wept sleepless night and day, still wafting o'er  
 Her flying love from Aberdour's fair coast.

Others, again, by party rage inflamed,  
 Blindfolded zeal, and superstition dire,  
 Offspring of ignorance, and cloister-born,  
 With undistinguished violence, assault  
 Both good and bad. Chief of these art thou,  
 Ill-fated Wodrow, who, with leaden pen,  
 By furies dipped in gall of Stygian lake,  
 Writ'st numerous follies; numerous as thy saints  
 Who or at Pentland or at Bothwell fought  
 For blind opinion, and laid down their lives  
 Near where the Cross its unicorn head  
 Erects aloft, and proudly shines adorned  
 On Brunswick's day, or where her weekly sale  
 Grassmarket sees of horses, have harangued  
 From theatres of wood, the listening saints  
 Below assembled, sad and discontent.  
 There is, who, studious of his shape and mien,  
 On dress alone employs his care to please,  
 Aspiring with his outward show; who, vain  
 Of flaxen hair perfumed and Indian cane,  
 Embroidered vest, and stocking silver-clocked,  
 Walks through the admiring train of ladies bright,  
 Sole on himself intent; best likened to  
 The painted insect, that in summer's heat  
 Flutters the gardens round with glossy wing,  
 Distinct with eyes; him oft the tender Miss,  
 Escaped from sampler and the boarding-school,  
 Pursues with weary foot from flower to flower,  
 Tulip or lily bright, or rubied rose,  
 And often in the hollow of her hand  
 Retains him captive, sweet imprisonment!  
 But, ah! how vain the joys the beau can boast;  
 A while he shines in tavern, visit, dance,  
 Unrivalled, clad in rich refulgent garb,  
 Laced or brocaded, till the merchant bold,  
 With messenger conspiring mortal dire,  
 Of merciless heart, throw him in dungeon deep,  
 Recluse from ladies; what avails him then  
 The love of women, or the many balls  
 He made to please the fair? there must he lie  
 Irremediless, if not by pity won,  
 Fair Cytherea, sea-begotten dame,  
 By spousal gifts from sooty Vulcan earn  
 Fallacious key, as erst by love o'ercome,

\* "The Bonny Bush aboon Traquair."—BALLAD.

He forged celestial arms to grace her son,  
 Anchises-born, and in the borrowed form  
 Of longing widow, or of maiden aunt,  
 (While sly Cyllenius, with opiate charm  
 Of Ceres, the still watching Argus eyes  
 Of keeper drench in sleep profound), release  
 The captive knight from the enchanted dome.

Thus others choose, their choice affects not me;  
 For each his own delight, with secret force  
 Magnetic, as with links of love, constrains.  
 Behoves me then to say what bias rules  
 My inclinations, since desire of fame  
 Provokes me not to win renown in arms,  
 Nor at Pieria's silver spring to slake  
 The insatiate thirst; to write on the coy nymph  
 Love-laboured sonnet, nor in well-dressed beau  
 To please the lovely sex. For me at Keith's\*  
 Awaits a bowl, capacious for my cares;  
 There will I drown them all, no daring thought  
 Shall interrupt my mirth, while there I sit  
 Surrounded with my friends, and envy not  
 The pomp of needless grandeur, insolent.  
 Nor shall alone the bowl of punch delight,  
 Compounded fluid! rich with juicy spoil  
 Of fair Iberia's sunny coast, combined  
 With the auxiliar aid of rack or rum,  
 Barbade or Sumatra, or Goan-born,  
 The luscious spirit of the cane, that in  
 Fermenting cups, with native element  
 Of water mixed, pure limpid stream! unite  
 Their social sweets. For us her ruddy soul  
 The Latian grape shall bleed, nor will thy hills,  
 Far-flowing Rhine, withhold their clustering vines;  
 Haste then, to friendship sacred let us pour  
 The exhilarating flood, while, as our hands  
 In union knit, we plight our mutual hearts  
 Close as the loving pair, whom holy writ  
 Renowns to future times, great Jonathan  
 And Jesse's son. Now this delights my soul!

There was a time we would not have refused  
 Macdougall's lowly roof, the land of ale;  
 Flowing with ale, as erst Canaan is said  
 To flow with honey. There we often met,  
 And quaffed away our spleen, while fits of mirth  
 Frequent were heard; nor wanted amorous song  
 Nor jocund dance; loud as in Edin town,  
 Where the tired writer pens the livelong day  
 Summons and horning, or the spousal band

\* Keith's—a celebrated coffee-house.

Of Strephon, and of Cloe, lovely lass,  
 Spent with his toil, when thirsty twilight falls,  
 He lies him gladsome to the well-known place,  
 Bull-cellar, or, O Johnstoun's, thine! where fond  
 Of drink and knowledge, erst philosophers  
 Have met; or Count's dark cymerian cell,  
 Full many a fathom deep: from far he hears  
 The social clamour through the dome resound,  
 He speeds amain to join the jovial throng.  
 So we delighted once. The bowl, meanwhile,  
 Walked ceaseless still the round, to some fair name  
 Devoted. Thine, Maria, toasted chief,  
 With duty obsequious, and thy looks benign  
 Missed not their due regard. Dundasia fair  
 Claimed next the kindred lay; nor didst thou pass  
 Constance uncelebrated or unsung.  
 Hail, sacred three! hail, sister-minds! may heaven  
 Pour down uncommon blessings on your heads!

Thus did our younger years in pleasing stream  
 Flow inoffensive; friendship graced our days,  
 And dream of loving mistress blessed our night.  
 Now from these joys conveyed (so fate ordains),  
 Thou wanderest into foreign realms, from this  
 Far, far sejoined; no more with us to drain  
 The ample bowl; or when in heaven sublime  
 The monthly virgin, from full-gathered globe,  
 Pours down her amber streams of light, till wide  
 The ether flame, with choral symphony  
 Of voice, attempered to sweet hautboy's breath,  
 Mixed with the violin's silver sound, below  
 The window of some maid beloved, shall ply  
 The nightly serenade. To other joys  
 Thou now must turn, when on the pleasing shore  
 Of mild Hesperia thou behold'st, amazed,  
 The venerable urns of ancient chiefs,  
 Who stern in arms, and resolute to dare,  
 In freedom's cause have died, or glorious lived:  
 Camillus, Brutus, great from tyrant's blood;  
 Coriolanus, famous in exile;  
 Laurelled Zamean Scipio, the scourge  
 Of Punic race, or liberty's last hope,  
 Self-murdered Cato; consecrate to fame,  
 They live forever in the hearts of men,  
 Far better monument than costly tomb  
 Of Egypt's kings. Time, with destructive hand,  
 Shall moulder into dust the piled up stone  
 With all its praises! Ah! how vain is fame!  
 With virtue then immortalize thy life.

But these, so potent nature's will decrees,  
 Delight not me, on other thoughts intent;

Not studious at midnight lamp to pore  
The medal, learned coin where laurel wreathes  
The sacred head of kings, or beauty bright  
Of kings' sweet paramour, the lettered sage  
Or prudent senator, by eating time  
Defaced injurious, the faithless trust  
Of human greatness. Nor do I incline  
To pass the Firth that parts from Gallia's reign  
My native coast, solicitous to know  
What other lands impart; all my delights  
Are with my friends in merry hour at Steel's  
Assembled, while unrespited the glass  
Swift circles round the board, charged with fair name,  
Erskine, or Pringle thine, until the sun  
That, setting, warned us to the friendly cups,  
Awake, and view our revels incomplete.  
But if the heaven's disposer of our fate  
Force me, unwilling, shift my native land,  
O, in whatever soil my weary feet  
Are doomed to stray, O might I meet my friend!  
Or, if the rising sun shall gild my steps  
On fruitful fields of Ind. Bengalia's shore,  
Spice-bearing Tidor's Isle, or where at eve,  
Near western Califurn, beneath the main  
He sinks in gold; or on vine-fostering hills  
Of nearer Latium, nurse of kings and gods.  
O, might I view thee on the flowery verge  
Of Tiber stream renowned in poet's song,  
Or in the Roman streets, with curious eye  
Studying the polished stone, or trophied arch  
Trajan or Antonin, not long content  
With toil unprofitable; thee I'd lead,  
Well-pleased, to Horace' tomb, dear laughing bard,  
Where the Falernian vintage should inspire  
Sweet thoughts of past delight, the goblet rough  
With sculptured gold, rosy from Chio's Isle,  
Should warm our hearts, sacred to Pringle's cheek  
Still glowing, and to sweet Ilumeia's lip,  
To Drummoud's eye, Maria's snowy breast  
Soft heaving, or to lovely Erskine's smile;  
While on the wounded glass the diamond's path  
Faithful shall show each favourite virgin's name,  
Not without verse and various emblem graced:  
The Latian youth, at merry revels met,  
In fancy shall admire the Scottish maid,  
Bright as the ruddy virgin Roman born;  
Nor with their native dames refuse to join,  
Impartial, their health beloved: and would  
The nine inspire me equal to my choice,  
In lays such as the Roman swan might sing,

Fair as Horatian Lydia should my Hume  
 Forever flourish, or Næra bright  
 Of soft Tibullus' muse the lovely theme.  
 Nor should alone, in melancholy strains  
 Of cruel nymph and constant vows refused,  
 Gallus complain, when on the flinty rock,  
 Or wailing near earth-diving Arethuse,  
 Sicilian stream, he made to woods his moan,  
 Despairing of his loves. Maria's scorn,  
 Clothed in the style of Mantua, should shine  
 As thine, Lycoris, theme of future song  
 Surviving as itself. Maria's scorn  
 Forever I endure; ah! hard return  
 To warmth like mine! Nathless, the mourning muse  
 Must praise the maid still beauteous in her eye,  
 Crowned with each lovely grace and warm in bloom;  
 Though sullen to my suit, her ear be shut  
 Against my vows, ungracious to my love.

But this as time directs; thy health demands  
 The present care, and joys within our power:  
 Nor shall we not be mindful of thy love,  
 Met in our festivals of mirth; but when  
 Thou to thy native Albion shalt return,  
 From whate'er coast, or Russia's northern bear,  
 Inclement sky! or Italy the blest  
 Indulgent land, the muse's best beloved,  
 Over a wonderous bowl of flowing punch  
 We'll plight our hands anew at Don's or Steel's,\*  
 Who bears the double keys, of plenty sign;  
 Or at facetious Thom's, or Adamson,  
 Who rears alone—what needs she more?—the vine,  
 Emblem of potent joys! herself with looks  
 Suasive to drink, fills up the brimming glass,  
 Well-pleased to see the sprightly healths go round!

Hail, and farewell! may heaven defend thee safe,  
 And to thy natal shore and longing friends  
 Restore thee, when thy destined toils are o'er,  
 Polished with manners and enriched with arts.

[This poem was printed, apparently for the first time, in the edition of 1760. It differs very slightly from the copy in the MS. volume, with the exception of the passage commencing, page 96, line 3—

“Chief of these art thou,  
 Ill-fated Wodrow,” &c.;

\* Both “Don's and Steill's” are mentioned by Ramsay as celebrated taverns in his time; the others are unrecorded, so far as we are aware, save in this poem.



which was suppressed, from prudential motives, no doubt. After all, Wodrow was a much more candid Whig historian than many of his successors.]

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## TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER SINGING.

Such, skill'd the tender verse to frame,  
And softly strike the golden lyre;  
A stranger to the softening flame,  
And new to ev'ry mild desire.

Sweets that crown the budding year,  
Pour'd from the zephyr's tepid wing,  
Saw Sappho in the grove appear,  
The rival of the vocal spring.

To try the heart-subduing strains,  
Anon the vernal scenes impel  
O'er lofty rocks and rilly plains  
Soft warbled from th' Eolian shell.

Or such as in the bright abodes,  
The youngest muse with glories crown'd,  
To whom the sire of men and gods  
Gave all the enchanting pow'r of sound.

As at the banquet of the sky,  
Freed from the giant's impious arms,  
She drew each heavenly ear and eye,  
With beauty mingling music's charms.

Had such a voice sure to prevail,  
Soft, warbled from the syren strand,  
What wonder, if each amorous sail  
Spontaneous sought the tuneful land.

Even thou who cautious wing'st thy way,  
Had given thy tedious wand'rings o'er;  
By Julia's all-persuading lay  
Fix'd ever to the pleasing shore.

A face so sweet had sure prevail'd  
With wisdom's self to hear the voice,  
Whilst both the yielding heart assail'd,  
Here wisdom might have fix'd his choice.

## SONG.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale  
Where Yarrow streams along,  
Forsake your rural toils and join  
In my triumphant song.  
She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile  
Atones her long delays,  
One happy minute crowns the pains  
Of many suffering days.  
Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,  
These suffering days are o'er,  
Love satiates now his boundless wish  
From beauty's boundless store;  
No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears  
This rising calm destroy,  
Now every prospect smiles around  
All opening into joy.  
The sun with double lustre shone  
That dear consenting hour,  
Brighten'd each hill, and o'er each vale  
New colour'd every flower;  
The gales their gentle sighs withheld,  
No leaf was seen to move,  
The hov'ring songsters round were mute,  
And wonder hush'd the grove.  
The hills and dales no more resound  
The lambkin's tender cry,  
Without one murmur Yarrow stole  
In dimpling silence by;  
All nature seem'd in still repose  
Her voice alone to hear,  
That gently roll'd the tuneful wave,  
She spoke and blest my ear.  
Take, take, whate'er of bliss or joy  
You fondly fancy mine,  
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast  
Love renders wholly thine;  
The woods struck up, to the soft gale,  
The leaves were seen to move,  
The feather'd choir resum'd their voice,  
And wonder filled the grove.  
The hills and dales again resound  
The lambkin's tender cry,  
With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd  
The song of triumph by;  
Above, beneath, around, all on  
Was verdure, beauty, song,  
I snatch'd her to my trembling breast,  
All nature joy'd along.

## SONG.

Go, plaintive sounds! and to the fair  
My secret wounds impart,  
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,  
Each motion in my heart.

But she, methinks, is list'ning now,  
To some enchanting strain,  
The smile that triumphs o'er her brow,  
Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds, yet, yet delay,  
Howe'er my love repine,  
Let that gay minute pass away,  
The next, perhaps, is thine.

Yes, plaintive sounds, no longer crost,  
Your griefs shall soon be o'er,  
Her cheek undimpled now, has lost  
The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds, she now is yours,  
'Tis now your time to move;  
Essay to soften all her pow'rs,  
And be that softness, love.

Cease, plaintive sounds, your task is done,  
That anxious tender air  
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,  
I see you melting there.

Return, ye smiles, return again,  
Return each sprightly grace,  
I yield up to your charming reign,  
All that enchanting face.

I take no outward shew amiss,  
Rove where they will, her eyes,  
Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,  
So she but hear my sighs.

## SONG.

You ask me, charming fair,  
Why thus I pensive go,  
From whence proceeds my care,  
What nourishes my woe?

Why seek'st the cause to find  
Of ills that I endure?  
Ah! why so vainly kind  
Unless resolv'd to cure?

It needs no magic art,  
To know whence my alarms,  
Examine your own heart,  
Go read them in your charms.

Whene'er the youthful quire,  
Along the vale advance,  
To raise, at your desire,  
The lay, or form the dance.

Beneficent to each,  
You some kind grace afford,  
Gentle in deed or speech,  
A smile or friendly word.

Whilst on my love you put  
No value;—Or the same,  
As if my fire was but  
Some paltry village flame.

At this my colour flies,  
My breast with sorrow heaves,  
The pain I would disguise,  
Nor man nor maid deceives.

My love stands all-display'd,  
Too strong for art to hide,  
How soon the heart's betray'd  
With such a clue to guide!

How cruel is my fate,  
Affronts I could have borne,  
Found comfort in your hate,  
Or triumph'd in your scorn.

But whilst I thus adore,  
I'm driven to wild despair;  
Indifference is more  
Than raging love can bear.

## SPEECH OF RANDOLPH.

BRUCE, BOOK II.

Demand'st thou, mighty Bruce! to know from whence  
My lineage I derive; then hear a tale  
Well known through fair Stirlina's fruitful bounds,  
My native land; of ancient Scottish kings,  
Thy royal ancestry, O Bruce, am I  
Undoubted offspring; and, forgive the boast,  
From the same fount my blood united flows,  
Allied to thine. As yet Cameldoun's walls  
By Forth, delightful stream! encircled stood  
The seat of Edenuther, Pictish king;  
To whose destruction, eager to revenge  
The breach of faith and hospitable laws  
Insulted——His embattled host  
Fierce Corbred led: for, from Dunstaffnage towers,  
Pretending love, and hymeneal rite,  
The treacherous Pict, with meditated force,  
Bore Ethelind, her country's justest pride,  
Peerless and fair; a thousand heroes fought  
For her to death, fierce raging round the walls  
Of lofty Cameldoun: the guilty prince  
Had dearly paid the price of faith foresworn;  
But, studious of new frauds, within his walls  
H' invites the Scottish train, friendly to meet  
In amicable talk, fair Ethelind  
To be the pledge of future peace, and join  
The warring nations in eternal league  
Of love connubial: the unwitting king  
Enter'd the hostile gates; with feast and song  
The towers resound, till the dark midnight hour  
Awake the murderers: in sleep he fell  
With all his peers, in early life, and left  
His vowed revenge, and sister unredeemed.

Now was the royal virgin left expos'd  
To the fell victor's lust, no friend to aid;  
Her brother slain, and fierce and mighty chiefs  
That warr'd in her defence: how could, alas!  
Unshelter'd, helpless innocence resist  
Th' infernal ravisher? with stedfast mind  
She scorn'd his proffer'd love; by virtue's aid  
Triumphing o'er his lust. In vain, with tears  
And rough complaint, that spoke a savage heart,  
Strove he to gain and woo her to his will:  
In vain, enrag'd and ruthless in his love,  
He threaten'd. Death disdain'd, force was the last,

But that her arm oppos'd, resolv'd to strike  
 The poignard in her breast, her virtues guard.  
 All arts thus tried in vain, at last incens'd,  
 Deep in a dungeon, from the cheerful light  
 Far, far remov'd, the wretched maid he threw  
 Deplorable; doom'd in that dwelling drear  
 To waste her anxious days and sleepless nights.  
 Anguish extreme! ah, how unlike these hours  
 That in her father's palace wont to pass  
 In festival and dance. Her piteous shrieks  
 Mov'd her stern keeper's heart; secret he frees  
 The imprison'd maid; and to the king relates  
 Her death, dissembling. Then with fell despite  
 And rage, inflam'd for unenjoy'd love,  
 The monarch storm'd, he loath'd his food and fled  
 All human converse, frustrate of his will.

Meanwhile the nymph forsakes the hostile walls,  
 Flying by night; through pathless wilds unknown  
 Guileless she wanders; in her frightened ears  
 Still hears the tyrant's voice; in fancy views  
 His form terrific, and his dreaded front  
 Severe in frowns; her tender heart is vex'd  
 With every fear, and oft desires to die.  
 Now day return'd and cheerful light began  
 T' adorn the heav'ns, lost in the hills she knew  
 No certain path; around the dreary waste  
 Sending her weeping eye, in vain requir'd  
 Her native fields, Dunstaffnage well-known tow'rs,  
 And high Edesta's walls, her father's reign.

Three days the royal wanderer bore the heat  
 Intensely fervent, and three lonesome nights,  
 Wet with the chilling dews; the forest oak  
 Supplied her food, and at the running stream,  
 Patient, she slaked her thirst; but when the fourth  
 Arose, descending from the Ochil height,  
 The flow'ry fields beneath she wander'd long  
 Erroneous, disconsolate, forlorn.

Jerne's stream she pass'd, a rising hill  
 Stood on the bank opposed, adorn'd with trees,  
 A sylvan scene! Thither she bent her flight  
 O'ercome with toil, and gently laid her down  
 In the embow'ring shade: the dew of sleep  
 Fell on her weary eyes; then pleasing dreams  
 Began to lay the tempest in her mind,  
 Calming from troubled thoughts: to regal pomp  
 She seems restored, her brother's fate revenged,  
 The tyrant slain: she dream'd till morn arose,  
 The fifth that rose, since from Cameldoun's walls  
 She bent her flight; the cheerful day invites  
 From fair Dundalgan's ever sunny towers,

Mildred t' arise, who oft in fields of death  
 Victorious led the Picts' embattled race.  
 Illustrious chief! He to the hilly height,  
 His morning walk, pleased with the season fair,  
 Betakes him musing. There it was he saw  
 Fair Ethelind, surprised as Hengist's son  
 Elfred asleep beheld, when as she fled  
 From Saxony, to shun a step-dame's rage  
 That sought her life, he with prevailing words  
 Woo'd the consenting maid: nor less amaz'd  
 The Pictish leader saw the beauteous form,  
 Fixt in surprise and ardent gaze, he stood  
 Wond'ring! his beating heart with joy o'erflow'd.  
 He led her blushing from the sacred grove  
 In bashful modesty, and doubting joy  
 Chastis'd with fear, alternate in her breast,  
 Poor lovely mourner! To his parents show'd  
 The beauteous stranger; they, in age rever'd,  
 Lift up their trembling hands and blest the maid,  
 Best workmanship of heaven! The youthful chief,  
 Transported, every day his guest beheld,  
 And every day beheld with new delight,  
 Her winning graces mild, and form divine,  
 That drew with soft attraction, kindling love,  
 Inflam'd his soul: still new delays he frames  
 To gain a longer stay, ere he restore  
 The beauteous exile to her native land,  
 His promis'd faith. The story of her woes  
 He o'er and o'er demands; she pleas'd relates  
 Her past adventures sad, but, prudent, kept  
 Unknown her royal race; the ardent youth  
 Hangs on the speaker's lips, still more and more  
 Enamour'd of her charms, by courtly deed  
 He sought the virgin's love; by prayers and vows  
 Won to consent; the nuptial day arose,  
 Awak'd by music's sound; the gods invok'd  
 To bless the hallow'd rite, and happy night  
 That to his arms bestow'd the much-lov'd maid,  
 The gift of heaven: then gladness fill'd his heart  
 Unspeakable, as when the sapient king  
 The son of David, on the happy day  
 Of his espousals, when his mother bound  
 His brow in regal gold, delighted saw  
 His fair Egyptian bride adorn'd with all  
 Perfection, blooming in celestial sweets.

While thus the royal exile liv'd remote  
 In hymen's softest joys, the Scottish chiefs  
 Prepare for battle, studious to redeem  
 Their captive Queen, unknowing of her fate;  
 With just success unblest'd, discomfited

They fell in ruthless fight, their mighty men,  
 Unworthy bondage! helpless exiles sold  
 To foreign lands. The Pictish king, enrag'd,  
 Collects a host, embattl'd as the sands  
 Along the Solway coast, from all the bounds  
 Of his wide empire, Bricca's rising towers  
 And Jeda's ancient walls, once seat of kings,  
 With Edin, rais'd on rocks, and Cameldoun,  
 Send forth their chiefs and citizens to war,  
 Pour'd through their lofty gates. What anguish then,  
 O royal virgin! vex'd thy tender heart,  
 To see thy husband, of thy country's foes  
 Enroll'd their leader? Much didst thou adjure  
 By nuptial ties, much by endearing love,  
 To spare thy country in the waste of war;  
 He, too, the youthful chief, long doubting stood  
 'Twixt love and duty, unresolved of choice;  
 Hard conflict! To Dunstaffnage walls he flies,  
 And left the weeping fair, intent to drown  
 The voice of love, soft pleading in his heart,  
 In sounds of battle; but in vain! His wife,  
 A beauteous form, still rises to his thoughts  
 In supplicating tears; he grieves to see  
 The mingling hosts engage, and dreads to find  
 Amidst the slain, his kindred new allied.

But now the Pictish king, with mighty chiefs  
 Selected from his peers, pursues his way  
 To rase the Scottish walls; Dundalgan's towers  
 Receive their monarch, proud to entertain  
 The mighty guest: exults the haughty king  
 With savage joy, when first his eyes beheld  
 The maid so lately lost, again restor'd,  
 Sad victim to his lust: what could she do,  
 Hopeless of aid? or how, alas! avert  
 The dire event that from the monarch's lust  
 Her fears presaged? 'Twas heaven her thoughts inspir'd  
 In hour of sad extreme; she flies the dome  
 With two, alone of all her menial train,  
 Companions of her flight. The king, meanwhile,  
 Fierce with desire, and violent to enjoy,  
 Him nor the bowl delights, nor sprightly mirth,  
 Nor tale of martial knight in ancient time  
 Recited: the unfinish'd feast he leaves  
 With wine inflam'd, and ill-persuading lust,  
 Worst counsellor! a secret way he found  
 That to the Queen's apartment led unseen;  
 Thither he flies through many a lofty hall,  
 Where heroes oft have met in grave consult,  
 Elate in thought; but, heavens! what fell despite,  
 What raging pain, tore his distracted mind,



When first he knew the royal fair was fled?  
 Desperate in rage, he hopes his absent prey,  
 Intent to ravish. Hurrying to the camp,  
 He sought the general's tent, begirt around  
 With noble Piets, there weeping Ethelind,  
 In soft'ned anguish, on the hero's breast  
 He found reclining sad: he would have seiz'd  
 The trembling fair one, from her lover's arms,  
 Her surest refuge, miserably torn,  
 Victim to lust obscene, had not the youth  
 Withstood the dire attempt of sovereign sway  
 Haughty; the monarch rag'd, and call'd his chiefs  
 To aid; his chiefs refuse th' unjust command;  
 Then impotent of mind he storm'd, he rav'd  
 Outrageous in his ire: then wild uproar,  
 Tumult and martial din sound o'er the camp,  
 While these assist the king, and these the youth,  
 By fearless friendship led: the clash of swords  
 Through the still night, heard on the Scottish walls,  
 Alarms the chiefs, in midnight counsel met;  
 The boldest of their warrior train they choose  
 For secret ambush; sheath'd in jointed mail,  
 Th' intrepid band, beneath a bending hill,  
 Await the rising dawn; Mildred they seiz'd,  
 The royal exile and their social train,  
 Flying the monarch's rage: the beauteous queen  
 Rejoices to behold her native walls,  
 So long exil'd: her peers with lifted hands  
 Extoll'd the bounteous gods, their Queen return'd,  
 The wondrous work of fate; now she relates  
 Her direful tale, the audience melt in tears.

Meanwhile the monarch, raging in the camp,  
 Forsook of all his peers, for fierce assault  
 Prepar'd, attended with a desperate crew  
 Of men, that shar'd in partnership of crimes,  
 March'd, forward to his fate; the ambush'd foe  
 Rise sudden, round them spread the slaughter'd dead;  
 Himself, as furious in the front he warr'd,  
 Bled by a well-aim'd spear; to punish'd ghosts  
 Of kings perfidious, fled his guilty soul.

The monarch slain, the Pictish chiefs that late  
 Forsook the noisy camp, convene within  
 The Scottish walls; the princes joyful plight  
 In leagues of mutual peace. In every fane  
 Each grateful altar blazed; to heaven they paid  
 Their vows, their queen restored, and with her peace,  
 The purchase of her love; through all the town  
 Public rejoicings reigned; the voice of mirth  
 Was heard in every street, that blazing shone,  
 Illuminated bright. The diadem,

Instarr'd with diamond, gems, and flaming gold,  
 Magnificent! by Scotia's monarchs worn  
 From olden times, upon her beauteous brow  
 Placed by a mitred priest, in rich array  
 Encircling, shines; her native peers around,  
 Mixed with the Pictish chiefs, admiring stand,  
 Pleased with her heavenly smiles, her gentle look,  
 The type of softer rule. Then next they gave  
 The sceptre to her hands; the precious stones  
 Blazed on the beaming point: Hail! Queen of Scots,  
 Joyful they cry; hail! to thy own returned,  
 Safe from a thousand toils, beyond our hopes  
 Crown'd where thy fathers reigned. Thus passed the night  
 In celebrated rites; when morn arose  
 The assembled senate, partner of her throne,  
 Elect the noble youth, in times of peace  
 To aid by counsel, and in war to lead  
 Her marshalled chiefs: thus ended all her woes.

Blessed in her husband's and her subjects' love,  
 Peace flourished in her reign: three sons she bore,  
 All men of valour known, well could they bend  
 The bow in time of need. Her eldest, graced  
 With all the train of virtues that adorn  
 A prince, succeeded to the Scottish rule,  
 His mother's kingdom. In his happy days,  
 The Scottish prowess twice o'erthrew the Dane  
 In bloody conflict, from our fatal shore  
 Repulsed with ignominious rout, disgraced.  
 Her second hope, born to unluckier fate,  
 Matchless in fight and every gallant deed,  
 The terror of his foes, his country's hope,  
 In ruthless battle, by ignoble hands,  
 Fell in the prime of youth, forever wept,  
 Forever honoured. Athingart the last,  
 For prudence far renowned, Elgidra's charms  
 The hero fired, as in her father's court  
 A peaceful legate by his brother sent  
 To Pictland's monarch; there the royal youth,  
 Graceful, in warlike tournament above  
 His equals shone, and won the princely maid,  
 Courted by rival kings. From that embrace  
 Descend a thousand chiefs, that lineal heirs  
 The virtues of their sire; witness the fields  
 Of Loncart, and the streams that purple ran  
 With stain of Danish blood. The brazen spears  
 And crested helms, and antique shields, the spoils  
 Of chiefs in battle slain, hung on the roof,  
 Eternal trophies of their martial deeds,  
 From son to son preserved with jealous care.  
 My father in his country's quarrel met

A glorious fate, when godlike Wallace fought;  
 He, firm adherer to the nobler cause,  
 Shared all his toils, and bled in all his fights,  
 Till Falkirk saw him fall; with Graham he fell,  
 Wallace his bold compeer, whom, great in arms,  
 Wallace alone surpassed. With martial thoughts  
 He fired my youthful mind, and taught betimes  
 To build my glory on my country's love,  
 His great example! To thy native reign,  
 If thee, thy fate propitious to the good  
 Restored, he enjoined me to unite my force,  
 From foreign victors to retrieve again  
 Thy ravished kingdom. Then this sword he gave,  
 In dangers ever faithful to his arm,  
 Pledge of paternal love; nor shall the foe  
 Exult, I ween, to find the dastard son  
 Degenerate from his sire, to wield in vain  
 A father's gift. In me, O Bruce, behold  
 A willing warrior: from Bodotria's stream  
 I lead my native bands, hardy and bold,  
 In fight distinguished by superior deed.

He said, and ceased; the armed assembly stood  
 Silent in thought, till from his lofty seat  
 Great Bruce arose. O, noble youth! he cried,  
 Descended from a line of noble sires,  
 Accept thy monarch's thanks! Welcome thyself;  
 Welcome thy sequent chiefs; thy country, sore  
 Oppressed by dire usurpers, now demands  
 Warriors like thee, where death and bloodshed reign  
 In conflict stern; do thou approve thy might  
 Above thy fellows, by transcendent acts  
 To fame endeared. She, on thy praise well pleased  
 Constant to dwell, shall rear thee up on high  
 The loftiest branch, to adorn thy ancient stem.

He spake, and gave the youth his plighted hand,  
 Pledge of benevolence and kind intent;  
 The chiefs around embrace, and glad receive  
 The youthful champion, worthy of his race.

[The foregoing is a fragment, part of a contemplated lengthy poem to have been entitled "The Bruce." It is rather remarkable how many of our poets—inclusive of Burns—have entertained similar intentions and abandoned them. Nothing worthy the name of Bruce or Wallace has hitherto been produced by the muse of Scotland, save perhaps the well-known ode by Burns. The fragment by Hamilton appeared in the editions of his poems 1748 and 1760. It differs in no material point from the MS.]

## DOVES.—A FRAGMENT.

Of Doves, sweet gentle birds, the heaven-born muse  
 Prepares to sing, their manners and what law,  
 The blameless race obey, their cares and loves.  
 O sacred virgin, that, to me unseen  
 Yet present, whispers nightly in my ear  
 Love-dited song or tale of martial knight,  
 As best becomes the time, and aidful grants  
 Celestial grace implor'd, O, bounteous, say  
 What fav'rite maid in her first bloom of youth  
 Wilt choose to honour? Seem I not to see  
 The laurel shake, and hear the voice divine  
 Sound in mine ear: ' With Erskine best agrees  
 ' The song of doves: herself a dove, well pleas'd  
 ' Will listen to the tale benign, and hear  
 ' How the chaste bird with word's of fondling love,  
 ' Soft billing, woo's his mate, their spousal joys,  
 ' Pure and unstained with jealous fear of change;  
 ' How studious they to build their little nests,  
 ' Nature's artificers! and tender, breed  
 ' Their unfledg'd children, till they wing their flight,  
 ' Each parent's care.' Come, as the muse ordains,  
 O thou of every grace, whose looks of love,  
 Erskine, attractive, draw all wond'ring eyes  
 Constant to gaze; and whose subduing speech  
 Drops as the honeycomb, and grace is pour'd  
 Into thy lips: forever thee attends  
 Sweetness thy handmaid, and, with beauty, clothes  
 As with the morning's robe invested round:  
 O come, again invok'd, and smiling lend  
 Thy pleas'd attention, whilst in figured silk  
 Thy knowing needle plants th' embroider'd flower  
 As in its native bed: so may'st thou find  
 Delight perpetual and th' inclining ear  
 Of heaven propitious to thy maiden vow,  
 When thou shalt seek from love a youth adorn'd  
 With all perfection, worthy of thy choice,  
 To bless thy night of joy and soeial care.  
 O happy he, for whom the vow is made.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

[ This fragment appeared in the editions of Hamilton's Poems 1748 and 1760. It is the same as in the MS. volume.]

## THE WISH.

If join'd to make up virtue's glorious tale,  
A weak, but pious aid can aught avail,  
Each sacred study, each diviner page  
That once inspired my youth, shall soothe my age.  
Deaf to ambition, and to interest's call;  
Honour my titles, and enough my all;  
No pimp of pleasure, and no slave of state,  
Serene from fools, and guiltless of the great,  
Some calm and undisurb'd retreat I'll choose  
Dear to myself and friends. Perhaps the muse  
May grant, while all my thoughts her charms employ,  
If not a future fame, a present joy,  
Pure from each feverish hope, each weak desire;  
Thoughts that improve, and slumbers that inspire,  
A steadfast peace of mind, rais'd far above  
The guilt of hate and weaknesses of love,  
Studious of life, yet free from anxious care,  
To others candid, to myself severe,  
Filial, submissive to the sovereign will,  
Glad of the good, and patient of the ill.  
I'll work in narrow sphere, what heaven approves,  
Abating hatreds, and increasing loves;  
My friendship, studies, pleasures, all my own,  
Alike to envy and to fame unknown:  
Such in some blest asylum let me lie,  
Take off my fill of life, and wait, not wish to die.

---

## A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

Thro' life's strange mystic paths, how mankind strays!  
A contradiction still in all their ways;  
In youth's gay bloom, in wealth's insulting hour;  
As heav'n all mercy was, they live secure,  
Yet full of fears, and anxious doubts expire,  
And in the awful judge forget the sire.  
Fair virtue then with faithful steps pursue,  
Thy good deeds many, thy offences few;  
That at the general doom thou may'st appear  
With filial hope to soothe thy conscious fear;  
Then to perpetual bliss expect to live,  
Thy Saviour is thy judge, and may forgive.

## PALINODE.

O happy youth, who now possesst  
 Of my Maria's smiles are blest;  
 Think not thy joys will constant prove,  
 How many changes are in love!  
 I once was happy too like thee,  
 That sun of beauty shone on me:  
 In darkness ever to deplore,  
 The sun is set to shine no more;  
 Doom'd ne'er to view the rising light,  
 But weep out love's eternal night.

When first I spread the lover's sail,  
 Love blew from shore a friendly gale;  
 Sweet appear'd th' enchanting scene,  
 All calm below, above serene:  
 Joyous I made before the wind,  
 Heedless of what I left behind;  
 Nor rocks, nor quicksands did I dread,  
 No adverse winds to check my speed:  
 No savage pirate did I fear,  
 To ravish all my soul held dear;  
 Far off my treasure to convey,  
 And sell in foreign lands away:  
 Maria's hand unfurl'd the sails,  
 Her prayers invok'd the springing gales:  
 'Twas calm whate'er her eyes survey'd;  
 Her voice the raging storm obey'd;  
 And o'er the bosom of the tides,  
 Her will the ruling rudder guides.  
 But ah! the change, she flies away,  
 And will vouchsafe no longer stay.  
 See now the swelling seas arise,  
 Loud storming winds enrage the skies.  
 All weak the tempest to withstand,  
 Trembling and pale I put to land.  
 Wet from the tossing surge, aghast  
 I thank the gods, the danger's past;  
 And swear to venture out no more,  
 Secure upon the safer shore:  
 Yet should the swelling seas subside,  
 And rose serene a silver tide;  
 Yet should the angry tempest cease,  
 And gently breathe a gale of peace;  
 Much, much I fear, I'd dare again  
 A second shipwreck on the main.

[In the edition of the Poems 1760, and differs in no respect from the MS.]

## EPITAPH ON MRS COLQUHOUN OF LUSS.

Unblam'd, O sacred shrine, let me draw near,  
A sister's ashes claim a brother's tear,  
No semblant arts this copious spring supply,  
'Tis nature's drops, that swell in friendship's eye;  
O'er this sad tomb, see kneeling brothers bend,  
Who wail a sister, that excell'd a friend;  
A child like this each parent's wish engage,  
Grace of his youth and solace of his age:  
Hence the chaste virgin learn each pious art  
Who sighs sincere to bless a virtuous heart,  
The faithful youth, when heaven the choice inspires,  
Such hope the partner of his kind desires.  
Oh early lost! yet early all fulfill'd  
Each tender office of wife, sister, child:  
All these in early youth, thou hadst obtain'd;  
The fair maternal pattern yet remain'd,  
Heaven sought not that—else heaven had bid to spare,  
To thine succeeds now Providence's care—  
Amidst the pomp that to the dead we give  
To soothe the vanity of those that live,  
Receive thy destin'd place, a hallow'd grave,  
'Tis all we can bestow, or thou canst crave.  
Be these the honours that embalm thy name,  
The matron's praise, woman's best silent fame,  
Such to remembrance dear, thy worth be found,  
When queens and flatterers sleep forgot around,  
'Till awful sounds shall break the solemn rest,  
Then wake amongst the blest, forever blest.  
Meanwhile upon this stone, thy name shall live,  
Sure heaven will let this pious verse survive.

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## ON A SUMMER-HOUSE IN MY OWN GARDEN.

Whilst round my head the zephyrs gently play,  
To calm reflection I resign the day;  
From all the servitudes of life releast  
I bid mild friendship to the sober feast,  
Nor beauty banish from the hallow'd ground,  
She enters here to solace not to wound,  
All else excluded from the sacred spot,  
One-half detested, and one-half forgot:  
All the mad human tumult, what to me?  
Here chaste Calliope, I live with thee.

## EPITAPH ON MISS SETON.

INTERRED IN THE CHAPEL OF SETON-HOUSE.

In these once hallowed walls' neglected shade,  
 Sacred to piety and to the dead,  
 Where the long line of Seton's race repose,  
 Whose tombs to wisdom, or to valour rose;  
 Tho' now a thankless age, to slav'ry prone,  
 Past fame despising, careless of its own,  
 Records no more; each public virtue fled,  
 Who wisely counsell'd, or who bravely bled.  
 Tho' here the warrior shield is hung no more,  
 But every violated trophy tore.  
 Heaven's praise, man's honour, share one shameful lot,  
 God and his image both alike forgot.\*  
 To this sweet maid a kindred place is due,  
 Her earth shall consecrate these walls anew,  
 The muse that listens to desert alone,  
 Snatches from fate, and seals thee for her own.

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 EPITAPH ON MR CUNINGHAME OF CRAIGENDS.

A son, a wife, bade the plain marble rise;  
 Beneath the sacred shade a good man lies.  
 In Britain's senate long unblam'd he sat  
 And anxious trembled for her doubtful fate.  
 Above all giddy hopes, all selfish ends,  
 His country was his family and friends.  
 Children! weep not, thus cruelly bereft;  
 The fair example of his life is left;  
 Another far more lasting, safe estate  
 Than e'er descended from the rich and great;  
 Theirs fall to time or fortune soon a prey;  
 Or the poor gift of kings, kings snatch away:  
 Your blest succession never can be less,  
 Still as you imitate you still possess.

\* This alludes to the plundering and defacing of Seton House and Chapel by the Hanoverians, in 1715.—See trial of the Earl of Wintoun for high treason, in "State Trials."



## HORACE, ODE V., BOOK I., IMITATED.

What happy youth, Maria, now  
Breathes in thy willing ear his vow?  
With whom thou spend'st thy evening hours  
Amidst the sweets of breathing flowers,  
For whom, retired to secret shade,  
Soft on thy panting bosom laid,  
Thou sett'st thy looks with nicest care,  
And bind'st in gold thy flowing hair?  
O, neatly plain! How oft shall he  
Bewail thy false inconstancy?  
Condemned perpetual frowns to prove,  
How often weep thy altered love?  
Who thee, too credulous, hopes to find,  
As now, still golden and still kind,  
Unheedless now of fortune's power,  
Sets far away the evil hour?  
How oft shall thou, ill-starr'd, bewail  
Thou trusted to the faithless gale!  
When unaccustom'd to survey  
The rising winds and swelling sea;  
When clouds shall rise on that dear face,  
That shone adorn'd in ev'ry grace;  
That yet untaught in wicked wiles  
Was wont t' appear to thee in smiles.  
Wretch'd they to whom thou shin'st, untried  
Thy shifting, calm and treacherous tide:  
For me, safe shipwreck'd on the shore,  
I venture out my bark no more.

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## HORACE, BOOK I., ODE VII., IMITATED.

TO THE EARL OF STAIR.\*

Let others, in exalted lays,  
The lofty dome of Hopetoun praise;  
Or where of old, in lonely cell,  
The musing Druid wont to dwell:  
Or with the sacred sisters roam  
Near holy Melrose' ruin'd dome.

\* The well-known Earl of Stair; but it is passing strange, from his family politics, that Hamilton should have sung his praises.

There are who paint with all their might  
 The fields where Fortha's streams delight;  
 That winding through Stirlina's plain,  
 Beauteous seeks the distant main:  
 Or faithful to the farmer's toil,  
 Extol fair Lothian's fertile soil;  
 Where Ceres her best gift bestows,  
 And Edin town her structures shows.  
 Nor me delight those sylvan scenes,  
 Those chequer'd bow'rs and winding greens;  
 Where art and nature join to yield  
 Unnumber'd sweets to Marlefield:  
 Nor yet that soft and secret shade  
 Where fair Aboyn asleep is laid;\*  
 Where gay in sprightly dance no more  
 She dreams her former triumphs o'er.  
 These scenes can best entice my soul,  
 Where smooth Blancatrina's waters roll;  
 Where beauteous Hume, in smiling hour,  
 Plucks the green herb or rising flow'r;  
 Pleas'd on the borders to behold  
 The apple reddened into gold.

But whate'er place thy presence boast,  
 Let not, O Stair! one hour be lost:  
 When the rough north and angry storm  
 Nature's lovely looks deform;  
 The south restores the wonted grace,  
 And wipes the clouds from heaven's face.  
 So thou, to finish all thy care,  
 The flask of brisk champagne prepare;  
 Invite thy friends, with wise design,  
 And wash the ills of life with wine:  
 Whether beneath the open sky,  
 Stretch'd in the tented couch to lie,  
 Thy fate ordains; to shine again  
 Great on some future Blenheim's plain;  
 Higher to raise thy deathless name  
 Triumphant to sublimer fame:  
 Or, if secure from feverish heat,  
 Newliston cover thy retreat;  
 Where wit conspires with love's delights,  
 To grace thy days and bless thy nights.

\* Grace, daughter of George Lockhart of Carnwath (author of the "Memoirs,") by Lady Euphemia Montgomerie, daughter of Alexander, sixth Earl of Eglintoun. She married, 1st, John, third Earl of Aboyne; 2dly, James Lord Down, afterwards Earl of Moray; and died from fright, owing to the predictions of a fortune-teller.

When Fergus led, in days of yore,  
 His exil'd bands to Scotia's shore;  
 The godlike founder of our state,  
 Sustain'd the shocks of adverse fate:  
 Yet brave, disdaining to repine,  
 Around his brows he bound the vine:  
 Let's follow still, without delay,  
 Wherever fortune shows the way:  
 Courage, my lads, let none despair,  
 When Fergus leads, 'tis base to fear:  
 With better auspice shall arise  
 Our empire in the northern skies;  
 Beauty and valour shall adorn  
 Our happy offspring yet unborn;  
 Now fill the glass, come fill again,  
 To-morrow we shall cross the main.

[In the MS. these two last lines read thus:—

“Now crown the smiling bowl, here's t'ye,  
 To-morrow we shall sail the sea.”]

## HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XXII.

TO R. S.

The man sincere, and pure of ill,  
 Needs not with shafts his quiver fill,  
     Nor point the venom'd dart;  
 O'er him no weapon can prevail,  
 Clad in the firmest coat of mail,  
     A brave and honest heart.

Secure in innocence he goes,  
 Through boiling firths and highland snows;  
     Or if his course he guide  
 To where the far-fam'd Lomond's waves  
 Around his islands winding, laves  
     Buchanan's hilly side.

For in Glendouglas as I stood,  
 And sung my Erskine to the wood,  
     Unheeding of my way,  
 Light of my cares, forsook behind,  
 And all on Erskine ran my mind,  
     It chanc'd my steps to stray,

When lo! forth rushing from behind  
 A savage wolf, of monstrous kind,  
     Fierce shook his horrid head;  
 Unarm'd I stood, and void of fear,  
 Beheld the monstrous savage near,  
     And me unarm'd he fled.

A beast of such portentous size,  
 Such hideous tusks and glaring eyes,  
     Fierce Daunia never bred;  
 Nor Juba's land, without control,  
 Where angry lions darkling howl,  
     His equal ever fed.

Place me where the summer breeze  
 Does ne'er refresh the weary trees,  
     All on the gloomy plain;  
 Which side of earth offended heaven  
 To the dominion foul has given,  
     Of clouds and beating rain.

Place me beneath the blaze of day,  
 Near neighbour to the burning ray,  
     Yet there the maid shall move;  
 There present to my fancy's eyes,  
 Sweet smiling Erskine will I prize,  
     Sweet speaking Erskine love.

[ We print the foregoing from the MS. volume, the emendations in the edition of 1760, with a single exception, not appearing judicious. "Lochleven" is substituted for "far-fam'd Lomond," and "Glentanner" for "Glendouglas." ]

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### HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XXIII.

TO MISS DALRYMPLE.

Tell me, Maria, tell me why  
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run;  
 Why from his fond embraces fly,  
     And every soft endearment shun?

So, through the rocks or dewy lawn,  
     With plaintive cries, its dam to find,

Flies, wing'd with fears, the youngling fawn,  
And trembles at each breath of wind.

Ah! stop thy flight, why should'st thou fly?  
What can'st thou in a lover fear?  
No angry boar nor lion I,  
Pursue thy tender limbs, to tear.

Cease then, dear wild one, cease to toy;  
But haste all rivals to outshine,  
And grown mature and ripe for joy,  
Leave mamma's arms and come to mine.

## HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XXIV., IMITATED.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

### I.

What measure shall affliction know?  
What bounds be set to such a woe,  
That weeps the loss of one so dear!  
Come, muse of mourning! haste, ordain  
The sacred melancholy strain:  
When virtue bids, 'tis impious to forbear.

### II.

Thy voice, with powerful blessings fraught,  
Inspires the solemn, serious thought;  
A heav'nly sorrow's healing art,  
That, whilst it wounds, amends the heart.  
A far more pleasing rapture thine,  
When bending over friendship's shrine,  
Than mirth's fantastic varied lay,  
Deceitful, idle, flutt'ring, vain,  
Still shifting betwixt joy and pain,  
Where sport the wanton, or where feast the gay.

### III.

In dust the good and friendly lies.  
Must endless slumber seal those eyes?—  
Oh! when shall modest Worth again,  
Integrity, that knows no stain,  
Thy sister, Justice, free from blame,  
Kind Truth, no false affected name,  
To meet in social union, find  
So plain, so upright and so chaste a mind?

## IV.

By many good bewail'd, he's lost;  
 By thee, O beauteous virgin! most.  
 Thou claim'st, ah pious! ah, in vain!  
 Thy father from the grave again.  
 Not on those terms, by dooming heav'n,  
 His loan of mortal life was giv'n.  
 The equal lot is cast on all,  
 Obedient to the universal call.  
 Ev'n thou, each decent part fulfill'd,  
 Wife, sister, mother, friend and child,  
 Must yield to the supreme decree,  
 And every social virtue weep for thee.

## V.

What tho' thou boasts each soul-subduing art,  
 That rules the movements of the human heart;  
     Tho' thine be every potent charm,  
     The rage of envy to disarm:  
     Thus far heav'n grants, the great reward  
     Of beauty, under virtue's guard:  
 Yet all in vain ascends thy pious pray'r,  
 To bid the impartial Pow'r one moment spare;  
 That Pow'r who chastens whom he dearest loves,  
 Deaf to the filial sorrows he approves:  
 Seal'd sacred by th' inviolable fates,  
 Unlocks no more the adamant gates,  
 When once th' etherial breath has wing'd its way,  
 And left behind its load of mortal clay.

## VI.

Severe indeed! yet cease the duteous tear;  
 'Tis nature's voice that calls aloud, "Forbear."  
 See, see descending to thy aid,  
 Patience, fair celestial maid:  
 She strikes thro' life's dark gloom a bright'ning ray,  
 And smiles adversity away.  
 White-handed Hope advances in her train,  
 Leads to new life, and wakens joy again;  
 She renders light the weight of human woes,  
 And teaches to submit when 'tis a crime t' oppose.

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 HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XXXII., IMITATED.

## TO HIS LYRE.

If e'er with thee we fool'd away,  
 Vacant beneath the shade, a day,  
     Still kind to our desire,

A Scottish song we now implore,  
To live this year and some few more;  
Come, then, my Scottish lyre.

First strung by Stuart's cunning hand,  
Who rul'd fair Scotia's happy land,  
A long and wide domain;  
Who bold in war, yet whither he  
Reliev'd his wave-beat ship from sea,  
Or camp'd upon the plain.

The joys of wine, and muses young,  
Soft Beauty and her page he sung,  
That still to her adheres;  
Margaret, author of his sighs,  
Adorn'd with comely coal-black eyes,  
And comely coal-black hairs.

O thou, the grace of song and love,  
Exalted to the feasts above,  
The feast's supreme delight;  
Sweet balm, to heal our cares below,  
Gracious on me thy aid bestow,  
If thee I seek aright.

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#### HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XXIII., IMITATED.

TO A GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

Why dost thou still in tears complain,  
Too mindful of thy love's disdain?  
Why still in melancholy verse  
Unmeek Maria's hate rehearse?  
That Thürsis finds, by fate's decree,  
More favour in her sight than thee?  
The love of Cyrus does enthrall  
Lycoris fair, with forehead small;  
Cyrus declines to Pholoe's eyes,  
Who unrelenting hears his sighs:  
But wolves and lambs shall sooner join,  
Than they in mutual faith combine.  
So seemeth good to Love, who binds  
Unequal forms, unequal minds;  
Cruel in his brazen yoke,  
Pleas'd with too severe a joke.

Myself, in youth's more joyous reign,  
 My laundress held in pleasing chain;  
 When, pliable to love's delights,  
 My age excus'd the poet's flights;  
 More wrathful she than storms that roar  
 Along the Solway's crooked shore.

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# HORACE, BOOK II., ODE IV., IMITATED.

TO THE EARL MARSHAL OF SCOTLAND.\*

"Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori."

## I.

Avow, my noble friend, thy kind desires,  
 If Phillis' gentle form thy breast inspires,  
 Nor glory, nor can reason disapprove;  
 What tho' unknown her humble name,  
 Unchronicled in records old,  
 Or tale by flatt'ring poets told:  
 She to her beauties owes her noblest fame,  
 Her noblest honours to thy love.

## II.

Know Cupid scorns the trophied shield,  
 Vain triumph of some guilty field,  
 Where dragons hiss and lions roar,  
 Blazon'd with argent and with or,  
 His heraldry is hearts for hearts,  
 He stamps himself o'er all, and dignifies his darts.

## III.

Smote by a simple village maid,  
 See noble Petrarch night and day  
 Pour his soft sorrows thro' the shade;  
 Nor could the muse his pains allay:  
 What tho' with hands pontific crown'd,  
 With all the scarlet senate round;  
 He saw his brows adorn the living ray,  
 Tho' sighing virgins tried each winning art,  
 To cure the gentle poet's love-sick heart:  
 Cupid more pow'rful than them all,  
 Resolv'd his tuneful captive to enthrall,

\* The Jacobite, forfeited Earl.



Subdued him with a shepherdess's look;  
 He wreathes his verdant honours round her crook,  
 And taught Vall Clusa's smiling groves,  
 To wear the sable liveries of his loves.

## IV.

But this example scarce can move thy mind,  
 The gentle power with verse was ever join'd:  
 Then hear, my Lord, a dreadful tale,  
 Not known in fair Arcadia's peaceful vale,  
 Nor in the Academic grove,  
 Where mild philosophy might dwell with love;  
 But poring o'er the mystic page,  
 Of old Stagira's wond'rous sage,  
 In the dark cave of syllogistic doubt,  
 Where neither muse, nor beauty's queen,  
 Nor wand'ring grace was ever seen.  
 Love found his destined victim out,  
 And put the rude militia all to rout:  
 For whilst poor Abelard, ah! soon decreed  
 Love's richest sacrifice to bleed,  
 Unwitting drew the argumental thread,  
 A finer net the son of Venus spread:  
 Involving in his ample category,  
 With all his musty schoolmen round,  
 Th' unhappy youth, alike renown'd  
 In philosophic and in amorous story.

## V.

Inflexible and stern the Czar,  
 Amidst the iron sons of war,  
 With dangers and distress encompass'd round,  
 In his large bosom deep receiv'd the wound.  
 No Venus she, surrounded by the Loves,  
 Nor drawn by cooing harness'd doves;  
 'Twas the caprice love to yoke,  
 Two daring souls, unharness'd and unbroke.  
 When now the many-laurell'd Swede,  
 The field of death his noblest triumph fled,  
 And forc'd by fate, but unsubdued of soul,  
 To the fell victor left the——conquest of the pole.

## VI.

Henry, a monarch to thy heart,  
 In action brave, in council wise,  
 Felt in his breast the fatal dart,  
 Shot from two snowy breasts, and two fair lovely eyes;  
 Tho' Gallia wept, tho' Sully frown'd,  
 Tho' rag'd the impious league around.  
 The little urchin entrance found,

And to his haughty purpose fore'd to yield  
The virtuous conqueror of Coutra's field.

## VII.

Who knows but some four-tail'd Bashaw  
May hail thee, Peer, his son-in-law,  
Some bright Sultana, Asia's pride,  
Was grandame to the beauteous bride:  
For sure a girl so sweet, so kind,  
Such a sincere and lovely mind,  
Where each exalted virtue shines,  
Could never spring from vulgar loins.  
No, no some chief of great Arsaces' line,  
Has form'd her lineaments divine;  
Who Rome's imperial fasces broke,  
And spurn'd the nation's galling yoke,  
Tho' now, oh! sad reverse of fate,  
The former lustre of her royal state,  
She sees injurious Time deface,  
And weeps the ravish'd sceptres of her race.

## VIII.

Her melting eye and slender waste,  
Fair tap'ring from the swelling breast,  
All nature's charms, all nature's pride,  
Whate'er they show, whate'er they hide,  
I owe.—But swear by bright Apollo,  
Whose priest I am, nought, nought can follow;  
Suspect not thou a poet's praise,  
Unhurt I hear, uninjur'd gaze:  
Alas! such badinage but ill would suit  
A married man, and forty years to boot.

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HORACE, BOOK II., ODE XVI., IMITATED.

## TO THE EARL OF MARCHMONT.

Ease from the gods the sailor prays,  
O'ertaken in the Ægean seas,  
When storms begin to roar;  
When clouds wrap up the moon from sight,  
Nor shine the stars with certain light,  
To guide him safe to shore.

Ease, fierce the Russian in war's trade:  
Ease, graceful in his tartan plaid,  
The Highlander demands,

Rich prize, not to be bought or sold,  
For purple, precious gems, or gold,  
Or wide and large command.

For nor can wealth, nor golden mace,  
Borne high before the great in place,  
Make cares stand out o' the way;  
The anxious tumults of the mind,  
That round the palace unconfin'd,  
Still roam by night and day.

Rich he lives on small, whose board  
Shines with frugal affluence stor'd,  
The wealth his sire possest;  
Nor fear to lose creates him pain,  
Nor sordid love of greater gain,  
Can break his easy rest.

Why do we draw too strong the bow,  
Beyond our end our hopes to throw,  
For warm with other suns  
Why change our clime? To ease his toil,  
What exile from his native soil  
From self an exile runs.

For vicious care the ship ascends,  
On the way-faring troupe attends  
First of the company:  
Swifter than harts that seek the floods,  
Swifter than roll-wind driven clouds  
Along the middle sky.

Glad in the present hour, the mind  
Disdains the care beyond, assign'd  
To all, content at heart;  
Tempers of life the bitter cup,  
With sweet'ning mirth, and drinks it up,  
None blest in every part.

Dwindled thy sire in slow old age,  
Young Kimerjem from off this stage  
Was ravish'd in his prime:  
The hour perhaps benign to me,  
Will grant what it denies to thee,  
And lengthen out my time.

A numerous herd thy valleys fills,  
The cattle on a thousand hills,  
That low around are thine.  
The well-pair'd mares, thy gilded car,  
Draw, in proud state, thy self from far,  
In richest silks to shine,

Conspicuous seen: To me my fate,  
 Not much to blame, a small estate,  
     Of rural acres few:  
 A slender portion of the muse  
 Bounteous besides, the Grace allows,  
     To scorn th' ill-thinking crew.

[The foregoing, printed in the edition of 1760, differs considerably from the MS. We have only, however, partially adopted the alterations. In the MS. volume the following additional verses appear:—

“ N.B.—The 6th and 7th stanzas otherwise thus:

“ In vain the brazen prow defends;  
 True to the fatal charge attends,  
     Care, dire unbidden guest,  
 Breaks thro' the embattled rank of war,  
 The squadrons rang'd, or hollow square,  
     Nor grants a moment's rest.

The mind, glad in the present hour,  
 The joys beyond, in future's pow'r,  
     Recks not, with nobler art;  
 But mingles in life's bitter cup  
 The sweet'ner, mirth, and drinks it up,  
     None blest in every part.”]

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### HORACE, BOOK III., ODE XXI., IMITATED.

TO A CASK OF TWENTY-YEAR-OLD BEER.

O born with me, when Anna reign'd,  
 And prudent Warrender sustain'd,  
     The rights of Edin town;\*  
 Come now, good-fellow, and descend,  
 Deccred to entertain a friend,  
     'Tis Ramsay calls thee down.

Whate'er thy pregnant belly bears,  
 Or wit to set us by the ears;  
     Or if more kind it keeps  
 The whining lover's fond complaint,  
 Or street amours, or kind intent,  
     And honest drunken sleeps.

\* Provost George Warrender, a merchant in Edinburgh. His motto was “ Industria.” He was created a Baronet, June 2, 1715.

Whate'er it be, no dull delay,  
 Thou can'st descend a better day;  
     Here at this table set,  
 We honest twain shall by and by  
 Let furth thy soul to liberty,  
     And drain thee 'tete-a-tete.'

Nor so phlegmatic will be found  
 My friend, tho' deep the youth be drown'd  
     In Lord of Shaftesbury's schemes:  
 An hour or two he will, by stealth,  
 Forsake for thee and Pringle's health,  
     His Plato and his dreams.

Oft pious prelates have been known  
 To have their sense by drink o'erthrown,  
     As story could make clear;  
 Oft Fletcher\* the severe is said  
 To 'ave warm'd his virtue and his head  
     With stout October beer.

Beer quickens up the dead and dull,  
 And pulleys high the heavy soul,  
     To the third firmament;  
 It makes the bashful lover prattle,  
 And Græme of Gorthy turn a rattle,  
     As Forbes eloquent.\*

Thou from the look profoundly wise  
 Pull'st off the grave and quaint disguise,  
     And naked dost expose;  
 Thou open'st up the secret seal,  
 And dost kirk politics reveal  
     When Robin Steuart's jocose.

Thou to the sad, desponding heart,  
 Bring'st back Hope, on wing to part,  
     And Mirth and Jollity:  
 Thy powerful call affliction hears,  
 Strong to repel the poor man's fears,  
     And rear his horn on high.

Who, after thee, but brave contemns  
 The gold, the pearl, the shining gems  
     In rich Britannia's crown?  
 Or heeds the unhallowed rap of duns,  
 Kirk treasurer's rage, or Bushel's guns,  
     George Drummond's smile or frown.

\* Fletcher of Saltoun. His head needed no warming: he shot a man when in a passion.

† The famous President Forbes, who, in one of his letters, advised a measure resembling the massacre of Glencoe.

Thee, if the jolly god of wine,  
 And laughter-loving Venus join,  
     And sister graces three,  
 Dancing blythe, aye hand in hand,  
 Loth to untie the filial band,  
     Add their sweet company.

Then, when the monarch of the day,  
 No more shall gild the ærial way,  
     But put his lustre out,  
 While regent tapers shall supply  
 His throne, a flaming ministry,  
     Send Mary's health about.

Till, blazing from the eastern main,  
 The sun exert his light again,  
     Then, by drink o'ercome,  
 Hanging the emptied cask on high,  
 The monument of victory,  
     Reel drunk and staggering home.

[The foregoing is printed, for the first time, from the MS. volume. The local and personal allusions, with which the poem abounds, can only, at this distance of time, be partially understood or appreciated. The boon "friend" of the poet does not seem to have been the famous Allan Ramsay. As Hamilton was born in 1704, and the "cask of twenty-year-old beer" being as old as himself, it follows that the versés were written in 1734, when the author was in his twentieth year. The poem displays considerable spirit, and not a few happy allusions.]

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#### HORACE, BOOK IV., ODE I., IMITATED.

Venus! call'st thou once more to arms?  
 Sound'st thou once more thy dire alarms:  
 Annoy'st my peaceful state again—  
 Oh! faith of treaties sworn in vain!  
 Seal'd with the signet of thy doves,  
 And ratified by all the loves.  
 Spare, goddess! I implore, implore!  
 Alas! thy suppliant is no more  
 What once he was in happier time,  
 (Illustrated by many a rhyme)  
 When skill'd in every ruling art,  
 Good A\*\*\*\*s sway'd his yielding heart:

Love's champion then, and known to fame,  
 He boasted no inglorious name.  
 Now, cruel mother of desires!  
 That doubts and anxious joys inspires,  
 Ah why, so long disus'd, again  
 Leviest thou thy dreadful train;  
 That, when in daring fights he toil'd,  
 So oft his youthful ardour foil'd?  
 Oh! let thy hostile fury cease,  
 Thy faithful veteran rest in peace,  
 In the laborious service worn,  
 His arms decay'd and ensigns torn.

Go, go, swan-wing'd! thro' liquid air,  
 Where the bland breath of youthful pray'r  
 Recalls thee from the long delay,  
 And, weeping, chides thee for thy stay.  
 My lowly roof, that knows no state,  
 Can't entertain a guest so great:  
 In P\*\*\*\*\*th's \* dome, majestic queen,  
 With better grace thou shalt be seen,  
 If worthy of the Cyprian dart,  
 Thon seek'st to pierce a lovely heart:  
 For he to noble birth has join'd  
 A graceful form and gentle mind;  
 And to subdue a virgin breast  
 The youth with thousand arts is blest;  
 Nor silent in his country's cause,  
 The anxious guardian of her laws.  
 He, in thy noblest warfare tried,  
 Shall spread thy empire far and wide;  
 Confirm the glories of thy reign;  
 And not a glance shall fall in vain.  
 Then, when each rival shall submit  
 The prize of beauty and of wit,  
 And riches yield to fair desert  
 The triumph of a female heart;  
 Grateful thy marble form shall stand,  
 Fair breathing from thy sculptor's hand,  
 Below the temple's pillar'd pride,  
 Fast by a sacred fountain's side.  
 Where Tweed sports round each winding maze,  
 There song shall warble, incense blaze;  
 Nor dumb shall rest the silver lyre,  
 To animate the festive choir.  
 There twice a-day fond boys shall come,  
 And tender virgins in their bloom,  
 (With fearful awe and infant shame)  
 To call upon thy hallow'd name,

\* Probably Polwarth, Lord Marchmont's son.

As thrice about the wanton round  
 With snowy feet they lightly bound.  
 —For me no beauty now invites,  
 Long recreant to the soft delights.  
 Lost to the charming arts that move,  
 Ah, dare I hope a mutual love!  
 The fond belief, of pleasing pain,  
 That hopes, fears, doubts, and hopes again.  
 No wreaths upon my forehead bloom,  
 Where flow'rs their vernal souls consume.  
 No more the reigning toast I claim:  
 I yield the fierce contended name,  
 Tho' daring once to drink all up,  
 While Bacchus could supply the cup.  
 "Farewell, delusive, idle power!  
 Welcome, contemplation's hour.  
 Now, now I search, neglected long,  
 The charms that lie in moral song,  
 How to assuage the boiling blood,  
 The lessons of the wise and good;  
 Now with fraternal sorrows mourn;  
 Now pour the tear o'er friendship's urn:  
 Or higher raise the wish refin'd,  
 The generous pray'r for human kind;  
 Or, anxious for my Britain's fate,  
 To freedom beg a longer date,  
 To calm her more than civil rage,  
 And spare her yet one other age,  
 These, these the labours I pursue:  
 Fantastic Love! a long adieu."  
 —Yet why, O beauteous \*\*\*\*\* , why,  
 Heaves the long-forgotten sigh?  
 Why down my cheeks, when you appear,  
 Steals drop by drop the unbidden tear?  
 Once skill'd to breathe the anxious vow,  
 Why fails my tongue its master now,  
 And fault'ring, dubious strives in vain  
 The tender meaning to explain?  
 Why, in the visions of the night,  
 Rises thy image to my sight?  
 Now seiz'd, thy much-lov'd form I hold,  
 Now lose again the transient fold;  
 Unequal, panting far behind,  
 Pursue thee fleetier than the wind,  
 Whether the dear delusion strays  
 Thro' fair Hope-park's enchanting maze,  
 Or where thy cruel phantom glides  
 Along the swiftly running tides.



## HORACE, BOOK II., ODE XVII., IMITATED.

INSCRIBED TO MR JAMES CRAIG.

## I.

Ah! why dost thou my bosom tear,  
 Why vex me with thy friendly fear,  
     Thy fond complaint give o'er;  
 Nor heav'n, alas! nor I consent  
 That thou, my guide and ornament,  
     Good James, should die before.

## II.

If thee, before my destin'd day,  
 A riper fate should snatch away,  
 My soul's far better portion gone,  
 Ah, why do I still linger on?  
 Ah, why the worsèr part survive,  
 Not half so dear, nor—all alive?  
 That day shall ruin bring to both.  
 I've sworn no false, perfidious oath:  
 Whenever thou the way shall lead,  
 We go, we go, prepared to tread  
 The path that leads to death's secure abode,  
 And jog companions of the darksome road.

## III.

Me from that lov'd companion's side  
 No face of danger shall divide;  
 Should all these hideous forms appear  
 That fancy e'er begot on fear—  
 Should weeping children round me fall,  
 Or faithful spouse, I'd spurn them all:  
 On, on, behold me fix'd to go,  
 The pow'rful fates would have it so.

## IV.

Whether, propitious at my birth,  
 The balance shone serene on earth,  
 Or if the scorpion's angry power  
 Sway'd potent at my natal hour,  
 Let others judge who read the skies;  
 Our stars consent in wond'rous wise;  
 At one appointed hour of fate,  
 We each escap'd a danger great.

## V.

When time that runs with prone career,  
 Whirl'd round thy three-and-sixtieth year,

Thee with malignant eye survey'd;  
 Thy genius for his charge afraid,  
 Studious the moments to prolong,  
 Shone forth with opposition strong;  
 Renew'd life's lease (the danger o'er)  
 For twenty merry winters more.

## VI.

That day to me had fatal prov'd;  
 I came, I saw, alas! and lov'd.  
 Then had I sigh'd in fruitless pain,  
 A slave for seven long years again,  
 Had not the Pow'r, a pow'r indeed,  
 Well known in our poetic creed,  
 Guardian of us mercurial men,  
 Who drain the bowl, or dip the pen,  
 Propitious whisper'd in my ear,  
 (I hear him yet) rash man forbear;  
 Leave Jeanie to her knight or peer;  
 Extinguish thou the ambitious fire,  
 Nor hope to gain, nor wish to admire;  
 Be thine life's each familiar end,  
 A verse, a bottle—or a friend;  
 The sober Muse's rapturous love,  
 Kind t' allay, or wise to improve.  
 Since fate must work its destin'd way,  
 I heard submissive and obey.

## VII.

Then let us pay our vows; for thee  
 The teeming hogshead sets thee free;  
 Whose racy womb the harvest yields,  
 Of sunny Gallia's viny fields.  
 My humble fortune's shall afford  
 The bowl with gen'rous spirits stor'd,  
 That swells, such potent joys it brings,  
 Beyond the excising pow'r of kings.  
 Then send the foaming glass about,  
 We'll see it most devoutly out.

[This Ode we print from the manuscript volume, it never having been before published.]

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PART OF THE ELEVENTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST  
 BOOK OF HORACE IMITATED.

When through the world fate led the destin'd way,  
 Tell me, my Mitchell, in the broad survey,  
 What country pleas'd thy roving fancy most?  
 Say, wast thou smit with Baia's sunny coast?

Or wisht thou rather weary to repose  
In some cool vale where peaceful Arno flows?  
Or in Ombrosa dream the lonely hour,  
Where high arch'd hills the Etrurian shades embow'r;  
Where plenty pours her golden gifts in vain,  
That dubious swell for Carlos or Lorrain?  
Or charm'd thee more the happy viny plains,  
And lofty tow'rs, where mighty Louis reigns?  
Say, is it true what travellers report  
Of glories shining in the Gallic court?  
Or, do they all, tho' e'er so pompous, yield  
To the thatch'd cottage in my native field?

But hark, methinks I hear thee anxious say  
That thou at Palestine would'st choose to stay.  
Yes, Palestine; I know the place full well,  
Where holy dotards riot in each cell,  
The hapless peasant pines with want and sorrow,  
And all unpeopled as a royal burrow:  
Yet there forever would thy friend remain,  
Rather than change once more the frantic scene,  
And distant hear the rollings of the main;  
Unenvied, calm, enjoy a peaceful lot,  
My friends rememb'ring, nor by them forgot.

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## HORACE, BOOK I., EPISTLE XVIII., IMITATED.

Dear Ramsay, if I know thy soul aright,  
Plain-dealing honesty's thy dear delight:  
Not great, but candid born; not rich, but free;  
Thinks kings most wretched, and most happy me:  
Thy tongue untaught to lie, thy knee to bend,  
I fear no flatt'rer where I wish a friend.  
As the chaste matron's tender look and kind,  
Where sits the soul to speak the yearning mind,  
From the false colouring of the wanton shows  
Th' unhallow'd roses and polluted snows,  
A glare of beauty, nauseous to the sight,  
Gross but to feed desire, not raise delight:  
So differs far, in value, use and end,  
The praising foe from the reproving friend.  
Such distance lies between, nay greater far,  
Who bears an honest heart, or bears a star.  
A fault there is, but of another sort,  
That aims by nastiness to make its court;  
By downright rudeness would attempt to please,  
And sticks his friendship on your lips in grease:

With him (for such were Sparta's rigid rules)  
 All the polite are knaves; the cleanly, fools;  
 Good humour for impertinence prevails;  
 So strangely honest,—he'll not pair his nails.  
 Know, virtuous Sir, if not indeed a slave,  
 Yet, sordid as the thing, thou art a knave;  
 Virtue, its own, and every plain man's guide,  
 Serenely walks, with vice on every side,  
 Keeps its own course, to its own point does bend,  
 To follies deaf that call from either end.  
 This simple maxim should a statesman doubt,  
 Two characters shall make it plainly out.  
 The first is his, (the opposite of proud)  
 By far more humble than a Christian should,  
 Pursues, distasteful of plain sober cheer,  
 Th' inhospitable dinner of a peer;  
 Usurps, without the task of saying grace,  
 The poor starv'd chaplain's perquisites and place;  
 To vice gives virtue, to old age gives youth;  
 So well bred he—he never spoke one truth:  
 With watchful eyes sits full against my lord,  
 And catches, as it falls, each heavy word;  
 That, echo'd back, and sent from lungs more able,  
 Assumes new force, and bandies round the table.  
 All stare: "Was ever thing so pretty spoke?"  
 You'd almost swear it was his grace's joke.  
 Yet such as these divide the great man's store,  
 And flatter out the friendless and the poor.  
 Nor less the fool our censure must engage,  
 Whom every trifle rouses into rage.  
 He arms for all, so fierce the wordy war,  
 Labeo far less tenacious at the bar;  
 Words heap'd on words so fast together drive,  
 Like clust'ring bees that darken from the hive,  
 He fights; alas! what mortal dares confute him?  
 With tongue, hand, eyes, and every inch about him?  
 Deny me this; ah! rather than comply  
 A thing so plain—I'd sooner starve or die.  
 But, pray, what all this mighty fury draws!  
 Say, raves the patriot o'er expiring laws?  
 Say, on th' oppressor does his anger fall?  
 Pleads he for the distress'd, like good Newhall?  
 Against corruption does his vengeance rise?  
 The army? or the general excise?  
 On trifling themes like these our man is mute,  
 As S——, if fee-less you present your suit.  
 More sacred truths his zealous rage supply;  
 What all acknowledge, or what all deny:  
 If rogues in red are worse than rogues in lawn;  
 Or \*\*\* be as a great a dunce as —;

Or if our Hannibal's fam'd Alpine road,  
Be thirty foot, or five-and-thirty broad.

The vicious man, tho' in the worst degree,  
His neighbour thinks more vicious still than he.  
Is there whom lawless love should bring to gallows?  
He cries, what vengeance waits on perjur'd fellows?  
Ruchead, who pin'd amidst his boundless store,  
Could wonder why rich Selkirk wish'd for more:  
The youthful knight, who squanders all away,  
On whores, on equipage, on dress and play;  
The man who thirsts and hungers after gold;  
The tricking tradesman, and the merchant bold,  
Whom fear of poverty compels to fly  
Thro' seas, excisemen, rocks, oaths, perjury;  
Start at each other's crimes with pious fright,  
Yet think themselves forever in the right.

But above all, the rogue of wealth exclaims,  
And calls the poorer sinner filthy names;  
Tho' his foul soul, discolour'd all within,  
Has deeper drank the tincture of each sin:  
Or else advises, as the mother sage  
Rebukes the hopes and torment of her age,  
(And, saith, tho' insolent of wealth, in this  
Methinks, good friend, he talks not much amiss)  
"Yield, yield, O fool, to my superior merit,  
Without a sixpence thou, and sin with spirit?  
For me those high adventures kept by fate;  
For crimes look graceful with a large estate:  
Then cease, vain madman, and contend no more:  
Heav'n meant thee virtuous when it made thee poor."

But crimes like these to gold we can forgive;  
What boots it how they die or how they live?  
Then weep, my friend, when wicked wealth you find,  
To change the species of the virtuous mind.  
You've doubtless heard how 'twas a statesman's way,  
Whene'er he would oblige, that is, betray,  
Invited first the destin'd prey to dine,  
Then whisper'd in his ear, "You must be fine:  
Fine clothes, gay equipage, a splendid board  
Give youth a lustre, and become a lord.  
Why loiter meanly in paternal grounds,  
To neighbours owe thy ease, thy health to hounds?  
Go roam about, in gilded chariot hurl'd;  
Make friends of strangers, child, and learn the world:  
These kind instructors teach you best of any,  
The wise Sir William and the good Lord Fanny."  
Guiltless he hears of pension and of place,  
Then sinks in honour as he swells in lace;  
Each hardy virtue yields, and, day by day,  
Melts in the sunshine of a court away.

At first (not every manly thought resign'd)  
 He wonders why he dares not tell his mind;  
 Feels the last footsteps of retiring grace,  
 And virtuous blushes lingering on his face:  
 The artful tempter plies the slavish hour,  
 And works the gudgeon now within his pow'r;  
 Then tips his fellow statesman, "He'll assume  
 New modes of thinking in the drawing-room;  
 See idle dreams of greatness strike his eyes,  
 See pensions, ribbons, coronets arise."  
 "The man, whom labour only could delight,  
 Shall loiter all the day, and feast all night:  
 Who, mild, did once the kindest nature boast,  
 Unmov'd shall riot at the orphan's cost;  
 To pleasures vile, that health and fame destroy,  
 Yield the domestic charm, the social joy.  
 See, charm'd no more with Maro's rural page,  
 He slumbers over Lucan's free-born rage.  
 Each action in inverted lights is seen;  
 Meanness, frugality; and freedom, spleen;  
 How foolish Cato! Caesar how divine!  
 In spite of Tully, friend to Catilline."  
 Thus to each fair idea long unknown,  
 The slave of each man's vices and his own,  
 Enroll'd a member of the hireling tribe,  
 He tow'rs to villany's last act, a bribe,  
 And turns to make his ruin'd fortunes clear,  
 Or gamester, bully, jobber, pimp, or peer;  
 Till, late refracted through a purer air,  
 The beams of royal favour fall elsewhere:  
 Lo, vile, obscure, he ends his bustling day,  
 All stain'd the lustre of his orient ray;  
 And envies, poor, unpitied, scorn'd by all,  
 Marchmont the glories of a gen'rous fall.  
 Such sad examples can this land afford!  
 Why 'tis the history of many a lord.  
 But you, perhaps, think odd whate'er I say;  
 Yet drink with such originals each day.  
 Then censure me no more, too daring friend,  
 Whom 'scandalum magnatum' may offend.  
 How poor a figure should a poet make,  
 Ta'en into custody for scribbling's sake?  
 Ah how! (you know the muses never pay)  
 With all his verses earn five pounds a-day?  
 Leave we to Pope each knave of high degree,  
 Sing we such rules as suit or you or me.  
 Then, first, into no other's secrets pry;  
 To such be deaf your ear, be blind your eye:  
 Of these, unask'd, why should you claim a share?  
 But keep these safe entrusted to your care:

For this, beware the cunning low design,  
That takes advantage of your rage or wine;  
For rage no pause of cooler thought affords,  
Is rash, intemp'rate, headlong in its words.  
Lock fast your lips, then guard whate'er you say,  
Lest in the fit of passion you betray;  
And dread the wretch, who boasts the fatal pow'r  
To cheat in friendship's unsuspecting hour.

There is a certain pleasing force that binds,  
Faster than chains do slaves, two willing minds.  
Tempers oppos'd each may itself control,  
And melt two varying natures in one soul.  
This made two brothers different humours hit,  
Tho' one had probity, and one had wit.  
Of sober manners this, and plain good sense,  
Avoided cards, wine, company, expense:  
Safe from the tempting fatal sex withdrew,  
Nor made advances farther than a bow.  
A diff'rent train of life his twin pursues;  
Lov'd pictures, books, (nay authors write) the stews,  
A mistress, op'ra, play, each darling theme;  
To scribble, above all, his joy supreme.  
Must these two brothers always meet to scold,  
Or quarrel, like to Jove's fam'd twins of old?  
Each yielding, mutual, could each other please,  
And drew life's yoke with tolerable ease:  
This, thinking mirth not always in the wrong,  
Would sometimes condescend to hear a song;  
And that, fatigu'd with his exalted fits,  
His beauties, gewgaws, whirligigs and wits,  
Would leave them all, far happier to regale  
With prose and friendship o'er a pot of ale.  
Then to thy friend's opinion sometimes yield,  
And seem to lose, although thou gain'st the field;  
Nor, proud that thy superior sense be shown,  
Rail at his studies, and extol your own.

For when Aurora weeps the balmy dew,  
(And dreams, as rev'rend dreamers tell, are true)  
Sir George my shoulder slaps, just in the time  
When some rebellious word consents to rhyme:  
Sudden my verses take the rude alarm,  
New-coin'd, and from the mint of fancy warm:  
I start, I stare, I question with my eyes;  
At once the whole poetie vision flies.  
Up, up, exclaims the Knight; the season fair;  
See how serene the sky, how calm the air;  
Hark! from the hills the cheerful horns rebound,  
And echo propagates the jovial sound;  
The certain hound in thought his prey pursues,  
The scent lies warm, and loads the tainted dews,



I quit my couch, and cheerfully obey,  
 Content to let the younker have his way;  
 I mount my courser, fleeter than the wind,  
 And leave the rage of poetry behind.  
 But when, the day in healthful labour lost,  
 We eat our supper earn'd at common cost;  
 When each frank tongue speaks out without control,  
 And the free heart expatiates o'er the bowl;  
 Though all love prose, my poetry finds grace,  
 And, pleased, I chant the glories of the chace.

Of old, when Scotia's sons for empire fought,  
 Ere avarice had debased each generous thought,  
 Ere yet, each manlier exercise forgot,  
 One-half had learned to dose, one-half to vote,  
 Each hardy toil confirmed their dawning age,  
 And mimic fights inspired to martial rage:  
 'Twas theirs with certain speed the dart to send,  
 With youthful force the stubborn yew to bend;  
 O'ercame with early arm the fiercest floods,  
 Or ranged midst chilling snows the pathless woods;  
 Toiled for the savage boar on which they fed:  
 'Twas thus the chief of Bannockburn was bred;  
 That gave (not polished then below mankind)  
 Strength to the limbs, and vigour to the mind.  
 The smiling dame, in those victorious days,  
 Was woo'd by valour, not seduced by praise;  
 Who ne'er did fears, but for her country, feel;  
 And never saw her lover, but in steel;  
 Could make a Douglas' stubborn bosom yield,  
 And send her hero raging to the field;  
 Heard kind the honest warrior's one-tongued vow,  
 Pleased with a genuine heart, as H\*\*\*\* is now.  
 How would the generous lass detest to see  
 An essenced fopling puling o'er his tea;  
 Ah! how distasteful of the mimic show,  
 Disdain the false appearance as a foe?  
 To greet, unfolding every social charm,  
 Her soldier from the field of glory warm.

But now, alas! these generous aims are o'er;  
 Each foe insults, and Britain fights no more.  
 Yet humbler tasks may claim the patriot's toil:  
 Who aids her laws no more, may mend her soil.  
 Since, to be happy, man must ne'er be still,  
 The internal void let peaceful labours fill;  
 When kind amusements hours of fame employ,  
 The working mind subsides to sober joy.  
 Behold, in fair autumnal honours spread,  
 The wheaten garland wreath the laurel'd head;  
 Where stagnant waves did in dull lakes appear,  
 Rich harvests wave, the bounty of the year;



In barren heaths, where summer never smiled,  
The rural city rises o'er the wild;  
Along the cool canal, or shooting grove,  
Disport the sons of mirth and gamesome love.

It now remains I counsel, if indeed  
My counsel, friend, can stand thee ought in stead.  
Judge well of whom you speak; nor will you find  
It always safe to tell each man your mind.  
Even honesty regard to safety owes;  
Nor need it publish all it thinks and knows.  
The eternal questioner shun: a certain rule,  
There is no blab like to the questioning fool;  
Even scarce before you turn yourself about,  
Whate'er he hears his leaky tongue runs out;  
The word elanced no longer we control,  
Once sallied forth, it bursts from pole to pole.

Guard well your heart; ah! still be beauty-proof,  
Beneath fair friendship's venerable roof;  
What though she shines the brightest of the fair,  
A form even such as Wallace\* self might wear?  
What though no rocks nor marble arm her breast,  
A yielding Helen to her Trojan guest!  
The dangerous combat fly; why wouldst thou gain  
A shameful conquest won by years of pain?  
For know, the short-lived guilty rapture past,  
Reflection comes, a dreadful judge at last:  
'Tis that avenges (such its pointed stings)  
The poor man's cause on statesmen and on kings.

To praise aright, is sure no easy art;  
Yet prudence here directs the wise man's part.  
Let long experience then confirm the friend,  
Dive to his depth of soul, ere you commend.  
Should you extol the fool but slightly known,  
Guiltless you blush for follies not your own.  
Alas! we err; for villains can betray,  
And gold corrupt the saint of yesterday.  
Then yield, convicted by the public voice,  
And frankly own the weakness of your choice;  
So greater credit shall your judgment gain,  
When you defend the worth that kuaves arraign;

\* Probably Ellinor, daughter of Colonel Agnew of Lochryan. She married Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, Bart., but lived separate from him on account of temper. There are two prints of her. One is inscribed "Lady Wallace. W. De Nune ad vivam, pinxt. 1744. Forbes, fecit. Sold by Charles Esplen at the Crown and Anchor in High Street, Edinburgh;" the other, "The Lady Wallace. J. Davidson, pinxt. Ric. Cooper, fecit." The original picture of the last is at Barnbarroch.

Whose soul secure, confiding in your aid,  
 Hopes the kind shelter of your friendly shade;  
 When envy on his spotless name shall fall,  
 Whose venom'd tooth corrupts and blackens all;  
 This mutual help the kindred virtues claim,  
 For calumny eats on from fame to fame.  
 When o'er thy neighbour's roof the flames aspire,  
 Say, claims it not thy care to quench the fire?  
 When envy rages, small the space betwixt,  
 In worth allied, thy character is next.

Fired at the first with what the great impart,  
 Frank we give way, and yield up all the heart.  
 How sweet the converse of the potent friend!  
 How charming when the mighty condescend!  
 The smile so affable, the courtly word!—  
 And, as we would a mistress, trust a lord.  
 The experienced dread the cheat; with prudent care  
 Distrust alike the powerful and the fair.  
 Thou, when thy vessel flies before the wind,  
 Think on the peaceful port thou left behind;  
 Though all serene, yet bear a humble sail,  
 Lest veering greatness shift the treacherous gale.  
 How various man! yet such are nature's laws,  
 With powerful force each different humour draws:  
 The grave the cheerful hate; these hate the sad;  
 Your sober wise man thinks the wit quite mad;  
 He, happy too in wit's inverted rule,  
 Thinks every sober wise man more than fool;  
 Whose active mind from toil to toil can run,  
 And join the rising to the setting sun,  
 Like Philip's son, for fame pursuing gains,  
 While yet one penny unsubdued remains;  
 Admires how lovers waste the inactive day,  
 Sigh, midst the fair, their gentle souls away.  
 The tuneful bard, who boasts his varied strains,  
 Shares with the lark the glory of the plains,  
 Whose life the impression of no sorrow knows,  
 So smoothly calm, he scarcely feels it flows.  
 In vocal woods each fond conceit pursues,  
 Pleased with the jingling bauble of a muse;  
 Pities the toiling madman's airy scheme,  
 When greatness sickens o'er the ambitious dream;  
 Each boon companion, who the night prolongs,  
 In noise and rapture, festivals and songs,  
 Condemns the graver mortal for an ass,  
 Who dares refuse his bumper and his lass;  
 Still urging on, what boots it that you swear  
 You dread the vapours and nocturnal air;  
 Yet grant a little to the social vine,  
 Full on the friend with cloudless visage shine,

Oft sullen silence speaks a want of sense,  
 Or folly lurks beneath the wise pretence.  
 Is there severe, who baulks the genial hour?  
 He's not so sober, were he not so sour.

But, above all, I charge thee o'er and o'er,  
 Fair peace through all her secret haunts explore;  
 Consult the learned in life (these best advise),  
 The good in this more knowing than the wise;  
 Their sacred science learn, and what the art  
 To guard the sallies of the impetuous heart;  
 With temper due the internal poise to keep,  
 Not soaring impudent, nor servile creep;  
 How sure thyself, thy friends, thy God to please,  
 Firm health without, within unshaken peace;  
 Lest keen desire, still making new demands,  
 Should raise new foes unnumbered on thy hands;  
 Or hope, or fear, inspire the unmanly groan,  
 For things of little use, perhaps of none:  
 Who best can purchase virtue's righteous dower,  
 The sage with wisdom, or the king with power:  
 Or if the mighty blessing stands confined  
 To the chaste nature and the heaven-taught mind.  
 And chief the important lesson wise attend,  
 What makes thee to thyself thyself's best friend:  
 If gold a pure tranquillity bestows,  
 Or greatness can insure a night's repose;  
 Or must we seek it in the secret road  
 That leads through virtue to the peaceful God;  
 A shaded walk, where, separate from the throng,  
 We steal through life all unperceived along.

For me, afraid of life's tempestuous gale,  
 I make to port, and crowd on all my sail.  
 Soon may the peaceful grove and sheltered seat  
 Receive me weary in the kind retreat;  
 Blest if my \*\*\*\* be the destined shade,        )  
 Where childhood sported, of no ills afraid,        )  
 Ere youth full-grown its daring wing displayed.        )  
 That often crossed by life's intestine war,  
 Foresaw that day of triumph from afar,  
 When warring passions mingling in the fray,  
 Had drawn the youthful wanderer from his way:  
 But recollecting the short error, mourned,  
 And duteous to the warning voice returned.  
 No more the passions hurrying into strife,  
 My soul enjoys the gentler calms of life.  
 Like Tityrus, blessed among the rural shades,  
 Whose hallowed round no guilty wish invades;  
 No joy tumultuous, no depressing care;  
 All that I want is Amaryllis there;

Where silver Forth each fair meander leads  
Through breathing harvests and empurpled meads;  
Whose russet swains enjoy the golden dream,  
And thankful bless the plenty-giving stream.  
There youth, convinced, foregoes each daring claim,  
And settling manhood takes a surer aim;  
Till age accomplish late the fair design,  
And calm possess the good, if age be mine.  
What thinkst thou, then, my friend, shall be my cares,  
My daily studies, and my nightly prayers?  
Of the propitious Power this boon I crave,  
Still to preserve the little that I have;  
Nor yet repugnance at the lot express,  
Should fate decree that little to be less;  
That what remains of life to heaven I live,  
If life, indeed, has any time to give:  
Or, if the fugitive will no longer stay,  
To part as friends should do, and slip away:  
Thankful to heaven, or for the good supplied,  
To heaven submissive for the good denied,  
Renounce the household charm, a bliss divine!  
Heaven never meant for me, and I resign;  
In other joys the allotted hours improve,  
And gain in friendship what was lost in love:  
Some comfort snatched, as each vain year returned,  
When nature suffered, or when friendship mourned,  
Of all that stock so fatally bereft,  
Once youth's proud boast, alas! the little left;  
These friends, in youth beloved, in manhood tried,  
Age must not change through avarice or pride.  
For me let wisdom's sacred fountain flow,  
The cordial draught that sweetens every woe;  
Let fortune kind the "just enough" provide,  
Nor dubious float on hope's uncertain tide;  
Add thoughts composed, affections ever even.—  
Thus far suffices to have asked of heaven,  
Who, in the dispensations of a day,  
Grants life, grants death; now gives, now takes away;  
To scaffolds oft the ribboned spoiler brings;  
Takes power from statesmen, and their thrones from kings;  
From the unthankful heart the bliss decreed—  
But leaves the man of worth still blessed indeed.  
Be life heaven's gift, be mine the care to find  
Still equal to itself the balanced mind;  
Fame, beauty, wealth forgot, each human toy,  
With thoughtful quiet pleased, and virtuous joy;  
In these, and these alone, supremely blest,  
When fools and madmen scramble for the rest.

[This Epistle appeared in the editions of Hamilton's Poems 1748 and 1760. It had, however, been printed separately in 1737, 8vo. pp. 26, accompanied with the following prefatory remarks:—

“ADVERTISEMENT.—The following poem is rather built upon the ground-work of Horace, than a strict imitation of him. All his thoughts are indeed translated; but several are added; which, though they are not of the author's original growth, yet 'tis hoped partake so much of the nature of the soil, as to appear with tolerable grace amongst their fellows. They serve to exemplify or illustrate the original design. Literal translations of Horace seem to be of no use, as they can have no application to our times; a want which renders writings that concern human life of less general importance. To keep strictly to the thoughts in the original, and yet have always in view that reference to one's own times, is a work of more difficulty than some imagine: though this has been successfully performed by one who has long flourish'd at the head of the poetic world, yet it is not every one's talent to arrive at his compass of execution.

Lollius, to whom this Epistle is dedicated, seems to have been a particular favourite of our author, since he inscribes to him one of the most beautiful Odes of his fourth Book, and another Epistle. The Ode turns upon the advantages which great actions have in being transmitted to posterity by the aid of the Muses; and extols Lollius as a person on all occasions the same, whether in the prosperous or calamitous affairs of the state; and of a generous and noble disposition. Yet this same Lollius, when he was sent by Augustus along with his grandson into Parthia, sullied all those honours, by plundering that province, accumulating wealth by oppression, and holding a correspondence with the enemy. Strange reverse! but common amongst the great: for we have no reason to suspect Horace of flattery, who was so delicate in the choice of his friends, and enjoyed the familiarity of the powerful (a blessing rarely granted to writers) at the expense of no virtue. It is indeed a lesson to the Poets to be more sparing in their praises, and not to lavish out the sacred incense of the Muses on every thing that wears a title. But this revolution in the character of Lollius happened four years after the death of Horace. He did not survive to see his friend no more the liberal genius, who was not (as he expresses it) afraid to perish for his dear friends and country, but converted into a rapacious and abandoned minister. He still retained, however, so much of his former character, as to choose to fall a victim to his own conscience, rather than stand the resentment of a betrayed master and injured people. Thus we find that virtue itself is not always a constant possession, it has its fatal moments; unless we suppose that Lollius was a perpetual dissembler, which could not have so long escaped the eye of so penetrating a judge as our author. I don't know if

it would not be flattering poetry too much, to think that this change would not perhaps have happened had our Bard lived. Were that the case indeed, how useful would a poet be in a state! But whatever might have been the case of old, I'm afraid now-a-days these are too lofty pretensions.

The character of the young nobleman ruined by the vile arts of a crafty courtier, is much enlarged, as not unnecessary in this age and in this country. If any noble youth, upon reading of it, is warned against so dangerous a commerce, the author has his aim.

Towards the conclusion, Horace rises in his moral, and falls (as he generally does) into a beautiful way of writing himself. This is natural in the epistolary manner. When the writer turns warm, his sentiments become more personal: he annihilates the whole world, as it were, but himself and his friend: he withholds nothing from him, but pours out all his soul without reserve or restraint. The imitator has ventured to follow his great original in so dangerous a part of the imitation. This characterising is of great use in poetry. From these internal pictures of another's mind, we are naturally set to delineate our own, and compare the corresponding features together; which produces that eminent virtue of self-consideration, the great support of all the other virtues. It awakens likewise that humanity which connects us all together, and by which we interest ourselves in one another. This, when felt, is what we may call reading poetry with taste!

Collating the publication of 1737 with the poem in the edition of 1760, we find only a very few unimportant verbal amendments. The following note to the "Good Newhall," page 136, is however omitted:—

"When this was wrote, that ornament to the Bench was alive."

So also the following couplet, with the accompanying notes, at page 141, after line 4:—

"Where smiling flowers in native lustre glow,  
Blooms in Newliston\* bowers,† the peace of Stowe."‡]

\* The seat of the Right Hon. the E. of S[tair].

† A flower very common in the fields, to be seen almost on every hedge, and in every farmer's yard; but entirely neglected by your more curious florists, who have taken no pains to cultivate it, showing more esteem for your exotics. Some people of quality have of late thought fit to transplant it. It is not to be found in any royal garden.

‡ The seat of Lord Cobham. See Essay on Happiness. p. ult.

## PINDAR'S OLYMPIA.

## ODE I.

TRANSLATED.\*

WATER, great principle whence nature springs,  
 The prime of elements, and first of things,  
 Amidst proud riches' soul-inflaming store,  
     As through the night the fiery blaze  
     Pours all around the streaming rays,  
     Conspicuous glows the golden oar.  
 But if thee, O my soul, a fond desire  
     To sing the contests of the great,  
     Calls forth t' awake th' etherial fire,  
     What subject worthier of the lyre,  
     Olympia's glories to relate!  
     Full in the forehead of the sky,  
     The sun, the world's bright radiant eye,  
     Shines o'er each lesser flame;  
     On earth what theme suffices more  
     To make the Muses' offspring soar,  
     Than the Olympian victor's fame?  
 But from the swelling column, where on high  
     It peaceful hangs, take down the Doric lyre,  
 If with sweet love of sacred melody,  
     The steeds of Hiero thy breast inspire.  
     When borne along the flow'ry side,  
     Where smooth Alpheus' waters glide,  
     Their voluntary virtue flies,  
     Nor needs the driver's rousing cries,  
     But rapid seize the dusty space,  
     To reap the honours of the race,  
     The merit of their speed;  
 And bind with laurel wreath the manly brows  
 Of him the mighty King of Syracuse,  
     Delighting in the victor steed.  
 Far sounds his glory thro' the winding coast  
     Of Lydia, where his waud'ring host  
 From Elis, Pelops led to new abodes;  
     There prosper'd in his late found reign  
     Lov'd by the ruler of the main;  
     When at the banquet of the gods,

\* *Lyticorum longe Pindarus princeps, spiritus magnificentia, sententiis, figuris, beatissima rerum verborumque copia, et velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine; propter quæ Horatius cum merito credit nemini initabilem.*—  
 Quinctil. Instit. Orat. lib. x. cap. i.



In the pure laver of the Fates again,  
     Clotho, the youth to life renew'd,  
     With potent charm and mystic strain,  
     When by his cruel father slain,  
     With ivory shoulder bright endow'd.  
     Of fables with a fond surprise,  
     When shaded o'er with fair disguise,  
     The wand'ring mind detain;  
     Deluded by the kind deceit,  
     We joy more in the skilful cheat,  
     Than in truth's faithful strain.  
 But chief to verse these wond'rous pow'rs belong,  
     Such grace has heaven bestow'd on song;  
 Blest parent! from whose loins immortal joys,  
     To mitigate our pain below,  
     Soft'ning the anguish of our woe,  
     Are sprung, the children of its voice:  
 Song can o'er unbelief itself prevail,  
     The virtue of its magic art,  
 Can make the most amazing tale,  
     With shafts of eloquence assail,  
     Victorious, the yielding heart:  
     But time on never-ceasing wings  
     Experienc'd wisdom slowly brings  
     And teaches mortal race  
     Not to blaspheme the Holy One,  
     That deathless fills the heavenly throne,  
     Inhabiting eternal space.  
 Therefore, O son of Tantalus, will I  
     In other guise thy wond'rous tale unfold,  
 And juster to the Rulers of the sky,  
     With lips more hallow'd than the bards of old.  
     For when thy sire the gods above,  
     To share the kind return of love,  
     Invited from their native bow'rs,  
     To his own lov'd Sipylian tow'rs,  
     The trident pow'r, by fierce desire  
     Subdued, on golden steeds of fire,  
     Thee bore aloft to Jove on high;  
 Where since young Ganymede, sweet Phrygian boy,  
 Succeeded to the ministry of joy,  
     And nectar banquet of the sky.  
 But when no more on earth thy form was seen,  
     Conspicuous in the walks of men,  
 Nor yet to soothe thy mother's longing sight,  
     The searching train sent to explore  
     Thy lurking-place, could thee restore,  
     The weeping fair's supreme delight:  
 Then Envy's forked tongue began t' infest  
     And wound thy sire's untainted fame,



That he to each ætherial guest  
 Had served thee up a horrid feast,  
 Subdu'd by force of all-devouring flame;  
     But, the blest Pow'rs of heav'n t' accuse,  
     Far be it from the holy Muse,  
     Of such a feast impure;  
     Vengeance protracted for a time,  
     Still overtakes the sland'rer's crime;  
     At heaven's slow appointed hour.  
 Yet certain, if the Pow'r who wide surveys,  
     From his watch-tow'r, the earth and seas,  
 E'er dignified the perishable race;  
     Him, Tantalus they rais'd on high,  
     Him, the chief fav'rite of the sky,  
     Exalted to sublimest grace.  
 But his proud heart was lifted up and vain,  
     Swell'd with his envied happiness,  
     Weak and frail his mortal brain,  
     The lot superior to sustain;  
 He fell degraded from his bliss.  
     For on his head th' Almighty Sire,  
     Potent in his kindled ire,  
     Hung a rock's monstrous weight:  
     Too feeble to remove the load,  
     Fix'd by the sanction of the god,  
     He wand'ring erring from delight.  
 The watchful synod of the skies decreed  
     His wasted heart a prey to endless woes,  
 Condem'd a weary pilgrimage to lead,  
     On earth secure, a stranger to repose.  
     Because, by mad ambition driven,  
     He robb'd the sacred stores of heaven:  
     Th' ambrosial vintage of the skies  
     Became the daring spoiler's prize,  
     And brought to sons of mortal earth  
     The banquet of celestial birth,  
     With endless blessings fraught,  
 And to his impious rev'lers pour'd the wine,  
 Whose precious sweets make blest the pow'rs divine,  
     Gift of the rich immortal draught.  
 Foolish the man who hopes his crimes may lie  
     Unsecu by the supreme all-piercing eye;  
 He, high enthron'd above all heaven's height,  
     The works of men with broad survey,  
     And as in the blazing flame of day,  
     Beholds the secret deeds of night.  
 Therefore his son the immortals back again  
     Sent to these death-obnoxious abodes,  
     To taste his share of human pain,  
     Exil'd from the celestial reign,  
 And sweet communion of the gods.

But when the fleecy down began  
 To clothe his chin, and promise man;  
 The shafts of young desire,  
 And love of the fair female kind,  
 Inflam'd the youthful hero's mind,  
 And set his amorous soul on fire.  
 Won by fair Hippodamia's lovely eyes,  
 The Pisan tyrant's blooming prize,  
 High in his hopes he purpos'd to obtain;  
 O'ercome her savage sire in arms,  
 The price of her celestial charms:  
 For this the Ruler of the main  
 Invoking in the dreary solitude,  
 And secret season of the night;  
 Oft, on the margin of the flood  
 Alone, the raging lover stood,  
 Till to his long-desiring sight,  
 From below the sounding deeps,  
 His scaly herds where Proteus keeps,  
 The fav'rite youth to please,  
 Dividing swift the hoary stream,  
 Refulgent on his golden team,  
 Appear'd the trident-scepter'd King of Seas.  
 To whom the youth: if e'er with fond delight,  
 The gifts of Venus could thy soul inspire,  
 Restrain fell Oenemaus' spear in fight;  
 And me, who dare advent'rous to aspire,  
 Me grant, propitious, to succeed,  
 Enduing with unrivall'd speed  
 The flying car, decreed to gain  
 The laurel wreath, on Elis' plain,  
 Victorious o'er the father's pow'r;  
 Who, dire, so many hapless lovers slain,  
 Does still a maid the wond'rous fair detain,  
 Protractive of the sweet connubial hour.  
 Danger demands a soul secure of dread,  
 Equal to the daring deed!  
 Since then, th' immutable decrees of Fate,  
 Have fix'd, by their vicegerent, Death,  
 The limits of each mortal breath,  
 Doom'd to the urn, or soon or late:  
 What mind resolv'd and brave would sleep away  
 His life, when glory warms the blood,  
 Only t' enjoy some dull delay,  
 Inactive to his dying day,  
 Not aiming at the smallest good?  
 But the blooming maid inspires  
 My breast to far sublimer fires,  
 To raise my glory to the skies;  
 Gracious, O saving Pow'r, give ear,

Indulgent to my vow sincere,  
    Prosp'ring the mighty enterprize.  
So pray'd the boy: nor fell his words in vain,  
Unheeded by the ruler of the main;  
A golden car, earth's shaking Pow'r bestow'd,  
    And to the glitt'ring axle join'd  
    Unrival'd steeds, fleet as the wind;  
    Glad of the present of the god,  
The ardent youth demands the promis'd fight;  
In dust the haughty parent laid,  
    Neptune fulfils the youth's delight,  
    And wings his chariot's rapid flight,  
To win the sweet celestial maid.  
    She with six sons, a fair increase,  
    Crown'd the hero's warm embrace,  
    Whom virtuous love inspir'd;  
Upright to walk in virtue's ways,  
The surest path to noblest praise,  
    The noblest praise the youth acquir'd.  
Now by Alpheus' stream, meand'ring fair,  
Whose humid train wide spreads the Pisan plains;  
A sepulchre, sublimely rear'd in air,  
All, of the mighty man that was, contains.  
    There frequent in the holy shade,  
    The vows of stranger chiefs are paid,  
    And on the sacred altar lies  
    The victim, smoking to the skies,  
    When heroes, at the solemn shrine,  
    Invoke the Pow'rs with rites divine,  
    From every distant soil,  
And drive about the consecrated mound  
The sounding car, or on the listed ground  
    Urge the fleet racers, or the wrestlers toil.  
Happy the man whom fav'ring Fate allows  
The wreaths of Pisa to surround his brows;  
All wedded to delight, his after-days  
    In calm and even tenor run,  
    The noble dow'r of conquest won,  
Such conscions pleasure flows from praise.  
Thee, Muse, great Hiero's virtue to prolong,  
It fits, and to resound his name:  
    Exalting o'er the vulgar throng,  
    In thy sweet Eolian song,  
His garland of Olympian fame.  
    Nor shalt thou, O my Muse! e'er find  
    A more sublime or worthier mind,  
    To better fortunes born:  
    On whom the gracious love of God,  
    The regal pow'r has kind bestow'd,  
And arts of sway, that pow'r t' adorn.

Still may thy God, O potent King! employ  
 His sacred ministry of joy,  
 Solicitous with tutelary care,  
 To guard from the attacks of fate  
 Thy blessings lasting as they're great,  
 The pious poet's constant pray'r.  
 Then to the mighty bounty of the sky,  
 The Muse shall add a sweeter lay,  
 With wing sublime when she shall fly,  
 Where Cronius rears his cliffs on high,  
 Smote with the burning shafts of day;  
 If the Muses' quiver'd god  
 Pave for song the even road,  
 With sacred rapture warm,  
 A further flight aloft in air  
 Elanc'd shall wing my tuneful spear  
 More vigorous from the Muse's arm.  
 To many heights the daring climber springs,  
 Ere he the highest top of pow'r shall gain;  
 Chief seated there the majesty of kings;  
 The rest at different steps below remain:  
 Exalted to that wond'rous height,  
 T' extend the prospect of delight,  
 May'st thou, O Hiero! live content,  
 On the top of all ascent.  
 To thee, by bounteous fates, be giv'n  
 T' inhabit still thy lofty heav'n:  
 To me, in arts of peace,  
 Still to converse with the fair victor host,  
 For graceful song, an honourable boast,  
 Conspicuous thro' the realms of Greece.

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## PINDAR'S OLYMPIA.

### ODE II.

O sov'reign hymns! that pow'r'ful reign  
 In the harp, your sweet domain,  
 Whom will ye choose to raise;  
 What god shall now the verse resound;  
 What chief, for godlike deed renown'd,  
 Exalt to loftiest praise?  
 Pisa is Jove's: Jove's conqu'ring son  
 First the Olympic race ordain'd:  
 The first fair fruits of glory won  
 The haughty tyrant's rage restrain'd.

He first the wond'rous game bestow'd  
When breathing from Augean toils,  
He consecrates the dreadful spoils,  
An off'ring to his father-god.  
Theron, his virtues to approve,  
And imitate the seed of Jove,  
Th' Olympic laurel claims,  
Whose swift-wheel'd car has borne away  
The rapid honours of the day,  
Foremost among the victor names.  
Therefore for Theron praise awaits,  
For him the lyre awakes the strain,  
The stranger welcom'd at his gates  
With hospitable love humane.  
Fix'd on the councils of his breast,  
As on the column's lofty height  
Remains secure the building's weight,  
The structure of his realm may rest.  
Of a fair stem, himself a fairer flow'r,  
Who soon transplanted from their native soil,  
Wander'd many climates o'er,  
Till after long and various toil,  
On the fair river's destin'd bank they found  
Their sacred seat, and heav'n-chose ground:  
Where stood delightful to the eye  
The fruitful beauteous Sicily,  
And could a numerous issue boast,  
That spread their lustre round, and flourish'd o'er the coast.  
The following years all took their silver flight,  
With pleasure wing'd and soft delight,  
And every year that flew in peace,  
Brought to their native virtues, store  
Of wealth and pow'r, a new increase,  
Fate still confirm'd the sum, and bounteous added more.  
But son of Rhe' and Saturn old,  
Who dost thy sacred throne uphold  
On high Olympus' hill;  
Whose rule th' Olympic race obeys,  
Who guid'st Alpheus' winding maze,  
In hymns delighting still;  
Grant, gracious to the godlike race,  
Their children's children to sustain,  
Peaceful through time's ne'er-ending space,  
The sceptre and paternal reign.  
For Time, the aged sire of all,  
The deed impatient of delay,  
Which the swift hour has wing'd away,  
Just or unjust, can ne'er recall.  
But when calmer days succeed,  
Of fair event, and lovely deed,

Our lot serene at last;  
 The memory of darker hours,  
 When heav'n severe and angry low'rs,  
     Forgotten lies and past.  
 Thus mild, and lenient of his frown,  
     When Jove regards his adverse fate,  
 And sends his chosen blessings down  
     To cheer below our mortal state:  
 Then former evils, odious brood,  
     Before the heav'n-born blessings fly,  
     Or trodden down subjected lie,  
 Soon vanquish'd by the victor-good.  
 With thy fair daughters, Cadmus! best agrees  
     The Muse's song; who, after many woes  
     At last on golden thrones of ease,  
     Enjoy an undisturb'd repose.  
 No more they think of Cadmus, mournful swain!  
 Succeeding joys dispel his former pain.  
     And Semele, of rosy hue,  
     Whom the embracing Thund'rer slew,  
     Exalted now to heav'n's abodes,  
 Herself a goddess blythe, dwells with immortal gods:  
 Bath'd in th' ambrosial odours of the sky,  
 Her long dishevell'd tresses fly:  
     Her, Minerva still approves;  
     She is her prime and darling joy:  
     Her, heav'n's Lord supremely loves;  
 As does his rosy son, the ivy-crowned boy.  
     Thou, Ino too! in pearly cells,  
     Where Nereus' sea-green daughter dwells,  
     Enjoy'st a lot divine:  
 No more of suff'ring mortal strain,  
 An azure goddess of the main,  
     Eternal rest is thine.  
 Lost in a maze, blind feeble man,  
     Knows not the hour he sure foresees,  
 Nor with the eyes of nature can  
     Pierce through the hidden, deep decrees;  
 Nor sees he if his radiant day,  
     That in meridian splendour glows,  
     Shall gild his ev'ning's quiet close,  
     Soft smiling with a farewell ray.  
 As when the ocean's reflux tides,  
 Within his hollow womb subsides,  
     Is heard to sound no more;  
 Till rousing all its rage again,  
 Flood roll'd on flood it pours amain,  
     And sweeps the sandy shore:  
 So Fortune, mighty queen of life,  
     Works up proud man, her destin'd slave,

Of good and ill the stormy strife,  
 The sport of her alternate wave;  
 Now mounted to the height of bliss,  
 He seems to mingle with the sky;  
 Now looking down with giddy eye,  
 Sees the retreating waters fly,  
 And trembles at the deep abyss.  
 As, by experience led, the searching mind  
 Revolves the records of still-changing fate,  
 Such dire reverses shall he find,  
 Oft mark the fortunes of the great!  
 Now bounteous gods, with blessings all divine,  
 Exalt on high the sceptred line,  
 Now the bright scene of laurell'd years,  
 At once, quick-shifting, disappears:  
 And in their radiant room succeeds  
 A dismal train of ills, and tyrannous misdeeds.  
 Since the curst hour the fateful son  
 Plung'd in the guilt he sought to shun,  
 And saw beneath his hasty rage  
 The hoary king, heav'n's victim, bleed;  
 Deaf to a father's pleading age,  
 His erring hands fulfill'd, what guilty fate decreed.  
 Erynnis, dreadful fury! saw  
 The breach of nature's holiest law,  
 She mounts her hooked car;  
 Through Phocis' death-devoted ground  
 She flew, and gave the nations round  
 To the wide waste of war:—  
 By mutual hands the brothers died,  
 Furious on mutual wounds they run;  
 Sons, fathers, swell the sanguine tide;  
 Fate drove the purple deluge on.  
 Thus perish'd all the fated brood,  
 Thus Eris wrought her dreadful will;  
 When sated vengeance had its fill,  
 Thersander clos'd the scene of blood.  
 He, sprung from beauteous Argea, shone,  
 The glory of Adrastrus' throne,  
 When fierce in youthful fire,  
 He raged around the Theban wall,  
 And saw the sevenfold city fall  
 A victim to his sire.  
 From him, as from a second root,  
 Wide spreading to the lofty skies,  
 The sons of martial glory shoot,  
 And clust'ring chiefs on chiefs arise.  
 There in the topmost boughs display'd,  
 Great Theron sits with lustre crown'd,  
 And verdant honours bloom around,  
 While nations rest beneath his shade.

Awake the lyre! Theron demands the lays,  
 Yet all too low! Call forth a nobler strain!  
 Decent is ev'n th' excess of praise:  
 For Theron strike the sounding lyre again,  
 Olympia's flowing wreath he singly wears;  
 The Isthmian palm his brother shares.  
 Delphi resounds the kindred name,  
 The youths contend alike for fame,  
 Fair rivals in the glorious chace,  
 When twelve times darting round, they flew the giddy space.  
 Thrice blest! for whom the Graces twine  
 Fame's brightest plume, the wreath divine:  
 Lost to remembrance, former woes  
 No more reflection's sting employ;  
 With triumph all the bosom glows,  
 Pour'd through the expanding heart, th' impetuous tide of joy.  
 Riches, that singly are possest,  
 Vain pomp of life! a specious waste,  
 But feed luxurious pride:  
 Yet when with sacred virtues crown'd,  
 Wealth deals its liberal treasures round,  
 'Tis nobly dignified.  
 To modest worth, to honour's bands,  
 With conscious warmth he large imparts;  
 And in his presence smiling stands  
 Fair Science, and her handmaid, Arts.  
 As in the pure serene of night,  
 Thron'd in its sphere, a beauteous star  
 Sheds its blest influence from afar  
 At once beneficent and bright.  
 But hear ye wealthy, hear ye great,  
 I sing the fix'd decrees of fate,  
 What after death remains,  
 Prepar'd for the unfeeling kind  
 Of cruel unrelenting mind,  
 A doom of endless pains!  
 The crimes that stain'd this living light,  
 Beneath the holy eye of Jove,  
 Meets in the regions drear of night,  
 ♦ The vengeance but delay'd above.  
 There the pale sinner drear aghast,  
 Impartial, righteous, and severe,  
 Unaw'd by pow'r, unmov'd by pray'r,  
 Eternal justice dooms at last.  
 Far otherwise, the souls whom virtue guides  
 Enjoy a calm repose of sacred rest,  
 Nor light nor shade their time divides,  
 With one eternal sunshine blest.  
 Emancipated from the cares of life,  
 No more they urge the mortal strife:



No more, with still-revolving toil,  
 They vex a hard, ungrateful soil;  
 Nor plow the surges of the main,  
 Exchanging holy quiet for false, deceitful gain.  
 But to these sacred seats preferr'd,  
 With gods they live, as gods rever'd,  
 And tears are wip'd from ev'ry eye;  
 While banish'd from the happy reign,  
 The guilty souls in darkness lie,  
 And weary out the frightful ministers of pain.  
 So heaven decrees: The good and just,  
 Who, true to life's important trust,  
 Have well sustained the field;  
 Whose souls, undaunted, undismayed,  
 Nor flattering pleasure could persuade,  
 Nor passions taught to yield;  
 These through the mortal changes past,  
 Still listening to the heavenly lore,  
 Find this sublime reward at last,  
 The trial of obedience o'er.  
 Then bursting from the bonds of clay,  
 Triumphant tread the heaven-paved road  
 That leads to Saturn's high abode,  
 And Jove himself directs the way.  
 There, where the blest reside at ease,  
 Bland zephyrs breathe the sea-born breeze  
 O'er all the happy isle:  
 Unnumbered sweets the air perfume,  
 'Tis all around one golden bloom,  
 All one celestial smile.  
 By living streams fair trees ascend,  
 Whose roots the humid waters lave;  
 The boughs with radiant fruitage bend,  
 Rich produce of the fruitful wave.  
 Thus sporting in celestial bowers,  
 The sons of the immortal morn,  
 Their heads and rosy hands adorn,  
 With garlands of unfading flowers.  
 There Rhadamanth, who great assessor reigns  
 To Rhæa's son, by still unchanging right,  
 Awarding all: To vice, eternal chains;  
 To virtue opes the gates of light.  
 Rhæa! who high in heaven's sublime abodes  
 Sits throned, the mother of the gods.  
 Cadmus to this immortal choir  
 Was led; and Peleus' noble sire!  
 And glorious son! since Thetis' love  
 Subdued, with prayer, the yielding mind of Jove.  
 Who Troy laid prostrate on the plain,  
 His country's pillar, Hector, slain;  
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By whom unhappy Cyenus bled;  
 By whom the Ethiopian boy,  
 That sprung from Neptune's godlike bed,  
 The aged Tithon's, and Aurora's highest joy.  
 What grand ideas crowd my brain!  
 What images! a lofty train  
     In beauteous order spring:  
 As the keen store of feathered fates  
 Within the braided quiver waits,  
     Impatient for the wing:  
 See, see, they mount! The sacred few  
     Endued with piercing flight,  
 Alone through darling fields pursue  
     The ærial regions bright.  
 This nature gives, her chiefest boast;  
     But when the bright ideas fly,  
     Far soaring from the vulgar eye,  
     To vulgar eyes are lost.  
 Where nature sows her genial seeds,  
 A liberal harvest straight succeeds,  
     Fair in the human soil;  
 While art, with hard laborious pains,  
 Creeps on unseen, nor much attains,  
     By slow progressive toil.  
 Resembling this, the feeble crow,  
     Amid the vulgar winged crowd,  
 Hides in the darkening copse below,  
     Vain, strutting, garrulous, and loud:  
 While genius mounts the ethereal height,  
     As the imperial bird of Jove  
     On sounding pinions soars above,  
     And dares the majesty of light.  
 Then fit an arrow to the tuneful string,  
     O thou, my genius! warm with sacred flame;  
 Fly swift, ethereal shaft! and wing  
     The godlike Theron unto fame.  
 I solemn swear, and holy truth attest,  
 That sole inspires the tuneful breast,  
     That, never since the immortal sun  
     His radiant journey first begun,  
     To none the gods did e'er impart  
 A more exalted mind, or wide-diffusive heart.  
     Fly, Envy, hence, that durst invade  
     Such glories, with injurious shade;  
 Still, with superior lustre bright,  
     His virtues shine, in number more  
     Than are the radiant fires of night,  
 Or sands that spread along the sea-surrounding shore.

[This poem was printed in the edition of 1760. It differs very

considerably from the manuscript copy. It is there divided into "Strophes," "Antistrophes," and "Epodes." The alterations are, in general, decided improvements—as, for example, "Strophe I.," where, in the manuscript, the first five lines are as follows:—

"The crystal spring, above each element,  
In use supremely excellent,  
Fair in the dome, amid the heapy store,  
As stars of heaven refulgent bright,  
Far beaming through the obscure of night.  
Conspicuous glows the golden oar."

The printed version, it will be seen, is decidedly superior.

We do not deem it necessary to advert to mere verbal emendations, and shall pass over such changes as appear unimportant. The following antistrophe, which ought to have followed line 17, page 147, has been altogether omitted:—

"For from that well of everlasting praise,  
The bards may draw perpetual lays,  
To honour Saturn's son in lofty strain,  
When they to Hiero's wealthy dome,  
Majestic pile, and vast, shall come,  
Who rules Sicilia's fertile plain,  
Blest in his sway. With happy industry  
Aspiring he, and bold, delight  
To climb each virtue's tree on high,  
That flowers with fruit amid the sky,  
Rejoicing in the wonderous height.  
To him the gods their gifts impart,  
Indulgent the harmonious art,  
That fires the raptured breast;  
When at his cheerful table gay  
We form sublime the skilful lay,  
To exalt the animated feast."

At page 148, lines 2 to 5 read in the manuscript as follows:—

"Clotho, to second life renewed,  
The youth by his dire father slain,  
With ivory-shoulder bright endued,  
Oft fables with a fond surprise."

The word "Sipylian," line 36 of the same page, is "Sicilian" in the MS.]

## TO H. H. IN THE ASSEMBLY.

While crown'd with radiant charms divine,  
 Unnumber'd beauties round thee shine,  
 When Erskine leads her happy man,  
 And Johnstoun shakes the fluttering fan;  
 When beauteous Pringle smiles confest,  
 And gently heaves her swelling breast,  
 Her raptur'd partner still at gaze,  
 Pursuing through each winding maze;  
 Say, youth, and can'st thou keep secure  
 Thy heart from conquering beauty's power?  
 Or hast thou not, how soon! betray'd  
 The too believing country maid?  
 Whose young and inexperience'd years  
 From thee no evil purpose fears;  
 But yielding to love's gentle sway,  
 Knows not that lovers can betray,  
 How shall she curse deceiving men?  
 How shall she e'er believe again?

For me, my happier lot decrees  
 The joys of love that constant please;  
 A warm, benign and gentle flame,  
 That clearly burns, and still the same;  
 Unlike those fires that fools betray,  
 That fiercely burn, but swift decay,  
 Which warring passions hourly raise,  
 A short and momentary blaze.  
 My Hume, my beauteous Hume constrains  
 My heart in voluntary chains;  
 Well pleas'd for her my voice I raise,  
 For daily joys elaim daily praise.  
 Can I forsake the fair, complete  
 In all that's soft and all that's sweet,  
 When heaven has in her form combin'd  
 The scatter'd graces of her kind?  
 Has she not all the charms that lie  
 In Gordon's blush and Lockhart's eye;  
 The down of lovely Haya's hair,  
 Kinloch's shape or Cockburn's air?  
 Can time to love a period bring  
 Of charms forever in their spring?  
 'Tis death alone the lover frees,  
 Who loves so long as she can please.

[We have here a glimpse of those formal assemblies of last century for which "Auld Reekie" was so celebrated; and, thanks to the Poet's admiration of the fair sex, we can see, in fancy, the

beauties of the day—the Erskines, the Johnstouns, the Pringles, the Humes, &c.—threading the mazes of the stately dance. It is much to be regretted that little is to be gleaned at the present day respecting these divinities of the classic and gallant muse of Hamilton. Sir James Hall, second Baronet of Dunglas, married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Pringle, second Baronet of Stithell. Their daughter, Catharine, married, 1743, W. Hamilton, whose elder brother married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Dalrymple, third Baronet of Cousland, without issue. It is probable, that in these nests of Pringle and Dalrymple two of his beauties were hatched. The verses were printed in the edition of 1760, and differ in no material respect from the MS.]

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## INTERVIEW OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED

BETWEEN

THE GRECIAN AND TROJAN ARMIES.

HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK VI.

Now paused the battle (godlike Hector gone),  
 When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son  
 Between the armies met. The chiefs from far  
 Observed each other, and had marked for war;  
 Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:  
 What art thou, boldest of the race of man?  
 Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,  
 Where fame is reaped amid the embattled field;  
 Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,  
 And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.  
 Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,  
 Who tempt our fury, when Minerva fires!  
 But if from heaven celestial thou descend,  
 Know with immortals we no more contend.  
 Not long Lycurgus viewed the golden light,  
 That daring man, who mixed with gods in fight;  
 Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove  
 With brandished steel from Nyssa's sacred grove,  
 Their consecrated spears lay scattered round,  
 With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;  
 While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,  
 And Thetis, armed, received the trembling god.  
 Nor failed the crime the immortals' wrath to move,  
 (The immortals blest with endless ease above),

Deprived of sight by their avenging doom,  
 Cheerless he breathed, and wandered in the glooms;  
 Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,  
 A wretch accursed, and hated by the gods!  
 I brave not heaven: But if the fruits of earth  
 Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth;  
 Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,  
 Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,  
 (Replied the chief) can Tydeus' son inquire?  
 Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground:  
 Another race the following spring supplies,  
 They fall successive, and successive rise:  
 So generations in their course decay,  
 So flourish these, when those are past away.  
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,  
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

He spoke, and transport filled Tydides' heart;  
 In earth the generous warrior fixed his dart,  
 Then friendly thus the Lycian prince addressed:  
 Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!  
 Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,  
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.  
 Know, chief, our grandsires have been friends of old,  
 (Eneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold;  
 Our ancient seat his honoured presence graced,  
 Where twenty days in genial rites he passed  
 The parting heroes mutual presents left;  
 A golden goblet was my grandsire's gift:  
 (Eneus a belt of matchless work bestowed,  
 That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glowed.  
 (This from his pledge I learned, which, safely stored  
 Among my treasures, still adorns my board;  
 For Tydeus left me young, when Thebes's wall  
 Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.)  
 Mindful of this, in friendship let us join,  
 If heaven our steps to foreign lands incline,  
 My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine. )  
 Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,  
 In the full harvest of yon ample field;  
 Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore,  
 But thou and Diomed be foes no more.  
 Now change we arms, and prove to either host  
 We guard the friendship of the line we boast.

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,  
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;  
 Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resigned,  
 Jove warmed his bosom, and enlarged his mind;

For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,  
 For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price),  
 He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,  
 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.

## INTERVIEW OF MISS DALRYMPLE AND MISS SUTTIE

BETWEEN THE PILLARS

AT THE EDINBURGH ASSEMBLY.

IN IMITATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK VI.

Now paus'd the dance, (retir'd fair Wemyss's beauty)\*  
 Godlike Dalrymple, and divine Miss Suttie,  
 Between the pillars met: The nymphs from far  
 Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.  
 Near as they drew Miss Suttie thus began:

What, art thou bolder than the boldest man?  
 Our eyes, till now, ne'er saw that form advance,  
 Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattl'd dance;  
 Yet far before the rest thou dar'st appear,  
 And meet an eye, the brightest beauties fear.  
 When Venus crowns me with superior ray,  
 All come ill-fated here, to fade away;  
 But if a goddess in that shape descend,  
 Submit I yield, nor will with heav'n contend  
 Lest poor unhappy Gordon's fate be mine  
 Who brav'd the goddesses of number nine. )  
 Fool to divide the myrtle from the vine; )  
 Nor fail'd the crime th' Immortal's wrath to move,  
 Who, sportful in the Mint, † laugh, dance and love.  
 Ah! wretched youth, what scoffs are thine to come,  
 For Maitland fix'd th' irrevocable doom!  
 Condemn'd in the dull scorner's chair to sit,  
 And thresh for life an empty sheaf of wit;  
 Egyptian darkness in thy works shall reign,  
 Without one inch of Goshen in thy brain.  
 Dull, genuine night, without one straggling spark,  
 But thoughts meet thoughts and jostle in the dark;  
 In foggy weather, as two Dutchmen stray,  
 Thy rhymes shall shock, or wander from their way.

\* Probably Janet, daughter of Colonel Francis Charteris, and wife of James, fourth Earl of Wemyss. When the lady who presided retired, the ball was at an end.

† Once a fashionable pendicle of the Cowgate.

Such was his fate; I war not with the skies,  
 But if of earth, and mortal be those eyes;  
 If woman, as a woman ought to be,  
 Thou deal'st in scandal, and hast sipt Bohea;  
 If Atalantis thou hast learn'd by rote,\*  
 Or minuet steps, new fashioned by Lamott,  
 Whoe'er thou art, prude be'st thou or coquet,  
 Approach, this moment shall decide thy fate.

What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,  
 (Replied the chief) can Suttie's tongue inquire?  
 Like leaves on trees, frail beauty's race is found,  
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground,  
 Extoll'd in song, or toasted deep in wine,  
 Awhile, like lovely Jeanie Stewart shine;  
 But swift decays the perishable grace,  
 And lady Orbieston scarce knows the face.  
 Another year does other toasts restore,  
 And Tibby charms, when Jeanie charms no more:  
 Then hear my wond'rous birth, a tale rever'd  
 Far as John Jolly's sounding bells are heard.

Graceful the beauteous warrior spoke and ceas'd;  
 A gen'rous joy sprung warm in Suttie's breast;  
 Keen burst no more the lightnings from her eye,  
 And on her lips the angry accents die.  
 With air benign she furl'd her threat'ning fan,  
 And smil'd a smile she never smil'd on man:  
 Then thus the Dalmahoian queen address'd—  
 Welcome, my fair hereditary guest;  
 Know, beauty, (oft I have the tale been told)  
 Our mothers were familiar friends of old;  
 In the same childish games their days they led,  
 And at one dancing school they both were bred.  
 By mutual gifts, alternate they exprest  
 The sacred friendships of each glowing breast:  
 I lately found, as I review'd my stock,  
 My mother's present was a shuttlecock,  
 That from my infant arm along the skies  
 On snowy pinions oft was seen to rise,  
 Thine gave a patch-box, when constrain'd to part,  
 Studded with gold, and shap'd into a heart;  
 If to East Lothian fate thy steps shall draw,  
 Gladly I'll meet thee at North-Berwick-Law;  
 If mine to stray to Dalmahoia's bow'rs,  
 You'll from thy windows point me Hatton's tow'rs:  
 Enough of beaux to either's charms shall yield  
 In the full harvest of this ample field;

\* Mrs Marley's scandalous and indecent book, formerly so popular with women of almost every stamp!—See Pope's Rape of the Lock.



Long as those eyes shall glance, those cheeks shall glow,  
 Let not Dalrymple be Miss Suttie's foe;  
 Let it around to either host be seen,  
 We fight for fame and glory, not for spleen;  
 Exchange some gift on this important day,  
 Take thou my bard, and give me Rothemay.

She said: Dalrymple's generous breast was fir'd;  
 Joyful she sprung, and gave the boon desir'd.  
 All gaz'd with wonder, who the deed survey'd,  
 For Venus of her senses robb'd the maid.  
 For Suttie's bard, of mean and poor device,  
 For whom five groats was much too dear a price,  
 She gave her Rothemay, a gallant dear,  
 Who weigh'd full fifteen thousand merks a-year.

[Here we have, in a classical parody, another memorial of the fair conquerors in the gay lists of last century. The poem is printed from the MS. volume, so far as we are aware, for the first time.]

## THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE SIXTH ILIAD OF HOMER, TRANSLATED LITERALLY.

Beginning verse 407. *Δαίμονι, φέβει σε τὸ σὸν μένος,*—

O daring thou! to thy own strength a prey,  
 Nor pity moves thee for thy infant son,  
 Nor miserable me, a widow soon!  
 For, rushing on thy single might, at once  
 The Greeks will overwhelm thee. Better far  
 I had been wrapt in earth, than live of thee  
 Forlorn, and desolate; if thou must die,  
 What further comfort then for me remains,  
 What solace, but in tears? No father mine,  
 Nor mine no venerable mother's care.  
 Noble Achilles' hand my father slew,  
 And spread destruction through Cilicia's town,  
 Where many people dwelt, high-gated Thebes.  
 He slew Action, but despoiled him not,  
 For inly in his mind he feared the gods;  
 But burnt his body with his polished arms,  
 And o'er him reared a mound; the mountain nymphs,  
 The daughters fair of Egis-bearing Jove,  
 Planted with elms around the sacred place.  
 Seven brothers flourished in my father's house;  
 All in one day descended to the shades,

All slain by great Achilles, swift of foot,  
Midst their white sheep, and heifers flexile-hoofed.  
My mother, woody Hypoplacia's queen,  
Brought hither, numbered in the victor's spoils;  
Till loosed from bands, for gifts of mighty price,  
By chace-delighting Dian's dart she fell,  
Smote in my father's house. But Hector, thou,  
Thou art my sire, my hoary mother thou,  
My brother thou, thou husband of my youth!  
Ah! pity, Hector, then; and in this tower  
With us remain, nor render by thy fall  
Him a sad orphan, me a widowed wife.  
Here at this fig-tree station, where the town  
Is easiest of ascent, and low the walls,  
Here thrice the bravest of the foes have tried  
To pass; each Ajax, brave Idomenus,  
The Atridae too, and Tydeus' warlike son;  
Whether some seer, in divination skilled,  
Prompted the attempt, or their own valour dared  
To execute a deed their wisdom planned.

To whom plume-nodding Hector thus replied:  
These, woman, are my care; but much I fear  
The Trojan youth, and long-gowned Trojan dames,  
If, coward-like, I shun afar the fight.  
Not so my courage bids; for I have learnt  
Still to be brave, and foremost to defend  
My father's mighty glories, and my own.  
For well I know, and in my mind foresee,  
A day will come, when sacred Ilion sinks,  
Old Priam perishes, the people too  
Of Priam aspen-speared. Yet not so much  
The woes the Trojans yet in after-times  
Must undergo, not Hecuba herself,  
Nor princely Priam, nor my brothers dear,  
Who, numerous and brave, fall'n in dust  
Below the boasting foe, distract my soul,  
As thou. Then when some brazen-coated Greek,  
In the sad day of thy distress, shall drag  
Thee weeping; or in Argos, breathing sad,  
To some imperious mistress handmaid, thou  
Shalt weave the web, or fetch the water's weight  
From Messeis or Hyperia's springs, against  
Thy will, but hard necessity compels.  
Then shall he say, who sees thee sunk in tears,  
Lo, Hector's wife! who far the chief of all  
The Trojan steed-subduing race excell'd  
Who fought at Ilion. Thus shall they say,  
But thee new pangs shall seize; on thee shall come  
Desire of such a husband, to repel  
The evil hour: but may I low beneath

The monumental earth be laid to rest,  
Nor thy soft sorrows, nor the melting voice  
Of thy captivity, e'er reach my ear.

So saying, the illustrious Hector stretch'd  
His hands to reach his child; the child averse,  
In the soft bosom of the fair-zon'd nurse  
Weeping, fell back, abhorrent, from his sire  
Of warlike aspect: for he fear'd the shine  
Of armour, and the horse-hair horrid crest  
That nodded dreadful on the helmet's top.  
The loving father smil'd, the mother smil'd;  
Straight from his head th' illustrious Hector took  
His helm, and plac'd it blazing on the ground;  
Then fondled in his arms his much lov'd son  
He took; thus praying Jove, and all the gods:

Jove and ye other gods, grant this my son,  
Grant he may too become, as I am now,  
The grace of Troy, the same in martial strength,  
And rule his Ilion with a monarch's sway;  
That men may say, when he returns from fight,  
"This youth transcends his sire:" Then may he bear  
The bloody spoils aloft of hostile chiefs  
In battle slain, and joy his mother's heart.

He said: and to his much lov'd spouse resign'd  
His child; she on her fragrant bosom lull'd  
Smiling thro' tears, receiv'd him: at the sight,  
Compassion touch'd her husband's heart; her cheek  
With gentle blandishment he stroak'd, and spoke:

O best beloved! oh sadden not thy heart  
With grief beyond due bounds. I trust, no hand  
Shall send me down to shades obscure, before  
My day of doom decreed; for well I ween  
No man of mortal men escapes from death,  
Fearful or bold: whoe'er is born must die.  
But thou returning to thy home, attend  
The spindle, and the loom, thy peaceful cares,  
And call thy duteous maidens round to share  
Their tasks by thee assign'd; for war belongs  
To men, and chief to me, of Ilion's sons.

This said, illustrious Hector seiz'd his helm,  
And to her home return'd his much lov'd spouse,  
Oft looking back, and shedding tears profuse.  
Then sudden at the lofty dome arriv'd,  
With chambers fair adorn'd, where Hector dwelt,  
The godlike Hector! There again she wept!  
In his own house the living Hector wept;  
For now foreboding in their fears, no more  
They hop'd to meet him with returning step  
From battle, 'scap'd the rage and force of Greece.

## TO A SWALLOW.

FROM ANACREON—ODE TWELFTH.

Malicious bird! what punishment  
 Due to thy crimes can love invent?  
 Or clip thy wings, or cut thy tongue,  
 And spoil thy flight and future song?  
 That thus, unseasonable guest!  
 Thou darest disturb a lover's rest,  
 And tear the maid profuse of charms,  
 My fair Maria, from my arms!

---

## TO A DOVE.

FROM ANACREON—ODE NINTH.

Say, beauteous dove, where dost thou fly?  
 To what new quarter of the sky  
 Dost thou with silken plumes repair,  
 To scent with sweets the ambient air?  
 Stay, gentle bird, nor thou refuse  
 To bear along a lover's vows.  
 O tell the maid, of me beloved,  
 O tell how constant I have proved;  
 How she to me all nymphs excelled,  
 The first my eyes with joy beheld;  
 And, since she treats me with disdain,  
 The first my eyes beheld with pain.  
 Yet, whether to my wishes kind,  
 She hear my prayer with gracious mind,  
 Or, unrelenting of her will,  
 Her hot displeasure kindle still,  
 I, in her beauty's chains bound fast,  
 Shall view her with indifference last.  
 Fly swift, my dove, and swift return,  
 With answer back to those that mourn;  
 O, in thy bill bring soft and calm  
 A branch of silver-flowering palm!  
 But why should I thy flight delay?  
 Go fleet, my herald, speed away!

---

## THE NINETEENTH ODE OF ANACREON.

Fair Niobe old times surveyed,  
 In Phrygian hills a marble maid.

Changed, Pandion! to the swallows hue,  
On swallow's wings thy daughter flew.

But I a looking-glass would be,  
That thou mightst see thyself in me.  
No; I would be a morning gown,  
That so my dear might me put on.  
But I a silver stream would flow,  
To wash thy skin, as pure as snow.  
I would myself in ointment pour,  
To bathe thee with the fragrant shower.  
But I would be thy tucker made,  
Thy lovely swelling bosom's shade.  
I would a diamond necklace deck  
The comely rising of thy neck.  
I would thy slender feet enclose,  
To tread on me, transformed to shoes.

---

#### THE TWENTY-FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

Fill, with Bacchus' blessings fraught,  
Ye virgins fill a mighty draught;  
Long since dried up by heat, I faint,  
I scarcely breathe, and feverish pant.

O, with these fresher flowers, renew  
The fading garland on my brow,  
For oh! my forehead's raging heat  
Has rifled all their graces sweet;  
The rage of thirst I yet can quell,  
The rage of heat I can repel;  
But love, thy heat, which burns my soul,  
What draughts can quench! what shades can cool!

---

#### THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE OF ANACREON.

Come sit beneath this shade with me,  
My lovely maid! how fair the tree.  
Its tender branches wide prevail,  
Obedient to each breathing gale;  
Summer's loom industrious weaves,  
In mazy veins the silken leaves,  
Soft as the milky veins I view,  
O'er thy fair breast, meandering blue;  
Hard by a fount, with murmuring noise,  
Runs a sweet persuasive voice;  
What lover—say, my lovely maid!—  
So foolish as to pass this shade?

## LOVE TURNED TO DESPAIR.

'Tis past! the pangs of love are past,  
 I love, I love no more;  
 Yet who would think I am at last  
 More wretched than before?  
 How blessed, when first my heart was freed  
 From love's tormenting care,  
 If cold indifference did succeed,  
 Instead of fierce despair!  
 But, ah! how ill is he released,  
 Though love a tyrant reigns,  
 When the successor in his breast  
 Redoubles all his pains!  
 In vain attempts the woeful wight,  
 That would despair remove;  
 Its little finger has more weight  
 Than all the loins of love.  
 Thus the poor wretch that left his dome,  
 With spirit foul accurst,  
 Found seven, returning late at home,  
 More dreadful than the first.  
 Well hoped I once that constancy  
 Might soften rigour's frown,  
 Would from the chains of hate set free,  
 And pay my ransom down;  
 But, ah! the judge is too severe,  
 I sink beneath his ire;  
 The sentence is gone forth to bear  
 Despair's eternal fire.  
 The hopes of sinners, in the day  
 Of grace, their fears abate;  
 But every hope flies far away,  
 When mercy shuts her gate;  
 The smallest alms could oft suffice  
 Love's hunger to assuage;  
 Despair, the worm that never dies,  
 Still gnaws with ceaseless rage.

[These verses, as well as the foregoing Odes, have been slightly altered from the MS. The following lines have been altogether omitted. They occur after line 28:—

“Much thou hast sinned against thy love,  
 How canst thou pardon crave?  
 How canst thou hope her breast to move,  
 So vile a wretch to save?”]

## THE RHONE AND THE ARAR.

Two rivers in famed Gallia's bounds are known,  
 The gentle Arar and the rapid Rhone;  
 Thro' pleasing banks, where love-sick shepherds dream,  
 Mild Arar softly steals her lingering stream—  
 Her wave so still, the exploring eye deceives,  
 That sees not if it comes, or if it leaves—  
 With silver graces ever dimpled o'er,  
 Reflects each flower, and smiles on every shore;  
 Each youth with joy the enchanting scene surveys,  
 And thinks for him the amorous stream delays;  
 While the sly nymph above unseen to flow,  
 To her own purpose true, steals calm below.  
 More rapid rolls the Rhone, tumultuous flood,  
 All raging, unwithheld and unwithstood;  
 In vain or fertile fields invite its stay,  
 In vain or roughest rocks oppose its way;  
 It bounds o'er all, and, insolent of force,  
 Still hurries headlong on, a downward course.  
 Sometimes, 'tis true, we snatch with painful sight,  
 Across the working foam a moment's light;  
 The momentary vision snatched again,  
 The troubled river boils and froths amain.  
 To which of these, alas! shall I confide?  
 Say, shall I plunge in Rhone's impetuous tide,  
 And by the various eddies rolled about,  
 Just as the whirlpools guide, sucked in, cast out?  
 Till, through a thousand giddy circles tossed,  
 In the broad ocean's boundless floods I'm lost?  
 Or, tell me, friend—less venturous, shall I lave  
 My glowing limbs in Arar's gentle wave?  
 In whose fair bosom beauteous prospects rise,  
 The earth in verdure, and in smiles the skies:  
 With thoughtless rapture every charm explore,  
 Heaved by no breeze, or wafted to no shore;  
 Till, trusting credulous to the false serene,  
 I sink to ruin in the pleasing scene.

## FIRST SCENE OF THE PHILOCTETES OF SOPHOCLES.

(ULYSSES speaks.)

Son of Achilles! brave Neoptolemus,  
 You tread the coast of sea-surrounded Lemnos,  
 Where never mortal yet his dwelling reared.  
 Here, in obedience to the Grecian chiefs,  
 I erst exposed the son of noble Pean,

Consuming with his wounds, and wasting slow  
 In painful agonies; wild from despair,  
 He filled the camp with lamentations loud,  
 And execrations dire. No pure libation,  
 No holy sacrifice, could to the gods  
 Be offered up: ill-omened sounds of woe  
 Profaned the sacred rites. But this no more——  
 Should he discover my return, 'twere vain  
 The plan my wakeful industry has wove,  
 Back to restore yet to the aid of Greece  
 This most important chief. 'Tis thine, brave youth,  
 To ripen into deed what I propose.  
 Cast round thy eyes, if thou by chance mayst find  
 The double rock, where from the winter's cold  
 He shrouds his limbs, or when the summer glows  
 Amid the cool, the zephyrs gentle breath  
 Lulls him to his repose; fast on the left  
 Flows a fresh fountain; if the hero sees  
 This living light, one of the attendant train  
 Speed with the hour to glad my listening ears,  
 If in that savage haunt he harbours yet,  
 Or in some other corner of this isle;  
 Then farther I'll disclose, what chief imports  
 Our present needs, and claims our common care.

### KING LEAR'S SPEECH TO EDGAR.

TAKING A VIEW OF MAN FROM THE SIDE OF HIS MISERIES.

Is man no more than this? consider him well. Thou owest the worm  
 no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.  
 Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself;  
 unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked ani-  
 mal as thou art. Off, off, you leadings; come, unbutton here.

SHAKESPEARE.

See where the solitary creature stands,  
 Such as he issued out of nature's hands;  
 No hopes he knows, no fears, no joys, no cares,  
 Nor pleasure's poison, nor ambition's snares;  
 But shares, from self-forged chains of life released,  
 The forest kingdom with his fellow beast.  
 Yes, all we see of thee is nature's part;  
 Thou art the creature's self—the rest is art.  
 For thee, the skilful worm of specious hue,  
 No shining threads of ductile radiance drew;  
 For thee, no sun the ripening gem refined;  
 No bleating innocence the fleece resigned:



The hand of luxury ne'er taught to pour,  
 O'er thy faint limbs, the oil's refreshing shower:  
 His bed the flinty rock; his drink, his food,  
 The running brook, and berries of the wood.  
 What have we added to this plain account?  
 What passions! what desires! a huge amount!  
 Clothed, fed, warmed, cooled, each by his brother's toil,  
 We live upon the wide creation's spoil.  
 Quit, monarch, quit thy vain superfluous pride;  
 Lay all thy foreign ornaments aside:  
 Bid art no more its spurious gifts supply;  
 Be man, mere man; thirst, hunger, grieve, and die.

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VERSES TO BE PUT BENEATH MRS C[UNINGHAME]  
 OF C[RAIGEND]S PICTURE.

By various youths admired, by all approved,  
 By many sought, by one sincerely loved,  
 Chief of Edina's fair I flourished long,  
 First in the dance, the visit, and the song;  
 Beauty, good-nature, in my form combined,  
 My body one adorned, and one my mind.  
 When youthful years, a foe to lonely nights,  
 Impels young hearts to Hymen's chaste delights,  
 I viewed the admiring train with equal eye,  
 True to each hope, and faithful to each sigh:  
 The happy hours of admiration past,  
 The hand of nuptial love was given at last;  
 Not to the faithful youth my charms inspired,  
 Nor those who sought my charms, nor who admired;  
 He not preferred for merit, wit, or sense,  
 Not chose, but suffered with indifference,  
 Who neither knew to love, or be beloved,  
 Approved me not, and just not disapproved,  
 Nor warmth pretended, nor affection showed;  
 Asked, not implored; I yielded, not bestowed.  
 Without or hopes, or fears, I joined his side,  
 His mistress never, and but scarce his bride.  
 No joys at home, abroad was only show;  
 I neither gained a friend, nor lost a foe;  
 For, lost alike to pleasure, love, and fame,  
 My person he enjoys, and I his name.  
 Yet patient still I lead my anxious life,  
 Pleased that I'm called my formal husband's wife.

[The foregoing appears in the edition of 1760 without any title.  
 In the MS. volume, however, it is entitled as above.]

## THE YOUNGEST GRACE.

A LOVE ELEGY, ADDRESSED TO A LADY WHO HAD JUST FINISHED  
HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.

His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani  
Munere——

VIRG. ÆNEID VI.

As beauty's queen, in her ærial hall,  
Sublimely seated on a golden throne,  
Before her high tribunal summoned all  
Who or on earth, sea, air, her empire own.  
First came her son, her power, her darling boy,  
Whose gentlest breath can raise the fiercest flame,  
Oft working mischief, though his end be joy,  
And though devoid of sight, yet sure of aim.  
With him, his youthful consort, sad no more,  
Psyche, enfranchised from all mortal pain,  
Who, every trial of obedience o'er,  
Enjoys the blessings of the heavenly reign.  
Next, as it well beseemed, the tuneful nine,  
Daughters of memory, and dear to Jove,  
Who, as they list, the hearts of men incline  
To wit, to music, poetry, or love.  
She who with milder breath inspiring fills,  
Than ever zephyr knew, the heart-born sigh,  
Or else from nature's pregnant source distils  
The tender drops that swell the love-sick eye.  
Or she who from her copious store affords,  
When love decrees, the faithful youth to bless,  
The sacred energy of melting words,  
In the dear hour, and season of success.  
Last in the train, two sisters fair appeared,  
Sorrowing they seemed, yet seemed their sorrow sweet;  
Nor ever from the ground their eyes they reared,  
Nor tripped, as they were wont, on snowy feet.  
The Cyprian goddess cast her eyes around,  
And gazed o'er all, with ever-new delight;  
So bright an host was nowhere to be found:  
Her heart dilates, and glories in its might.  
But when, without their loved companion dear,  
Two solitary graces hand in hand  
Approached, the goddess inly 'gan to fear  
What might befall the youngest of the band.  
Ah! whither is retired my darling joy,  
My youngest grace, the pride of all my reign?  
First in my care, and ever in my eye,  
Why is she now the lag of all my train?

Ah me! some danger threatens my Cyprian state,  
Which, goddess as I am, I can't foresee;  
Some dire disaster labours (ah, my fate!)  
To wrest love's sceptre from my son and me.  
She wept: not more she wept, when first her eyes  
Saw low in dust her Ilion's towery pride;  
Nor from her breast more frequent burst the sighs,  
When her loved youth, her dear Adonis, died.  
Yet, yet, she cried, I will a monarch reign!  
In my last deed my greatness shall be seen:  
Ye loves, ye smiles, ye graces, all my train,  
Attend your mother, and obey your queen.  
Wisdom's vain goddess weaves some treacherous wile,  
Or haughty Juno, heaven's relentless dame;  
Haste! bend each bow; haste! brighten every smile,  
And launch from every eye the lightning's flame.  
Then had fell discord broke the golden chain  
That does the harmony of all uphold,  
And where these orbs in beauteous order reign,  
Brought back the anarchy of chaos old:  
When Cupid keen unlocks his feathered store,  
When Venus burns with more than mortal fire,  
Mortals, immortals, all had fled before  
The loves, the graces, and the smiles in ire:  
In vain, to avert the horrors of that hour,  
Anxious for fate, and fearing for his sky,  
The sire of gods and men had tried his power,  
And hung his golden balances on high:  
Had not the eldest grace, serene and mild,  
Who wished this elemental war might cease,  
Sprung forward, with persuasive look, and smiled  
The furious mother of desires to peace.  
Ah! whence this rage, vain child of empty fear?  
With accent mild thus spoke the heavenly maid,  
What words, O sovereign of hearts! severe  
Have passed the roses of thy lips unweighed?  
Think not mankind forsake thy mystic law:  
Thy son, thy pride, thy own Cupido reigns;  
Heard with respect, and seen with tender awe;  
Mighty on thrones, and gentle on the plains.  
Rememberest not how in the blest abodes  
Of high Olympus an ethereal guest,  
Mixed with the synod of the assembled gods,  
Thou shared'st the honours of the ambrosial feast?  
Celestial pleasures reigning all around,  
Such as the powers who live at ease enjoy,  
The smiling bowl with life immortal crowned,  
By rosy Hebe, and the Phrygian boy:  
Hermes, sly god! resolved thy spleen to hit,  
Thy spleen, but, of itself, too apt to move;

Prone to offend with oft-mistaking wit,  
 That foe perverse to nature and to love.  
 Much glozed he spiteful, how rebellious youth,  
 Lost to thy fear, and recreant from thy name,  
 False to the interest of the heart, and truth,  
 On foreign altars kindles impious flame.  
 Much glozed he tauntful, how to nobler aims  
 The youth awakening from each female wile,  
 No longer met in love's opprobrious flames,  
 Slaves to an eye, or vassals to a smile.  
 Now fifteen years the still-returning spring  
 With flowers the bosom of the earth has sowed,  
 As oft the groves heard Philomela sing,  
 And trees have paid the fragrant gifts they owed,  
 Since our dear sister left the heavenly bowers:  
 So willed the fates, and such their high command,  
 She should be born in high Edina's towers,  
 To thee far dearer than all other lands.  
 There, clad in mortal form, she lies concealed,  
 A veil more bright than mortal form e'er knew;  
 So fair was ne'er to dreaming bard revealed,  
 Nor sweeter e'er the shadding peneil drew.  
 Where'er the beauteous heart-compeller moves,  
 She scatters wide perdition all around:  
 Blessed with celestial form, and crowned with loves,  
 No single breast is refractory found.  
 Vain Pallas now the unequal conflict shuns;  
 Vain are the terrors of her Gorgon shield:  
 Wit bends—but chief Apollo's yielding sons—  
 To thy fair doves Juno's proud peacocks yield.  
 No rival powers thy envied empire share;  
 Revolted mortals crowd again thy shrine;  
 Duteous to love, and every pleasing care,  
 All hearts are her's, and all her heart is thine.  
 So mild a sway the willing nations own;  
 By her thou triumph'st o'er this subject ball;  
 Whilst men (the secret of the skies unknown)  
 The beauteous apparition Laura call.

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### THE CORYCIAN SWAIN.

FROM GEORG. IV., LINE 116.

But, were I not, before the favouring gale,  
 Making to port, and crowding all my sail,  
 Perhaps I might the garden's glories sing,  
 The double roses of the Pæstan spring;  
 How endive drinks the rill, and how are seen  
 Moist banks with eelery forever green;

How, twisted in the matted herbage, lies  
The bellowing cucumber's enormous size;  
What flowers Narcissus late, how nature weaves  
The yielding texture of Acanthus' leaves;  
Of ivy pale the culture next explore,  
And whence the lover-myrtle courts the shore.  
For I remember, where Galesus yields  
His humid moisture to the yellow fields,  
And high Oebalia's towers o'erlook the plain,  
I knew in youth an old Corycian swain;  
A few and barren acres were his share,  
Left and abandoned to the good man's care;  
Nor these indulged the grassy lawn, to feed  
The fattening bullock, nor the bounding steed,  
Nor gave to cattle browse, nor food to kine,  
Bacchus, averse, refused the mantling vine.  
What happy nature to his lands denied,  
An honest, painful industry supplied;  
For, trusting pot-herbs to his bushy ground,  
For bees, fair candid lilies flourished round,  
Vervain for health, for bread he poppies plants,  
With these he satisfied all nature's wants;  
And late returning home from wholesome toil,  
Enjoyed the frugal bounty of the soil.  
His mind was royal in a low estate,  
And dignified the meanness of his fate.  
He first in spring was seen to crop the rose,  
In autumn first to unload the bending boughs;  
For every bud the early year bestowed,  
A reddening apple on the branches glowed.  
Even in the midst of winter's rigid reign,  
When snow and frost had whitened o'er the plain,  
When cold had split the rocks, and stripped the woods,  
And shackled up the mighty running floods,  
He then, anticipating summer's hopes,  
The tendrils of the soft acanthus crops;  
His industry awaked the lazy spring,  
And hastened on the zephyr's loitering wing.  
For this with pregnant bees he chief was known  
To abound—the balmy harvest all his own.  
Successive swarms reward his faithful toil;  
None pressed from richer combs the liquid spoil.  
He crowned his rural orchard's plain design,  
With flowering lime-trees, and a wealth of pine.  
He knew, in graceful order, to dispose  
Large-bodied elms, transplanted into rows.  
Hard pear-trees flourished near his rustic dome,  
And thorns already purple with the plumb;  
Broad planes arose to form an ample bower,  
Where mirth's gay sons refreshed the sultry hour.

But I this grateful subject must discard,  
The pleasing labour of some future bard.

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## S O N G.

TO A LADY WHO RIDICULED THE AUTHOR'S LOVES.

### I.

A female friend advised a swain,  
Whose heart she wished at ease,  
Make love thy pleasure, not thy pain,  
Nor let it deeply seize.

### II.

Beauty, where vanities abound,  
No serious passion claims;  
Then, till a phoenix can be found,  
Do not admit the flames.

### III.

But grieved, she finds all his replies  
(Since prepossessed when young),  
Take all their hints from Silvia's eyes,  
None from Ardelia's tongue.

### IV.

Thus, Cupid, all their aim they miss,  
Who would unbend thy bow;  
And each slight nymph a phoenix is,  
If thou wouldst have it so.

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## MITHRIDATES. ACT I.—SCENE I.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE FRENCH DRAMATIC RHYME OF RACINE.

XIPHARES.

ARBATES.

XIPHARES.

'Tis true, Arbates! what all tongues relate,  
Rome triumphs, and my father yields to fate:  
He whose wide empire stretched from shore to shore,  
The mighty Mithridates is no more.  
Pompey, wide-scattering terror and affright,  
Surprised his prudence in the shades of night;  
Through all his camp a sudden ruin spread,  
And heaped it round with mountains of the dead:

On broad Euphrates' bank the monarch lies—  
 His diadem is fallen the victor's prize.  
 Thus he whom Asia forty years beheld  
 Still rising nobler from each well-fought field,  
 Who bold avenged, high-raised on valour's wings,  
 The common cause of empire and of kings,  
 Dies, and behind him leaves, by fortune crossed,  
 Two sons, alas! in mutual discords lost.

ARBATES.

How, prince! so soon does fell ambition move  
 To break the union of fraternal love?

XIPHARES.

Far, far such guilt be from Xiphares' breast,  
 Far such ambition, which the good detest;  
 Nor glory shines so tempting in my eye,  
 Nor rate I empire at a price so high;  
 True to the kindred honours of my name,  
 I recognise a brother's juster claim;  
 Nor further does my highest wish aspire,  
 Than those fair kingdoms left me by my sire;  
 The rest without regret I see become  
 His valour's purchase, or the gift of Rome.

ARBATES.

The gift of Rome, say'st? can Pharnaces owe——  
 Can Mithridates' son?——

XIPHARES.

Arbates, know,  
 In vain Pharnaces veils himself in art,  
 Long since become all Roman at the heart;  
 Lost to his father's glories, and his own,  
 He longs to mount a tributary throne:  
 Whilst I, more desperate from my father's fate,  
 Nourish within my breast immortal hate.  
 But yet, not all the rage that hatred breeds,  
 Not all the jealousies ambition feeds,  
 Not all the glories Pontus' realms can boast,  
 Not these divide our wretched bosoms most.

ARBATES.

What nearer care Xiphares' fear alarms?

XIPHARES.

Then hear astonished, friend! Monimia's charms,  
 Whom late our father honoured with his vows,  
 And now Pharnaces with bold zeal pursues——

ARBATES.

Monimia?

XIPHARES.

I love, nor longer will conceal  
 A flame which truth and honour bid reveal:

Nor duty further binds my tongue, since here  
I now no rival but a brother fear.  
Nor is this flame the passion of a day,  
A sudden blaze that hastens to decay;  
Long in my breast I pent the rising groan,  
Told it in secret to my heart alone.  
O, could I, faithful to its rage, express  
Its first uneasiness, my last distress!  
But lose not now the moments to disclose  
The long, long story of my amorous woes.—  
Suffice it thee to know, that ere my sire  
Beheld this beauteous object of desire,  
I saw and felt the charmer in my heart,  
And holy passion dignified the dart.  
My father saw her too, nor sought to move  
With vows that she and virtue could approve;  
Haughty of sovereign rule, he hoped to find  
An easy conquest o'er a woman's mind:  
But when he found, in honour resolute,  
She scorned indignant his imperious suit,  
'Twas then he sent, in Hymen's sacred name,  
His diadem, the pledge of purer flame.  
Judge then, my friend! what agonizing smart  
Tore up my senses, and transfixed my heart,  
When first from fame the dreadful tale I heard,  
The fair Monimia to his throne preferred,  
And that Arbates with his beauteous prey  
Shaped for Nympha's walls the destined way.  
'Twas then, the more to aggravate my doom,  
My mother listened to the arts of Rome:  
Whether by her great zeal for me misled,  
Or stung with rage for her deserted bed,  
Betrayed to Pompey (impotent of mind)  
The fort and treasures to her charge consigned.  
How dreadful did my mother's guilt appear!  
Soon as the fatal tidings reached my ear,  
No more I saw my rival in my sire,  
My duty triumphed o'er my fond desire;  
Alone in the unhappy man surveyed  
The father injured, and the king betrayed.  
My mother saw me, prodigal of breath,  
In every field encounter every death;  
Keen to redeem the honours of my name,  
Repair her wrongs, and disavow her shame.  
Then the broad Euxine owned my father's sway,  
I made the raging Hellespont obey;  
His happy vessels flew without control,  
Wherever winds could waft, or oceans roll.  
My filial duty had attempted more,  
Even hoped his rescue on Euphrates' shore;



Sudden I heard, amid the martial strife,  
 A hostile arm had cut his thread of life.  
 'Twas then, I own, amid my various woes,  
 Monimia dear to my remembrance rose:  
 I feared the furious king, the dire excess  
 Of amorous rage, and jealous tenderness;  
 Hither I flew, some mischief to prevent,  
 With all the speed presaging passion lent;  
 Nor less my fears sinister omens drew,  
 When in these walls Pharnaces struck my view.  
 Pharnaces, still impetuous, haughty, bold,  
 Rash in design, in action uncontrolled,  
 Solicits the fair queen, again renews  
 His interrupted hopes, and former vows,  
 Confirms his father's death, and longs to move  
 Her gentle bosom to more equal love.  
 I own, indeed, whilst Mithridates reigned,  
 My love was by parental law restrained;  
 Revered submissive his superior power,  
 Who claimed my duty from my natal hour:  
 Enfranchised by his death, it scorns to yield  
 To any other's hopes so dear a field.  
 Either Monimia, adverse to my claim,  
 Rejects—ah, heaven forbid!—my tender claim;  
 Or—but whatever danger's to be run,  
 'Tis by my death alone the prize is won.  
 'Tis thine to choose, which of the two to save,  
 Thy royal master's son, or Pompey's slave.  
 Proud of the Romans who espouse his cause,  
 Pharnaces proudly thinks to dictate laws;  
 But let him know, that here that very hour  
 My father died, I knew no rival power.  
 The realms of Pontus own his sovereign sway,  
 Him Colchus and its provinces obey.  
 And Colchus' princes ever did maintain  
 The Bosphorus a part of their domain.

## ARBATES.

My lord, what power I boast you justly claim,  
 My duty and affection are the same;  
 Arbates has but one plain point in view,  
 To honour and his royal master true.  
 Had Mithridates reigned, nor force nor art  
 Had e'er seduced this faithful, loyal heart;  
 Now by his death released, my dutious care,  
 His royal will declared, awaits his heir;  
 The self-same zeal I to your succour bring,  
 With which I served your father, and my king.  
 Had heaven Pharnaces' impious purpose sped,  
 I the first victim of his rage had bled;

Those walls so long his entrance which withstood,  
 Ere this had reddened with my odious blood.  
 Go, to the blooming queen your suit approve,  
 And mould her gentle bosom to your love;  
 Affianced in my faith, dismiss your fear,  
 Either Arbates has no credit here,  
 Or else Pharnaces, by my arts o'ercome,  
 Elsewhere shall boast him of the aids of Rome.

---

### HORACE, EPISTLE I., BOOK I., IMITATED.

Stewart! whose smiles inspire my present lays,  
 Whose smiles shall brighten up my latest praise;  
 My earliest had been thine, but that too long  
 Thy charms delayed to ripen on my song:  
 The faithful ardours now return the same,  
 For gentle Alvos differed but in name.  
 Ah! why, unequal to the lover's part,  
 No more, alas! the master of my art,  
 Wouldst thou involve me in the amorous strife?  
 See, e'en Blair-Drummond's self now weds a wife;  
 In peace at length concludes his gentle toils,  
 And loads one woman with her sex's spoils.

[These lines are printed from the MS. volume, not having been  
 in any of the previous editions.]

---

### PSALM LXV. IMITATED.

Thrice happy he! whom thy paternal love  
 Allows to tread the radiant courts above,  
 To range the climes where pure enjoyments grow,  
 Where blessings spring, and endless pleasures flow.  
 Awful in majesty, thy glories shine,  
 Thy mercy speaks its author all divine.  
 Thy tender and amazing care is owned,  
 Where'er old ocean walks his wavy round;  
 Those that explore the terrors of the main,  
 Embroiled with storms, in search of paltry gain,  
 Where tides encounter with tumultuous roar,  
 Derive their safety from thy boundless power;  
 Within their stated mounds thy nod contains  
 The lawless waves, where headlong tumult reigns;  
 At thy despotic call the rebels cease,  
 Sink to a smiling calm—and all is peace.

These that inhabit earth's remotest bound,  
 Trembling survey thy terrors all around,  
 When kindling meteors redden in the air,  
 And shake thy judgments from their sanguine hair;  
 At thy command fair blushes lead the day,  
 And orient pearls glow from each tender spray,  
 Night with her solemn gloom adores a God,  
 And spreads her sable horrors at his nod,  
 Whole nature cheerful owns her Maker's voice,  
 Each creature smiles, and all his works rejoice.  
 Thy bounty streams in soft descending showers,  
 And wakens into bloom the drooping flowers;  
 Pregnant on high thy cloudy cisterns move,  
 And pour their genial treasures from above;  
 Earth smiles, arrayed in all her youthful charms, }  
 Her flowery infants ope their blushing arms, }  
 And kindling life each vernal blossom warms. }  
 Thus the glad year with circling mercies crowned,  
 Enjoys thy goodness in an endless round.  
 Whene'er thou smilest, fresh beauties paint the earth,  
 And flowers awakened vegetate to birth.  
 The dreary wilds, where no delights are found,  
 Where never spring adorned the sterile ground,  
 At thy command a pompous dress assume,  
 Fair roses glow, and opening lilies bloom:  
 Here verdant hills arise on every side,  
 And shoot their tops aloft with conscious pride;  
 There lowing herds adorn the fertile soil,  
 And crown with fleecy wool the shepherd's toil;  
 While tender lambs their infant voices raise,  
 And sweetly bleat the almighty Giver's praise.  
 Here loaded vallies smile with waving corn,  
 And golden prospects every field adorn;  
 They shout for joy, and lowly bending sing,  
 With sweet harmonious notes, their gracious king.

---

#### EPITAPH.

Does great and splendid villany allure?  
 Go search in W——'s trial for a cure.  
 Blest with enough, wouldst thou increase it still?  
 Examine Ch——'s life, and R——d's will.  
 Wouldst thou be happy? then these rules receive,  
 Read this verse gratis, and thy soul shall live.  
 Learn from this man, who now lies five feet deep,  
 To drink when doubting, and when tempted sleep.  
 This led him safe through life's tempestuous steerage,  
 Poor by no place, ignoble by no peerage;

An easy mind, by no entails devised;  
 An humble virtue, by no kings excised;  
 Stated no law case, and no critic quoted;  
 Spoke what he thought; and never swore, nor voted.  
 Courts he abhorred, their errors, their abuses,  
 St James', Versailles—all, all, but Sancta Crucis;\*  
 There, where no statesmen buys, no bishop sells—  
 A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells.  
 With kind Bargany, faithful to his word,  
 Whom heaven made good and social, though a lord;  
 The cities viewed of many-languaged men,  
 Popes, pimps, kings, gamesters; and saw all was vain.  
 Enjoyed, what Hopetoun's groves could never yield,  
 The philosophic rapture of the field!  
 Nor asked, nor feared. His life, and humble lays,  
 No critics envy, and no flatterers praise.  
 Sure those who know how hard to write, and live,  
 Would judge with candour, pity and forgive.  
 Known but to few, as if he ne'er had been,  
 He stole through life unheeded, and unseen.  
 He often erred, but broke no social duty;  
 Unbribed by statesmen, and unhurt by beauty.

[The foregoing appeared in the edition of 1760. It is a fragment only of an epitaph written by the author on himself. The entire piece, printed from the MS. volume, will be found in the introductory pages of this edition.]

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#### ON A DIAL IN MY GARDEN.

Once at a potent leader's voice it stay'd,  
 Once it went back when a good monarch pray'd.  
 Mortals, howe'er we grieve, howe'er deplore,  
 The flying shadow shall return no more.

---

#### ON AN OBELISK IN MY GARDEN.

View all around, the works of power divine,  
 Inquire, explore, admire, extol, resign;  
 This is the whole of human kind below,  
 'Tis only giv'n beyond the grave to know.

\* Holyroodhouse.

## INSCRIPTION ON A DOG.

Calm tho' not mean, courageous without rage,  
 Serious not dull, and without thinking sage;  
 Pleas'd at the lot that nature has assign'd,  
 Snarl as I list, and freely bark my mind,  
 As churchman wrangle not with jarring spite,  
 Nor statesman-like caressing whom I bite;  
 View all the canine kind with equal eyes,  
 I dread no mastiff, and no cur despise.  
 True from the first, and faithful to the end,  
 I balk no mistress, and forsake no friend.  
 My days and nights one equal tenor keep,  
 Fast but to eat, and only wake to sleep.  
 Thus stealing along life I live incog,  
 A very plain and downright honest Dog.

## EPIGRAM

ON A LION ENRAGED AT SEEING A LAD IN THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

Calm and serene the imperial lion lay,  
 Mildly indulging in the solar ray;  
 On vulgar mortals with indifference gazed,  
 All unconcerned, nor angry, nor amazed;  
 But when the Caledonian lad appeared,  
 Sudden alarmed, his manly mane he reared,  
 Prepared in fierce encounter to engage  
 The only object worthy of his rage.

Cyathum hunc votivum  
 Ingentis fact Memorem  
 Apud Moffetenses  
 Pridie Idus Octobris anno fontis reperti ccvvi.  
 Deposuere miv.v.  
 Joannes Dalselius Carnvathij Patricij germanus  
 Robertus Johnstonus vanefraus multi meri  
 Villielmus Hamiltonius adolescens  
 Tanto tamen sodalitis sodalis non indignus  
 Qui in Aedibus Todianis triduum debacchati  
 Ac tandem

Sub III. Noctis III. Vigiliam Lymphali  
 Ingens inauditum ac pene divinum ausi sunt  
     Operis finem facinus  
     Dum enim inter DC.  
 Quibus in ordine vocatis vina libarant puellas  
 Duglassias Hamiltonias Peringallas Arecinas  
     Johnstonas Homæas  
     Unam  
 Præ cæteris amabilem præ cæteris amatam agnoscerent  
     Huic uni  
     Rachaeli Dornacidi  
 Ad Lactis Castellum lacte ipsa candidiori commoranti  
     Eximij Duglassiani nominis  
     Eximiae virgini  
     Iam sæpius  
 At parca ac tantis impari dotibus libatione  
     Nunc pleno concelebrandæ Baccho  
     Cæteris plaudentibus  
     Auctore tamen Hamiltonio  
     Hunc tiro quum esset  
 Bibendi tamen Venus dixerat arbitrum  
     Aeternum puero meditans decus  
     Illum  
     Vegrandem licet et immanem  
     II. Libras fere amplum  
     Jucundo coronatum Lyaco  
 Flexis ut decebit genubus capiteque alternis nudato  
     Certatim semel atque iterim  
     Unico unusquisque hausto  
     Attoniti siccavere  
     At socijs elanguentibus  
     Solut Hamiltonius  
 Suadebat enim inextinctus amor  
     L. M. tertium instauravit  
     V I A T O R  
     Quisquis es  
     Quem sors seu iter institutum  
     Moffetum duxerit  
     Vinosum et salutiferum pagum  
     Baijs amoeniorem  
 Et quoi Cyathum hunc manibus versari obtigerit  
     Illum equidem vilem heu fragilemque nimis  
     Sed libero sed musis sed virgini dicatum  
 Sed sanctum sed inviolatum sed si ita Veneri placet immortalem  
     Rachaelis nostræ  
     Memor esto  
 Sic te nec sæva sitis nec siti sævior  
     Iratu lædat Cupido.

Pocillum hoc tantillum  
 Suavi vino redolens  
 Fas sit  
 Suaviori puellulae minorenni  
 Hennae Alvesiae  
 Teste Joanne Clavigero stillo  
 Dum adoleverit  
 Sacrare  
 Majora jam nunc spondenti  
 Majus aliquando dabitur.

---

Puellae  
 Quisquis libare Satagis  
 En Binas!  
 At si ocellos labella mamillas  
 Lusus nequitias procacitates  
 Veneres spectes et lepores  
 Unam dixeris  
 Elizabetham et Margaritam Convalles  
 Facie simillima diversa tamen  
 Diversa tamen quae sit simillima  
 Vis Elizabethae quanta sit suavitas experiri  
 Adi Margaritam  
 Vis Margaritae quanta dulcedo  
 Adi Elizabetham  
 Alias respuam  
 Seu Elizabethae suavitatem seu Margaritae dulcedinem  
 Frustra quesieris.

---

En Viator  
 Animantium quotquot sunt caducam sortem  
 Subtus aeternum requiescit  
 Marcus Caniculus  
 Dominae suae Marianae Dalrimplianae  
 Quae et ipsa omnibus est in delicijs  
 Deliciae nuper nunc desiderium  
 Hic si forma excellens Venustates ingenium  
 Facetiae blanda obsequia mille placendi artes  
 Ratio consilium ad humanum tantum non accedens  
 Si caeteris potentius  
 Pulcherrimae eujum erat virginis  
 Quidquam valuissent vota  
 Tristem libitinam frustatus immortalis evasisset  
 Dijs aliter visum

Dum enim amicam nec dedignantem  
 Sollicita ambiret prece  
 En tantos invidens successus  
 Sævus sævo concilio supervenit rivalis  
 Cum quo diu par animis viribus impar luctatus  
 Tandem jubente nemesi  
 Balegonicis rupibus IX. Kal. Dec. M.DCC.XXVII.  
 Magnos effundebat spiritus  
 Vitamque non indecoram non indecore finivit  
 Argumentum ingens  
 Quanta ubique malorum siet amor origo  
 Abi Viator edoctus  
 Et homines et quidquid hac fruiscitur aura  
 Amori et morti obnoxios  
 Felix humanum genus  
 Si morti tantum  
 Hinc quoque sed inviti sed horrescentes  
 Tui monemur divina virgo fati  
 Tibi fragilis heu nimis et exquisita quam dij concessere formam  
 Importuniore minitatur ruina  
 Tecum quot gratiæ quot veneres  
 Pro nefas interituræ  
 Aut si (quod vovemus) ultra in terris esse sinint  
 Quid prodest eheu mora diuturnior  
 Quam vel post longissimam  
 Manes quos olim Orco demiseras  
 Ipsa tandem sis invisura.

M. P. W. H.

[These Inscriptions, never before in print, are copied verbatim from the manuscript volume.]



## ADDENDA.

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In a note to the poem addressed "To the Countess of Eglington, with A. Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd," page 15, we state, on the authority of Mr James Chalmers' notes to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, that it was prefixed to the first and second editions of the Gentle Shepherd. This statement appears doubtful in reference to the first edition, which was published in 1725. Copies of it are now extremely rare. In the copy possessed by James Maidment, Esq., advocate, there is no poetical address, but a prose one to Lady Eglington, with two verses at the close.

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TO THE EARL MARSHAL OF SCOTLAND, (p. 124).

The following passage in D'Alembert's "Eloge de Milord Mareschal," printed at Paris, 1779, explains the subject of Hamilton's verses addressed to him :—" Parmi ces etrangers venus de Tartarie ou d'ailleurs a Milord Mareschal, et 'qu' il appelloit sa PETITE FAMILLE, se trouvoit Mademoiselle Emete, fille d'un Capitaine des Janissaires ; elle avoit ete retiree, encore enfant, des ruines d'Oczakow a la prise de cette ville par les Russes, et son frere le General Keith la lui avoit donnee. Milord Mareschal, qui l'avoit eleve avec sien, sentit de gout pour elle, lorsqu'elle sut parvenue a l'age d'en inspirer. ' Je suis votre Esclave,' lui repondit cette jeune personne, ' mais si vous usez de vos droits, vous me mettez au desespoir. Je vous aime comme le pere le

plus tendre, mais je n'ai pas d'autres sentimens pour vous.' ' Ne puisje esperer de vous inspirer jamais celui que j'eprouve,' lui dit son respectable maitre? ' Non,' repondit-elle avec toute la naivete de la jeunesse et de la vertu. Des cet instant Milord ne l'aima plus que comme sa fille; il lui fit faire un mariage honnete; et lorsqu' il alloit partir pour la guerre d' Ecosse, il lui assura deux mille ecus de rente sur les biens qui lui restoient encore dans ce Royaume, quoiqu'il n'en eut pas la jouissance."

This Eloge has a ridiculous vignette, representing the Scottish Scipio in a nightcap and robe de chambre, and the fair slave in the French dress of the day ; but there is a very pretty print of her, by M<sup>r</sup>Ardell, from a picture painted by Ramsay in the year 1753. Lord Orford wrote upon his impression, now in the possession of C. K. Sharpe, Esq.—“ A Turkish woman, taken prisoner, when a child, by Keith, Earl Marishall, honorably maintained by him, and respectably married in France.”

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TO H. H. IN THE ASSEMBLY, (p. 160.)

These lines were addressed to Henry Home, Lord Kames, the well-known author of the “ Sketches of Man.” He and the poet were on the most intimate terms.—(See Woodhouselee’s Life of Lord Kames.)

Some light is thrown on the family connections of the ladies celebrated in the Poems of Hamilton of Bangour, in a rather scarce book, entitled, “ L’Eloge D’Ecosse, et des Dames Ecossoises. Par Mr Freebairn.” Printed at Edinburgh, at the expense of the author, in 1727, pp. 45. It is inscribed, “ A Mesdames, Madame La Comtesse Douairiere de Panmure, my Lady Orbieston, my Lady Dalrymple de North-Berwick, et my Lady Pringle de Newhall, Directrices de l’Assemblée d’Edinbourg.”

In his commendation of the Dames of Scotland, the author begins with “ la premiere belle,” my Lady Charlotte Hamilton, whose bright eyes it was impossible to encounter, and whom he describes as most like to a goddess! Then follow my Lady Jean

Douglas, “et les deux aimables sœurs,” the Countess of Strathmore, and my Lady Catherine Cochran. These three goddesses, usually to be met together, he describes as the pink of beauties; next, he refers to “la belle famille d’Eglintoun,” with the Countess at their head—Lady Mary, and Lady Betty—the latter the most charming of the whole. The others mentioned in a similar strain of admiration are, Lady Henriette Gordon; Lady Marie Drummond; Lady Anne Gordon; the Countess of Dundonald; Lady Mary Lyon; Lady Margaret Maule; Lady Margaret Dalzell; Lady Henriette Hope; the Countess of Wemyss; the Countess of Kilmarnock; Lady Ramsay; Miss Stormont; Miss Primrose; Miss Fergusson; Miss Watson; Miss Baird; Lady Henriette Drummond; Lady Anne Stuart; the Countess of Wigton; the Countess of Kelly; the Countess of Aboyne; the Countess of March; Lady Marie Graham; Lady Christine Dalrymple; Lady Blantyre—the latter, “toutes beautez du premier rang;” the Duchess of Athole; Lady Sommervail; the Countess of Southesk; Miss Dalrymple, the author tells us, was “fille de Madame la Presidente;” Miss Erskine, not less distinguished for her beauty than her graceful and neat attire; Miss Stuart; Miss Gladstones; Miss Peggy Hume; Lady Weir; Miss Anstruther; Miss Graham; Miss Marjoribanks; Miss Dalzell; Miss Lewis; Miss Skeen; Miss Deans; the daughters of Mr Pringle; Miss Lockhart; Miss Mackenzie; Miss Lundin; Miss Menzies; Miss Hamilton; Miss Blackwood; Miss Edgar; Lady Baird; the Misses of Pentland, Brodie, Scotstarvat, and Deuchar; Miss Clark; Miss Crawford; Miss Campbell; Miss Leslie; Miss Peggie Campbell; Miss Murray; Miss Glen; Miss Hepburn; Miss Cleghorn; Miss Caulder; Miss Katie Hepburn; Miss Binning; Miss Weir; Miss Anne Bayne; Miss Luke; Miss Bettie Drummond; Miss Gardine; Miss Lyon; Miss Glen; Miss Jeanie Nisbet; Miss MacDougal; Miss Agatha Drummond; Miss Barbara M’Dougal; Miss Alice Rutherford; Miss Maitland; Miss Ainsley, and Miss Kennedy.

Such is the goodly list of the “Dames Ecossoises,” to be gathered from “L’Eloge” of Mr James Freebairn, who were in the habit of frequenting the Assembly of Edinburgh; and if the compliments, for beauty and acquirements, lavished upon them by the author, were but half merited, they must have formed one of the most brilliant assemblages of the fair sex in the world, not-

withstanding the insinuated plainness of their dress, which might possibly be attributed less to Scottish taste than to Scottish poverty.

THE END.



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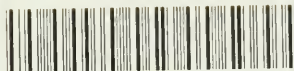
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